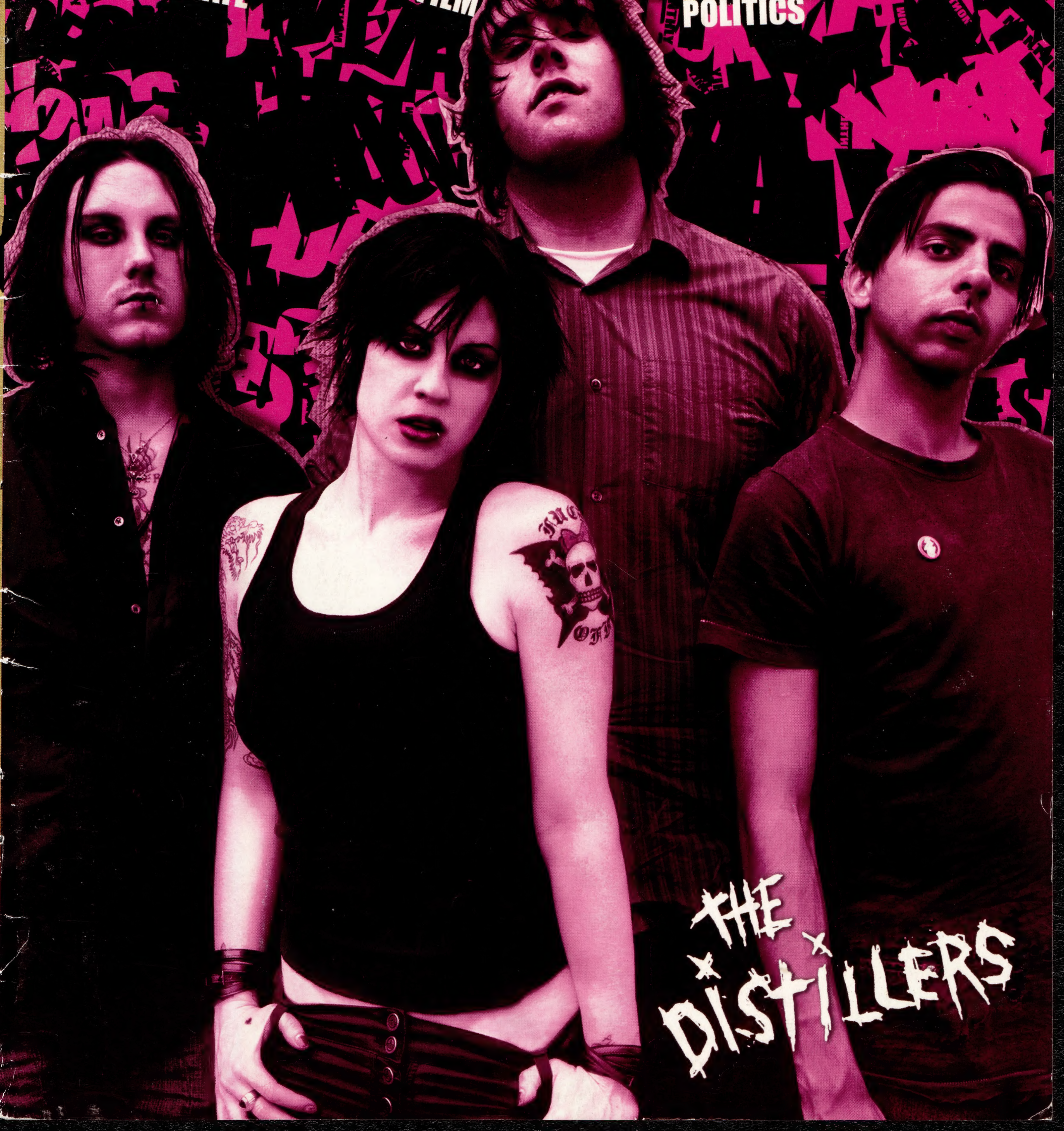
FREE

DESTROY ALL MONTHLY

2 YEAR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 2003

MUSIC SKATE ART TATTOO FILM POLITICS



THE DISTILLERS

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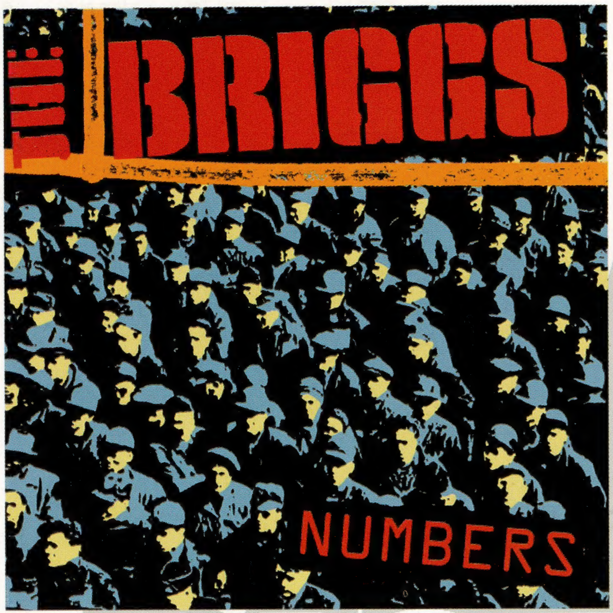

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NUMBERS

The BRIGGS
Numbers CD

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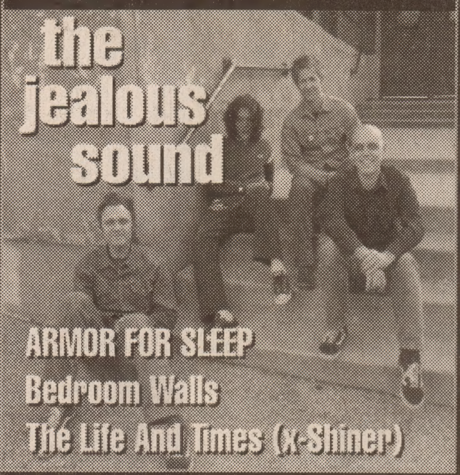
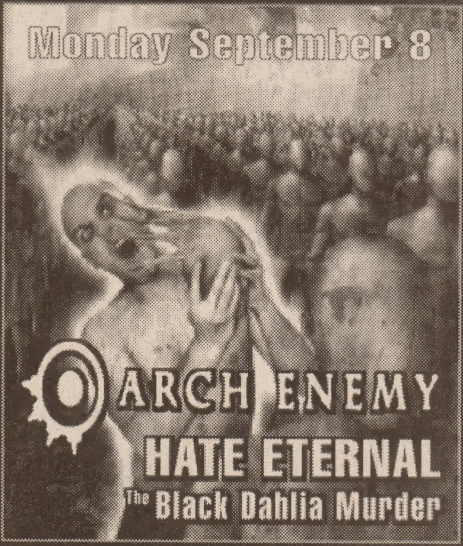
Sunday September 7



the jealous sound

ARMOR FOR SLEEP
Bedroom Walls
The Life And Times (x-Shiner)

Monday September 8



ARCH ENEMY
HATE ETERNAL
The Black Dahlia Murder

Friday September 12

rufio

MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK
Oslo • Over It

Saturday September 13

A STATIC LULLABY
No Motiv. The Bled

Wednesday September 17

DUB CAT
featuring
members of
LONG BEACH DUB
ALLSTARS
& HEPCAT

BARGAIN MUSIC • THE MIGS

Thursday September 18

THE WEAKERTHANS
THE CONSTANTINES . ROY

Friday September 19

BOWLING FOR SOUP

Never Heard of It
Lucky Boys Confusion
WAKEFIELD

Tuesday September 30

the fire theft

Jeremy Enigk
William Goldsmith
Nate Mendel

Thursday October 2

Q AND NOT U

Black Eyes • French Toast

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THE GLASS HOUSE

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rufio

motion city soundtrack
oslo
over it
tuesday, sep 9

a static lullaby

no motiv
the kinison
the bled
friday, sep 12

REVOLVER
Peavey
presents
Bitter Broken Bound & Gagged

Atreyu

with special guests
GOD FORBID
DARKEST HOUR
UNDEROATH
sat, sep 13

rx bandits

the format
locale am
desa (ex link 80)
thursday, sep 18

fuse Presents

hoobastank

On Tour

monday, sep 22

SUPERGRASS

EXPERIENCE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

saturday, sep 27

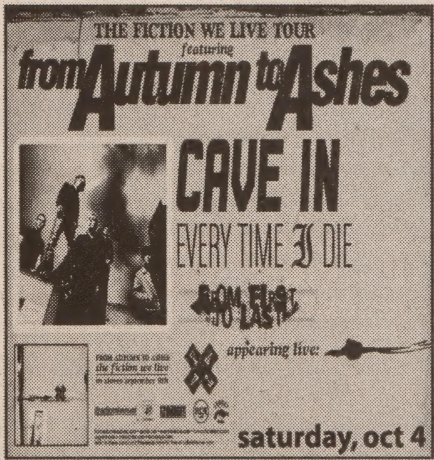
q and not u

black eyes
antelope

7:00 PM @ 51 Buckingham
Located 1 Block West of The Glass House
tuesday, sep 30

relient k

Anberlin - Don't Look Down
Number One Gun
tuesday, sep 30



THE FICTION WE LIVE TOUR
featuring

from Autumn to Ashes

CAVE IN
EVERY TIME I DIE
FROM FIRST TO LAST

appearing live:
from autumn to ashes
the fiction we live

saturday, oct 4

the vans
off the wall club tour

sick of it all

the unseen
Western Waste
Glasseater
Pasta Rocket

wednesday, oct 8

bouncing souls

tsunami bomb
strike anywhere
vision
sunday, oct 12

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Staring Back
Endor - Amity
Wester
The Higher

WED-SEP 17
INDIE ROCK $10
The Weakerthans
The Constantines - Roy

FRI-SEP 19
POP PUNK $10
Name Taken
Bullets N' Octane
Watashi Wa
Kut You Up
Form of Rocket

SAT-SEP 20
POP PUNK $8
Mind Driver
The Silence
The Deal
The Discarded
Megababe

SUN-SEP 21
INDIE ROCK $8
Tora Tora Torrance
Living Science
Foundation
Plus Special Guests

TUE-SEP 23
INDIE ROCK $8
Ch Ch Ch Ha Ha Ha
April Sixth
Plus Special Guests

THU-SEP 25
PSYCHOBILLY $8
Horrorpops
The Ripmen
Dragstrip Demons
G-String

SAT-SEP 27
HARDCORE $8
Curl Up and Die - Ectomy
Manniquin Piss - Murder My Love

MON-SEP 29
INDIE ROCK $8
Violet Burning
Joy Electric
The Hideous Thieves
Gatsbys American Dream

WED-OCT 1
PUNK $8
Greg Ginn
Jonny Homicide
Mike V and The Rats
1208 - The Machettes

THU-OCT 2
INDIE ROCK $8
Jupiter Sunrise - Die Radio Die
Kind of Like Spitting - Karl Hendrix - Evan Levine

FRI-OCT 3
SKA SKA SKA $10
Mu330
Suburban Legends
GoGo 13 - Tightspot

SAT-OCT 4
INDIE ROCK $10
Plain White T's
Jamison Parker
The Matches
Halfway Home

TUE-OCT 7
INDIE ROCK $8
Glasseater - Fighting Jacks
Calibretto - Plus Special Guest

THU-OCT 9
INDIE ROCK $8
Slow Coming Day
Nutwood - Palisade
Adam Misfortune
The Valley Arena

FRI-OCT 10
INDIEPUNK $10
The Blood Brothers
Dance Disaster Movement
The Texas Chainsaw Choir
Radiation 4

SAT-OCT 11
HARDCORE $10
As Hope Dies
Taken
Embrace Today
With Honor
Love is Red

WED-OCT 15
INDIE ROCK $8
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Hearts to Handguns - Limousine
Two Years Later

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fri · Sept 12th

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KaitO and Tsar

spaceland presents

GRANDADDY
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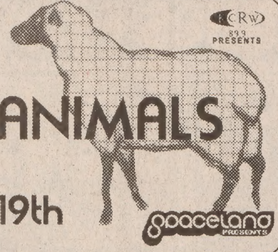
Earlimart fri · Sept 19th



spaceland presents

seven's travels tour

atmosphere
mr. dibbs
micranots
deejay bird
odd jobs

mon · Sept 22nd

THE DANDY WARHOLS

wed · Sept 24th

new album Welcome To The Monkey House out 8/19
this show available at ticketmaster only

spaceland presents · GOLDENVOICE · KCRW 89.9 presents

fri · Oct 3rd
Turbonegro
GOLDENVOICE
spaceland presents

10/4 damien rice
10/8 Goldfrapp
10/9 Bouncing Souls

10/22 Cursive
(on sale 9/20 @ noon)
11/10 – Anti-Flag
(on sale 10/4 @ noon - Ticketmaster)

No line ups before 6pm & all shows are all ages unless otherwise noted

advanced tickets available at TICKETWEB .com

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BLACKCAT MAFIA - BOARDWALKERS

SEPTEMBER 13
HEROINE SHIEKS

SEPTEMBER 15
SASQUATCH
THE GLASSPACK - SOLID DONKEY

SEPTEMBER 19
THE DRAGONS - LEADFOOT
PUNK ROCK VATOS - JERSEY TRASH

SEPTEMBER 26
GO BETTY GO - 3RD GRADE TEACHER
BOBOT ADRENALINE - ADHD

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TWISTER NAKED - BIBLE OF THE DEVIL

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SAT SEPT 6

the jealous sound
armor for sleep
kissing tigers
the chemistry
the energy

SUN SEPT 7

Ridgeview
The Indolents
A Moment Spent
The Opponents
Forgotten Remnants
Stuck in Adolescence
Oblige
Frame of Mind
End to All
One Too Many Tears

SUN SEPT 14

Praed
Bridge 53
Apathy
The Sadderdays
My Vegas Heart
Culver
Socialites
Hourglass
All Else Falls
A Silent Embrace
Mobious Strip
Still Waiting for It

FRI SEPT 12

solid state Records Tour 2003
NORMA*JEAN
BELOVED
THE AGONY SCENE
the death campaign

SAT SEPT 13

ALOHA FROM HELL 2003
HORRORPOPS
Dragstrip demons
Ripmen
G-String
plus more

THUR SEPT 18

CJ Ramone
formerly of the Ramones
Plus Special Guests

FRI SEPT 19

as i lay dying
HASTE
The Program
Cydne Raven * Yesterday's Rising

SUN SEPT 21

A Hope Unseen
A Futile Existence
R.A.T.S.
Pessimistic By Nature
De Collo
Broken Horizon
Shades of Black
A Lost Cause
Senseless Agression

WED SEPT 24

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EPOXIES
Skulls
SHOCKS

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SULLEN plus special guests

TUE OCT 7

ABRASIVE WHEELS
plus special guests

FRI OCT 10

PHANTOM ROCKERS
Calavera
Cacti Widders
Black Rose Phantoms
Plus Special Guests

SAT OCT 11

Esoteric 7
Shoppy
DumbLuck
Natural Afrodisiac
Ghetto Brass

FRI OCT 17

eighteen visions
TIME IN MALTA
SINABEACH
HOTWIRE FATE 13

SAT OCT 18

the Vibrators
CELL BLOCK 5
ONE21
plus special guests

FRI OCT 24

THE METEORS
The Slanderin
plus special guests

FRI OCT 31

Hardcore Halloween Show 2003
THROWDOWN
Bleeding Through
plus special guests

SAT NOV 1

MENACE
MAD PARADE
plus special guests

SAT NOV 8

Bloodletting North America 4
Spawn of Possesion
Severed Saviour
plus special guests

SAT NOV 15

U.K. SUBS
TOXIC NARCOTIC
plus special guests

FRI NOV 24

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GLASSEATER
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The Vacation /She Said Yeah

Tue Sep 2 $7 **the autumns**
The Meeting Places / Midsummer

Wed Sep 3 $8 **SUNN**
Easy Action / 25 Suaves

Thur sep 4 $8 **THE DEVILETTES**
The Checkers /Teenage Frames /DJ Rev Dan

Fri Sep 5 $8 **THE BLACK HALOS**
MANDA and the MARBLES

Sat Sep 6 $10 **SWEET AND TENDER HOOLIGANS**
ORGULLO CAFE

Sun Sep 7 $7 **DRAG THE RIVER**
LUCERO / JR. JUGGERNAUT / LA MOTTA

Tue Sep 9 $8 adv/$10 **PAPER CRANES**
Tiffany Anders / Libby Lavella (Rain & Summer Phoenix)

Fri Sep 12 $8 **PHASER** **MELLOWDRONE**
THE BOXING LESSON

UPCOMING SHOWS:

~~9/10 - HELIOS CREED / 400 blows / galaxy chamber~~
9/11 - THE RED KRAYOLA/maher shalal hash baz/curtains
9/13 - KAIT-O + special guests
9/14 - THE LIFE AND TIMES / elevator division
9/16 - PINE MARTIN / rex aquarium/vagenius/low skies
9/17- EARLIMART / apollo sunshine
9/18- THE LONG WINTERS / centro - matic
9/19- MANITOBA / dabrve / languis
9/20 - THE FRENCH KICKS / the joggers
9/23- LOS STRAITJACKETS / the migs
9/24 - TONY GODDESS / the sugarplastic/the faraway place
9/25 - THE BRIEFS / the epoxies / the shocks
9/26 - SHACK (from UK) / run run run
9/27 - RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS / lovedog
9/28 - THE SCENE CREAMERS/beehive and the barracudas
10/2 - DJ VADIM / dj first rate
10/3 - HOLLY GOLIGHTLY / the fleshtones
10/8 - YOUNG PEOPLE
10/10 - CALLA
10/14 - SOME GIRLS
10/15 - QUASI / HELLA

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Cobalt cafe

Battle Of The Bands
Every Sunday
Cobalt Cafe &
Guitar Center

WED. SEPT 3
Times To Be Announced
-Count The Cost
-xguntoheartsx
-Already Dead
-The Cassiends
-Stricken

FRI. SEPT 5
7-My Vegas Heart
8-Tip Toe Charlie
9-Winterdale Calls
10-L.A.O.
11-Spark Of Life

SAT. SEPT 6
6-Saving Daylite
6:45-Midnnite Specials
7:30-I.L.H.
8:15-Ten Seconds To Go
9-Nathaniels Endeavours
9:45-L.A.O.
10:30-Nothng New
11:15-Beta Factor

SUN. SEPT 7
Battle Of The Bands
Presented By Cobalt Cafe
7:15-One Pound Penny
8-Petticoat Thieves
8:45-A Weeks Notice
9:30-The Pin Ups

THR. SEPT 11
Lost Angel Records Presents
7-Ellipsys
8-Dare To Slip
9-Manic
10-Slighted Life
11-A Dark December

FRI. SEPT 12
6-Tyson
7-Random
8-The Scuba Kids
9-No Identity
10-Normal Like You
11-3rd Estate

SAT. SEPT 13
7-Lance Marks
8-5 Under Par
9-Another Man's Trash
10-Never Ready
11-Sine

SUN. SEPT 14
Battle Of The Bands Presented
By Cobalt Cafe & Guitar Center
6:30-Missing Since Yesterday
7:15-Fallen Idle
8-Earborne
8:45-Dose of Adolecence
9:30-Disrict
10:15-Bright Life

TUE. SEPT 16
OPEN MIC &
OPEN READINGS
Every Tuesday Starts @
7:30-Open Mic 10 min.
9-Open Readings 7 min.
Hosted by Rick Lupert
Since 1994

THR. SEPT 18
7-Burn Your Bridges
7:45-Holler Than Thou
8:30-Caustic Christ
9:15-Lack of Interest
10-B.A.T.
10:45-Municipal Waste

FRI. SEPT 19
7-Blood For Loot
8-Admiral Angry
9-Under 7
10-My Dying Thoughts
11-Syngaia

SUN. SEPT 20
Lifeline Promotions Presents
8-Scarlett 23
9-Simply Lost
9:40-Jonathon Keyes
10:15-Scuba Kids

SUN. SEPT 21
Battle Of The Bands Presented
By Cobalt Cafe & Guitar Center
8-F-Zero
8:45-The Opponents
9:30-The Eddie Garcia Band
10:15-Bright Life

FRI. SEPT 26
7:15-Bad Reactions
8-American Conflict
8:45-Walk The Line
9:30-The Fixtures
10:15-Onewordsolution
11-Frontline FCM

SAT. SEPT 27
6-Standard Profile
7-Persuassion Outline
8-One Moment To Live
9-The Gerry's
10-Pop Band Alice
11-The Nude

SAT. OCT 11
6-Midnite Overture
7-Another Man's Trash
8-5 Under Par
9- The Scuba Kids
10-Anemic Dreams
11-Sine

SAT. OCT 18
6-Tyson
7-Luckdown
8-Simply Lost
9-Random
10-In Memory
11-Superpretendo

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1 Block West of Topanga Cyn. Blvd.
www.cobaltcafe.com

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Two Year Anniversary Collectors Issue

Editor in Chief: Jen Niles

Graphics: Tom Buckles, John Carey, Rafe Mordente

Staff Photographer: Seth Hum

ADS:
Rafe Mordente Rafe@destroyall.net
John Carey Johnny@destroyall.net
James Martinez James@destroyall.net

Cover Photo: James Minchin

Writers:
Carlye Archibeque, Joey Balls, George Bi-Stereo, Sean Borham, Artack Boroyan, Caley O'Neil, Cara Bruce, The Bun, Bob Cantu, Blag Dahlia, Cool Hand Smoke, Joseph Dana, Kara Destroy, Philippe Duhart, Ben Edge, Mel Gragirena, Seth Hum, Ben Lovett, Louis Medrano, Alex Mendoza, Erik Niles, Liz Ortega, Garrett Pierce, Wesley Pipes, Becca Porter, The Regulator, Jim Ruland, Mike Senyo, Christian Slander, Smoke Dust, Smoke the Ripper, Smokey, Jason Stabile, Brian Stannard, Texas Pool Shark Greg Stubbs, Throwmonkey & PJ Whoolple

Distribution:
Danyelle Hampshire, Jessica Andrews, Hef Wolf, Rod Wilson, Jennifer Moncayo, Diego Reynosa, Kevin Vasquez, Kris Brix, Ray Hanpel, Linda Dabney and Kaylie and Annie

Interns: Whisper 2

This Issue Is dedicated to Dean Aron Zandi. R. I. P.
12/03/1970 to 08/22/2003

Questions or comments: feedback@destroyall.net
To have shows added to events calendar:
info@destroyall.net

We would like to apologize to Skratch Magazine for any inappropriate behavior that has been conducted on our behalf. We harbor no bad feelings. There is now a new king with a new empire! Keep the dream alive.

Correction: The EELS never had one of their songs used by the George Bush presidential campaign, as mistakenly reported in our August issue. Much to the contrary, the EELS are so far up on George W.'s shit list that, during his bid for the presidency, George W. made reference to the EELS' Daisies Of The Galaxy album as something obscene that children should not hear. We regret this error.

Destroy All Monthly
P.O. Box 26806
Los Angeles, CA 90026

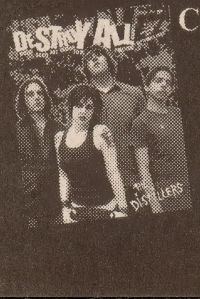
DESTROY ALL MONTHLY
JOE STRUMMER
THE DWARVES
SOCIAL DISTORTION
BAD RELIGION
SIOUXSIE & the banshees
THE WHITE STRIPES
TIGER ARMY
HOT WATER MUSIC
AVAIL
SAHARA HOTNIGHTS
DANZIG
LE TIGRE
JIM GRECO
the Locust Line

SEPTEMBER 2003

DESTROY ALL MONTHLY

Two Year Anniversary Collectors issue

Collect Both Covers!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Poster Inside

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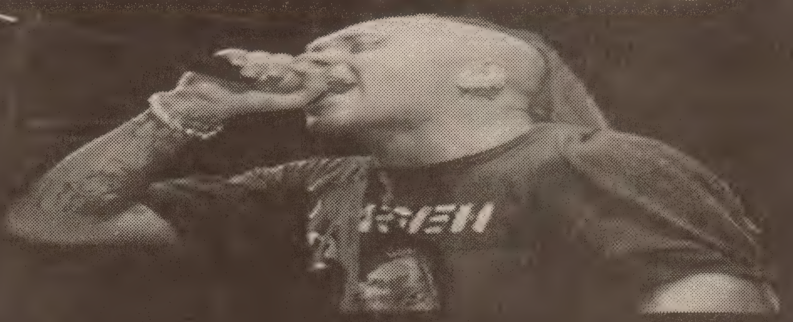
Saturday, Sept 20th

BRITISH INVASION 2K3

SHOWCASE THEATRE PRESENTS

THE EXPLOITED



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Art's Bar	2611 De La Vina,Santa Barbara	N/A
Belly Up Tavern	143 S.Cedros Ave,Solano Beach	(858) 481-8140
Bigfoot Lodge	3172 Los Feliz Blvd.	(323) 662-9227
Biko House	6612 Sueno Road, Goleta	(805) 968-7754
Blind Melons	710 Garnet Ave,San Diego	(858) 483-7844
Blue Café	210 Promenade	(562) 983-7111
Brick By Brick	1130 Buenos Ave.	(619) 276-3993
Caffiends	634 Broadway	evilexplosion@yahoo.com
Cane's	3105 Oceanfront Block	(858) 488-1780
Canter's Kibitz room	419 N. Fairfax Ave	(323) 651-2030
Casbah	2501 Kettner Blvd.	(619) 232-4355
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CIA	11334 Burbank Blvd.	(818) 506-6353
Classroom, The	8333 Tampa Ave,Northridge	(818) 885-0250
Club Lingerie	6507 Sunset Blvd.	(323) 466-3416
Coach House,SB		
Coach House,OC	33157 Camino Capistrano	(949) 496-8930.
Cobalt Café	22047 Sherman Way	(818) 348-3789
Common Grounds	9250 Reseda, Northridge	(818) 882-3666
Coor's Amphitheatre	2050 Entertainment Circle, Chula Vista	(619) 671-3600
Cozy's Bar & Grill	14058 Ventura Blvd, Sherman Oaks	(818) 986-6000
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Derby	4500 Los Feliz Blvd.	(323) 663-8979
Detroit Bar	843 W.19th St.	(949) 642-7022
Devil's Punchbowl	4657 Lankershim Blvd	(818) 766-4644
Di Piazza	5205 E. PCH	(562) 498-2461
Doll Hut	107 S. Adams	(714) 533-1286
Dragonfly	6510 Santa Monica Blvd.	(323) 466-6111
The Echo	1822 Sunset Blvd.	(213) 413-8200
El Rey	5515 Wilshire Blvd.	(323) 936-6400
The Epicentre	8450 Mira Mesa	(858) 271-4000
The Express	708 N. Blackstone Ave.	(559) 223-1791
Destroy All Music	3818 Sunset Blvd.	(323) 663-9300
Fais Do Do	5257 W. Adams Blvd.	(323) 954-8080
Firewater Inn	28434 Roadside Dr., Agoura	(818) 889-0449
Fitzgerald's	19171 Magnolia #12 HB	(714) 968-4523
Fox Theatre	2001 H St., Bakersfield	(661) 635-0543
Foxx Club	3387 Motor Ave	(818) 719-0091
Galaxy	3503 S. Harbor	(714) 957-0600
Garage	4519 Santa Monica Blvd.	(323) 662-6166
Genghis Cohen	740 N Fairfax	(323) 653-0640
Gig, The	7302 Melrose Ave.	(323) 936-4440
Glass House	200 W. Second St.	(909) 629-0377
Goldfinger's	6423 Yucca St.	(323) 962-2913
Grove, The	2200 E. Katella Ave.	(714) 712-2700
Gypsy Lounge	236000 Rockfield 3A,Lake Forest	(949) 206-9990
Hard Rock Café,BH	Beverly Center	(323) 969-2823
Hard to Find	7190 Hollister, Goleta	N/A
Henry Fonda Theatre	6126 Hollywood Blvd	(323) 464-0808
Headline Records	7708 Melrose Ave	(323) 655-2125
Hollywood Palladium	6215 Sunset Blvd.	(323) 962-7600
House of Blues LA	8430 Sunset Blvd.	(323) 848-5100
House of Blues OC	1530 S. Disneyland Dr.	(714) 778-2583
Jerry's Pizza	1817 Chester Ave.	(661) 633-1000
Jon Jons Fresno	1432 H St., Fresno	(559) 266-1220
Joint, The	8771 W. Pico Blvd.	(310) 275-2619
Kelly's Pub	60 W.Live Oak Ave.	(626) 445-1641
Key Club	9039 Sunset Blvd.	(310) 274-5800
Knitting Factory	7021 Hollywood Blvd.	(323) 463-0204
Koo's Café	1505 Main St. Santa Ana	(714) 648-0937
Larchmont, The	5657 Melrose Blvd.	(323) 467-4068
Lava Lounge	1533 N. La Brea	(323) 876-6612
Liquid Den	5061 Warner Avenue	(714) 377-7964
Liquid Music	3731 E.Colorado	(626) 796-1009
Little Rock	5507 Reseda Blvd	(818) 881-9833
Lush	2020 Wilshire Blvd	(310) 829-1933
McReds	13235 Victory Blvd, Van Nuys	(818) 980-2845
Montgomery Plaza	3201 F St., Bakersfield	(661) 633-9800
Mr. T's Bowl	5621 ½ Figueroa Blvd.	(323) 256-7561
Old Town Pub	66 N.Fair Oaks	(626) 577-6583
The Palace	1735 N. Vine	(323) 462-3000
Pantages Theatre	6233 Hollywood Blvd.	(323) 468-1770
Paradise Club	295 Grand Ave, Grover Beach	(805) 598-8355
Parlour Club	7702 Santa Monica Blvd	(323) 650-7968
Platinum Live	11345 Ventura Blvd.	(818) 753-1771
Pug'z Records	1028 Westwood Blvd.	(310) 208-3061
Riverbottom	4201 W.Olive, Burbank	(818) 541-1522
Roadhouse Coffee	5725 Rosemead Blvd.	(626) 286-0824
Roxy	9009 Sunset Blvd.	(310) 276-2222
Rudolpho's	2500 Riverside Dr., Silverlake	(323) 669-1226
Rumors	10622 Magnolia	(818) 506-9651
Rusty's Surf Ranch	256 Santa Monica Pier	(310) 393-7386
Sacred Grounds	309 W.6th St.	(310) 514-0800
Sea Level Records	1716 W.Sunset Blvd	(213) 989-0146
Scene, The	7514 Clairmont Mesa Bl.	(858) 505-9111
Shack, The	1160 N. Kraemer Blvd.	(714) 630-0121
Shortstop, The	1455 Sunset Blvd.	(213) 482-4942
Showcase	683 S. Main St.	(909) 276-7770
Silverlake Lounge	2906 Sunset Blvd.	(323) 666-2407
Soho	1221 State St,Santa Barbara	(805) 962-7776
SOMA	3350 Sports Arena Blvd	(619) 226-7662
Spaceland	1717 Silverlake Blvd.	(213) 833-2843
Studio 56	7000 Santa Monica Blvd	(323) 978-0521
Three Of Clubs	1123 N. Vine St.	(323) 462-6441
Temple Bar	1026 Wilshire Blvd.	(310) 393-6611
Top Fuel	7554 W. Sunset Blvd	(323) 876-7213
Trash City Records	2099 #G Atlantic Blvd.	(323) 268-6102
Troubadour	9061 Santa Monica Blvd.	(310) 276-6168
Ventura Theatre	26 S. Chestnut,Ventura	(805) 639-3965
Viper Room	8852 Sunset Blvd.	(310) 358-1880
Westchester Bar	5630 W. Manchester	(310) 670-2366
Whiskey A Go-Go	8901 Sunset Blvd.	(310) 652-4202
Wildcat Lounge	15 W. Ortega St.,Santa Barbara	(805) 962-7970
Wiltern, The	3790 Wilshire Blvd	(213) 380-5005
Winstons	1921 Bacon St., SD	(619) 222-6822

THE BRONX

Show Info

9/6 @ The Glasshouse
w/ The Distillers

Go dig through your stacks of past Destroy All issues and see if you can't find the December of 2002 issue. In it you'll find the first ever interview with The Bronx.

At the time, the band was only a few months old, but had already began creating a buzz throughout Los Angeles with only a three song demo recorded and two shows under their belt. I asked then editor Mel Gragirena if I could do a story on them because I was fortunate enough to possess one of those demos, and couldn't believe my ears. They were the three best songs on a 'demo' that I had ever heard, and I felt like telling everybody about it.

The bands plan for the future was to just trust their gut instincts and spend some more time writing songs and potentially take their show on the road and begin their music out to other parts of the country.

Let's now fast forward 10 months later to this month and check up on the band's progress. Hmmm….That floating buzz around Los Angeles from December has amplified into a deafening buzz created by a swarm of people across the country, the band has since recorded numerous songs with Gilby Clarke (of Guns and Roses), just recently released a 10 song, self-titled album on their own label that is distributed by Ferret, signed to Island/Def Jam Records, and just wrapped up their fourth U.S. tour. This time, they were headlining.

Needless to say, The Bronx has been paying their dues, and doing it in a very D.I.Y. fashion, and it is certainly beginning to pay off. I caught up with Matt Caughtran, vocalist of The Bronx and he filled me in on a lot of the happenings since last December.

When I asked him about their first few shows outside of the Los Angeles area, Matt said, "That was the whole nerve wracking thing. If people were going to show up or not, you know. It's really been awesome. It's really been reassuring and shit. It's taken off pretty quick. It's pretty surprising to all of us." He went on to say, "We just figured no one would be at the shows. So having people and especially the people that have been there (since the beginning) that have showed up has been great."

Matt and his three other bandmates, Joby Ford (guitar, back-ups), James Tweedy (bass, back-ups), and Jorma Vik (Drums, no back-ups), hooked up with Gilby Clarke of Guns and Roses and recorded an additional 7 tracks (from the original 3) that ended up comprising the bands first official release. The tracks were all recorded and produced by Gilby (and The Bronx) at his house and the recording environment couldn't have been any better for Matt and the rest of his crew.

"All the Gilby stuff was tracked live which was really cool. It was such a relaxed environment and Gilby was such a laid back dude. He came to our practice, he came to our shows and he just saw the way we were and he was like, 'we're gonna track this live and we're just gonna do it til' it sounds good.' And that's what we did. It actually went really quick."

These guys play Rock n' Roll with the punk rock attitude of yesteryear that is full of honesty, intensity, attitude and a lot of sweat and spit. It's hard for me to classify their music into any group because I haven't really heard anything like them before. I will spare you the insertion of tired adjectives that everyone uses to describe bands and just leave it up to your own ears to decide what to call them, or compare them to, because I just can't do it with a clear conscience.

Instead of describing what The Bronx sound like, I would rather have Matt explain a little about where he and the band are coming from, and that will paint a better picture as to what The Bronx are about.

"The band mostly draws its energy from frustration. It's like stuff that everyone goes through in their daily life. I couldn't write a song about a cowboy going into a bar or something like that. I have to write about things that I am going through personally because it has to have some sort of attachment…It's basically every day personal struggle type shit."

With their 4th tour (and their first one headlining) wrapping up a few weeks ago, the band played their record release show at the Three Clubs on August 26th. That club just so happens to be the spot where The Bronx had their first show ever. It would seem kind of odd for a band to be having a record release show after completing four rounds of touring, but The Bronx have always done things the way they wanted to do them, and if you ask me, they have made all the right decisions.

With a record now on the shelves, The Bronx are heading back out on the road, this time to support The Distillers and play in front of the largest audiences they have to date. The excited frontman filled me in about it.

"It's gonna be our first tour with our record. You're not supposed to tour without a record, but we've been doing it for like five months."

He goes on to say what he hopes to see happening with this next round of shows, "I really wanna take stuff back, like old school. I wanna see thrash pits and shit like people jumping off stage, knocking me over, grabbing the mic."

Something tells me that Matt just might be seeing just that in the months to come, and I just hope for his own sake, they pack a lot of bandages. Or maybe not, I guess it would be more fun to come home with scabs and scars. I am sure that's how The Bronx see it.

By: George Bi-Stereo

PHOTO: SASHA GULISH

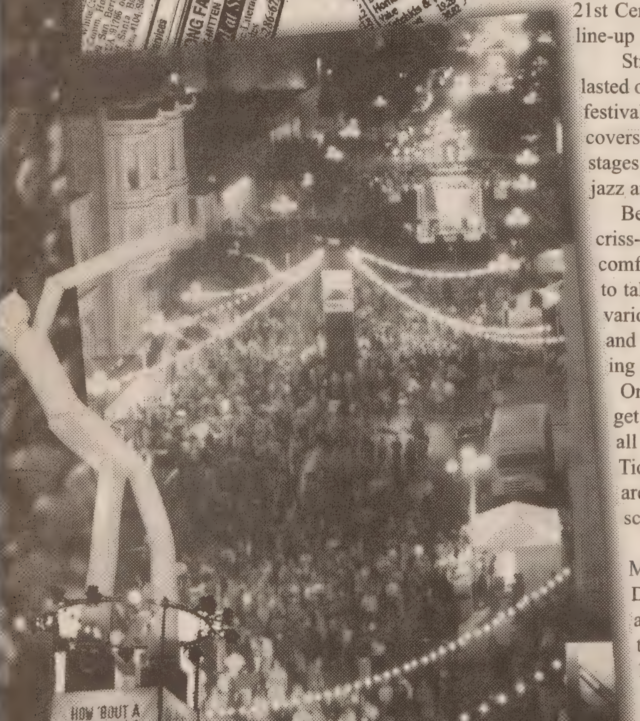
Street Scene

SAN DIEGO STREET SCENE

September 5th, 6th and 7th

The 20th annual San Diego Street Scene, California's largest musical event, will be held on September 5th, 6th and 7th (the weekend after Labor Day) in downtown San Diego's Gaslamp/East Village District. Headliners this year include REM, 311, the B-52's, Wilco, X, Bad Religion, The Sex Pistols, Cypress Hill, Macy Gray, The Allman Brothers and The Doors of the 21st Century (featuring Ian Astbury of The Cult), to name just a few. Before we get into the line-up for each day, however, here's a little overview of the event that might help you prepare.

Street Scene has come a long way from its humble beginnings in 1984, when the event lasted one evening and covered one block with a stage at each end. Street Scene is now a 3 day festival of music, food and unique New Orleans Carnival-style entertainment that nowadays covers a radius of some 25 city blocks. This year there are over 100 performers on multiple stages covering many musical genres-including rock, hip-hop, punk, electronica, funk, reggae, jazz and the blues.

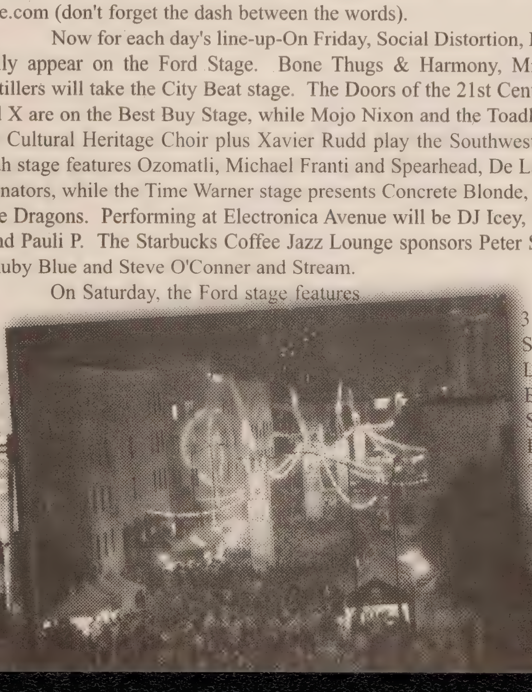


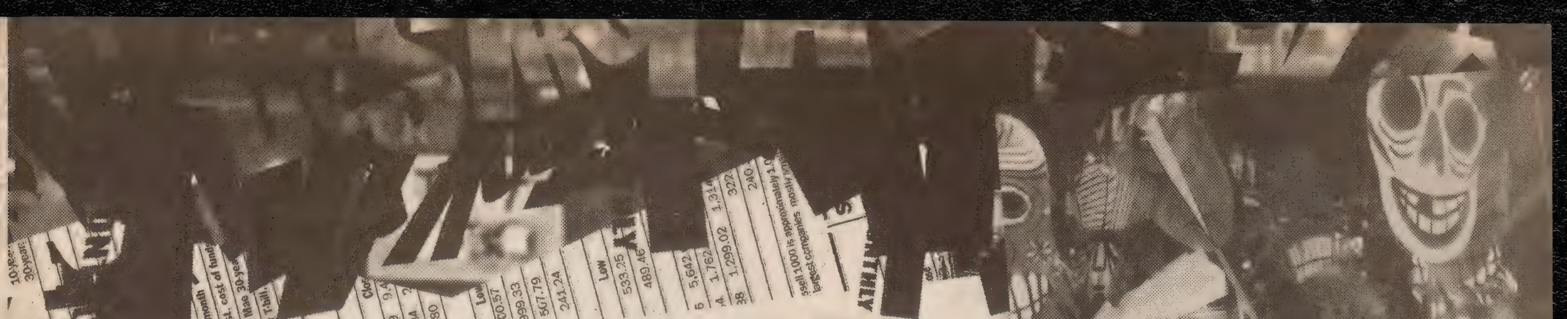
Because of the huge area Street Scene occupies and more importantly because you will be criss-crossing back and forth all night to catch different bands, it is really important to wear comfortable shoes and dress for the weather (which is usually pleasant). It is also a good idea to take some time when you first arrive to study the map they give you so you can find the various stages easily. On that map there is also a list of the bands performing that evening and the times they go on. You will probably have some tough decisions to make when choosing who to see.

On Friday, Street Scene is open from 5 p.m. until midnight, and you must be 21 or older to get in. Saturday's hours are 4 p.m. until midnight and it is also 21 and over. Sunday is an all ages day which runs from 2 p.m. until 9 p.m. Tickets are on sale now at Ticketmaster.com, and tickets at the gate the day of the show will be forty-five dollars. There are three day passes available as well as group sales and dinner packages-see www. Street-scene.com (don't forget the dash between the words).

Now for each day's line-up-On Friday, Social Distortion, Pennywise and Flogging Molly appear on the Ford Stage. Bone Thugs & Harmony, Mixmaster Mike and The Distillers will take the City Beat stage. The Doors of the 21st Century, The Goo Goo Dolls and X are on the Best Buy Stage, while Mojo Nixon and the Toadliquors, Linda Tillery and the Cultural Heritage Choir plus Xavier Rudd play the Southwest Airlines Stage. The Do Dah stage features Ozomatli, Michael Franti and Spearhead, De La Soul and the All Mighty Senators, while the Time Warner stage presents Concrete Blonde, Love with Arthur Lee and the Dragons. Performing at Electronica Avenue will be DJ Icey, Jason Bentley, Dave Aude and Pauli P. The Starbucks Coffee Jazz Lounge sponsors Peter Sprague & Pass the Drum, Ruby Blue and Steve O'Conner and Stream.

On Saturday, the Ford stage features 311, Cypress Hill, Slightly Stoopid, Ugly Duckling and Lifesavas, while the City Beat stage offers Glove and Special Sauce, Arrested Development and Pepper. The Best Buy stage





presents The Allman Brothers, the B-52's and Yonder Mountain String Band. On the Time Warner stage will be Karl Denson's Tiny Universe, Buckwheat Zydeco and Big Chief Bo Dollis & the Wild Magnolias. The Do Dah stage will offer Cheb I Sabbah, Café Tacuba,Kinky, Karsh Kale & Realize Live, Radio Mundial and Nortec Collective. The Southwest Airlines stage will have Little George Surref & the Blues Stars,

Louisiana Red and Bill Magee.

Electronica Avenue hosts Christopher Lawrence, The New Deal, Scooter and Lavelle and Pauli P.. The Starbucks Jazz Lounge offers the Gilbert Castellano Qiuntet, the Daniel Jackson Quartet and the Jazz Pigs.

Sunday, the all ages day is enjoyed by families (there are fun crafts and activities) and hip teenagers, as well as adult fans. In fact, this year Sunday may well have the best line-up of music. On the Ford stage will be REM, Macy Gray and Nickel Creek, while the CityBeat stage features Wilco, Switchfoot and the Subdudes. The Best Buy Stage will be smokin' with the Sex Pistols, Bad Religion, Finch and the Presidents of the United States of America. The Do Dah stage features classic reggae artists Eek a Mouse, Burning Spear, the Skatalites and Tippa Irie. The Time Warner stage has the Reverend Horton Heat, Dropkick Murphys and the Living Legends, while the Southwest stage presents Kathleen Edwards, Dana Glover and Quetzal. The Starbucks Jazz Lounge has Big Time Operator and the KSDS Allstar Band, while Electronica Avenue features Diesel Boy, Mea, DJ Irene and Grayarea.

So after you decide which music to see, what else will you find at Street Scene? Delicious foods from all over the world sold by vendors and many of San Diego's finest restaurants. Arts & Crafts and Carts selling clothing and accessories abound, and there are copious amounts of alcohol everywhere you go, as you might guess with sponsors like Jose Cuervo, Captain Morgan and Smirnoff. There will also be many "Micro Festivals" going on within the event. This year features the Red House Tour, which is a 53 foot trailer featuring priceless Jimi Hendrix memorabilia and audio/visual presentations. The Brazil Carnival is a roaming Mardi Gras type parade full of wild characters in incredible costumes. The Dragon House features raunchy musical comedy, while Viejas Casino will have a mini-casino set up, at which you may practice your skills at Blackjack or Craps with funny money. The Southwest airlines Taste of San Diego features dishes prepared by some of San Diego's finest restaurants. The Fifth Element Tour, new this year, will showcase the 5 eleIments of Hip Hop and allow you to relive the evolution of Hip Hop in the interactive area. The Starbucks Coffee Jazz Lounge is a sit-down and kick-back away from the crowds mini-venue with live jazz.

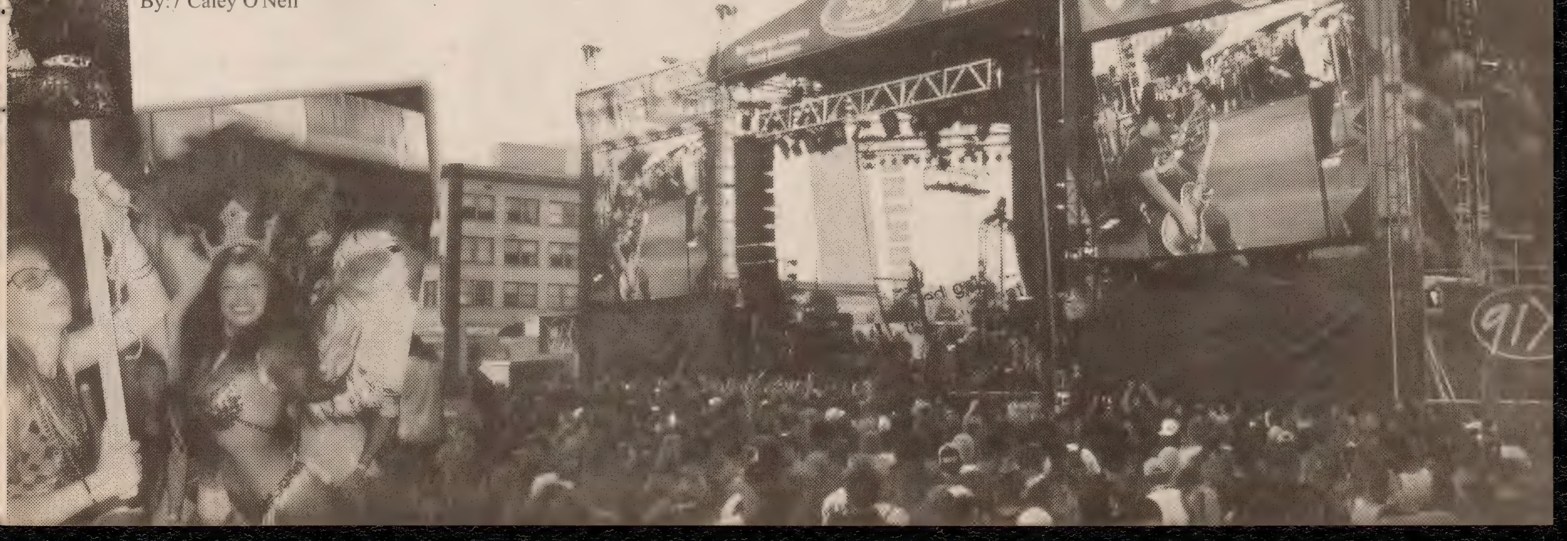
Something else to keep in mind is the fact that all of the clubs and restaurants within the confines of the Street Scene venue are open and feature their own specials and entertainment. As the event ends at midnight, you might find yourself exploring the Gaslamp Quarter afterward, and there are clubs to suit every taste.

There will be two gates to enter Street Scene this year-the North Entrance/East Village Gate at 5th and Market, and the South Entrance/Gaslamp Gate under the big Gaslamp sign by Harbor Drive. There are several parking lots all over the city, most of them named ACE and costing around 10 dollars. If you park at one of these, do yourself a favor and write down the address of the lot so you don't end up looking for your car all night like I did one year. You can also take the trolley, which is really convenient if you plan to drink, from any of the outlying stops. If you would like to get a room, check out the Street Scene website which has a hotel link. This year the Marriot is the official hotel of Street Scene, though there are discount hotels listed as well. If you'd like to be able to watch the stages and goings on from your room, try the Clarion or the U.S. Grant hotel, which are inside Street Scene and have views of some of the stages.

To save yourself some hassle, the following things can not be brought in to Street Scene: alcohol (there's plenty there), drugs, backpacks, video cameras, tape recorders, lawn chairs, tents, bicycles, skateboards ,coolers, cans, glass, or pets. I strongly recommend bringing a camera because there are a million things you'll want pictures of and there is nowhere within the venue to purchase cameras or film.

So I'll see you at Street Scene, which MTV calls "the best musical event in California". It has got that New Orleans vibe of letting your hair down but it's not too out of control. In terms of getting your money's worth, this is one of the top urban music festivals in the country.

By:7 Caley O'Neil



BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Show Info

9/6 @ The Henry Fonda Theater

The Black Rebel Motorcycle Club is yet another in a long list of bands that is supposed to be the second coming, the saviours of rock and roll. I have a hard time figuring out when rock and roll has ever needed saving…if they are referring to the dry, tired shit that's on the radio all the time well, it's always been crap. Real rock and roll has always been happening in juke joints and bars and crowded dives and people's basements. Assuming that it needs saving is mighty presumptuous, and assuming that these three guys are going to do it is really little more than the overly enthusiastic ravings of someone who obviously needs a new fucking hobby.

Meaningless marketing jargon aside, BRMC really isn't bad. If you like Motörhead, but wish they would slow down a little; if you like the White Stripes but wish they actually had a bass player and Meg would learn how to play the drums well; if you like the Hives but don't think all the microphone throwing is really all that cool…if you want dark, moody, sludgy, dirty, no bullshit rock and roll then yeah…BRMC ain't too shabby. So my editor set me up with this interview, and here I am.

The PR agency for this band set me up with a conference call that never quite happened. We tried a few times, and the rep guy could hear us both, and I could hear Nick (the drummer from BRMC) clearly, but he couldn't hear me. So I got a land line number, and after a couple of mis-dials ("Oh, hello. Who? Oh, terribly sorry I'm afraid you're mistaken; that chap doesn't live here! No problem. Cheers!") I got Nick on the phone and commenced the interview.

Nick Jago was tired and edgy, and I was obviously dead fucking last on the list of people that he wanted to talk to right now. I do so love walking into interviews like that. I don't blame the guy…he's standing backstage at the Reading Festival, waiting to go on, and some dumb goddamn American is asking him questions about what kind of art he likes. (German paintings, by the way. Knowing that might come in handy when NME runs their "Win a Dream Date With Nick Jago!" contest. He's a delight, ladies. Really.)

"Next question. This is a rather dry interview, isn't it? I mean question, answer, question, answer…how many more of these questions do you have?"

I always have a handful of dry questions…how someone responds to those lead me directly into the rest of the interview, which is a lot more fun and relaxed and interesting for both of us. Nick made it pretty clear, by his response to my handful of token "interview questions" that he wanted no part of the whole damn thing and just wanted to get behind his drums and play. So I said fuck it, and jumped right in.

I asked him, flat out, what he loves about his music. What grabs him by the fucking balls, what gets his blood racing, what makes him feel alive. "Getting into every aspect of it, really. All of it. From loading in to soundcheck, doing every thing the professional way and not fucking around but still having fun. The fun can get lost in this thing really easily if you let it. Keep it fun, that's the most important thing. There are so many people involved; it's easy to lose that. It can nosedive really quickly, and it's not always your fault. You've got to be strong and fight for what you believe in. Finding this band and going on tour and doing it for real and doing what you want to be doing…that's a great feeling. Doing it with dignity and pride is great too. It's the dream, man, it's the dream come true. See all those people, hands in the air, clapping, and knowing that you did a great show. That's what it's about, man."

The obvious question that comes to mind here is how long can you do this? How long can you pull this off before you get sick of it?

"I don't know. I don't really have an answer for that. You can only do this as long as you really want to do it. We've got the potential and the balls to stick at this for a little while longer. There is an element of, like, kidness to it. I really don't know how long it will stay fun. Eventually I'm sure it will turn into work, just a job that we do. At the end of it, it will just be a job. Like any other job. Like your job."

Oh fucking well. Suck it up while you can, kid. There's no money in my job…I do it for free out of pure love for music. I get paid in burned copies of review CDs. I chuck the ones that suck, and go out and pay full price for the ones I like. You have an army of adoring fans at your feet, I have an editor asking for more words or less words, or can you do this on a Saturday? Welcome to the other side of rock and roll.

My advice to you? Go check them out. They are a pretty damn good rock and roll band. If the tickets are too expensive, get in the old fashioned way: club some fucking Hot Topic kid and steal his tickets. My advice to Nick? Fucking relax. You're right, you are living the dream. Try not being so goddamn glum about it.

By: Throwmonkey

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HELLCAT RECORDS

BAD RELIGION

Show Info

9/15, 9/16, 9/17 @ HOBLA
9/18, 9/19 @ HOBOC

I've written for Destroy All Monthly for almost two years now and I've never written about the same band twice, not that I haven't had the chance but because I usually want to talk to someone new. Bad Religion is the exception, I did an interview with Greg Hetson about a year ago before their Roxy show and when I saw they were playing three shows at HOB Sunset Strip and two at HOB Anaheim in September I was really excited and asked to yet again write about Bad Religion, the band whose t-shirts I get more offended looks from whenever I wear them out. I've always been amused by the questions, like, is the band claiming to be a bad religion? No, it's saying that blind allegiance to the dogma of any religion is bad. It's like a bad dog… "Bad religion, you got piss all over the carpet, bad religion, bad." It never goes well for me. People just don't understand.

I love the fact that Bad Religion tends to be political so I open by asking what Hetson thinks of the California governor race? "It's a mess, a joke." He says simply. I tell him that one of the candidates feels that there are not enough people running that maybe more liberal groups and punkers should have registered to run, and he thinks it over and agrees. "I say the more the merrier, the two party system is really a one party system, but are the people who have different ways of thinking really going to get heard? They're going to decide by poll who is more popular and they're going to get elected and you're going to get the same shit." I agree with him, it seems that even NPR is focusing on the popular candidates rather than the true independents with new ideas. "Well," says Hetson, "they're up against the big corporate talk stations that are doing nothing but spewing the republican shit out and there should be someone doing something in the middle. Competing for ratings is really influencing them because they're a business now. It's better than the mainstream, but they have an agenda as well, it's a better agenda but it's an agenda nonetheless. They're un-balanced. Can I say that and not get sued?" he laughs, referring to the Fox network suit against Al Franken. I ask if he heard that when Fox called Franken "unfunny" he said he had copyrighted the word "funny" and was going to counter sue. "That's genius." Hetson laughs again.

There is a legion of fans that have kept Bad Religion going all these years even when they were down to playing one live show in LA per year. "We have a crazy hardcore fan base," says guitarist Greg Hetson, "I just don't know why. They're crazy," he says with a fond laugh. "I wish I could tell you so we could bottle the success formula and sell it." However, now it seems that they are ready to give LA its due and reward their long term home town fans by playing the five HOB shows, "It's just a way to get back to our roots where we started and play for our hometown crowd. We just want to get back to that. Also, aside from playing LA more we're going back into the catalogue and resurrecting stuff we haven't done in a long time over the course of the tour so it will be a little different each time." I ask Greg what the oldest song might be. "I'm not sure we haven't even discussed a set list yet." And you're playing when? I laugh. "When I get the call and hear, you're late for sound check, that's when I show up," he jokes. I think he's joking anyway.

Another change that only a few lucky fans in LA have seen is the addition of their new drummer of two year's Brooks Wackerman, who also plays with the Vandals when their drummer is otherwise occupied. Hetson says he's young and fast and keeps them young too. "Yeah, he definitely gives us a kick in the ass and there's no way to slow down, he plays and that's' that."

Hetson has also played in another punk staple the Circle Jerks, I ask him if there's any difference between playing in the two bands. "Well, there's three guitars in Bad Religion, so it's not all on me, I have to pay more attention when I'm playing with the Circle Jerks." He laughs. He's also taken on studio production with his label Porterhouse records, which he runs with co-founder Steve Kravac. Has the addition of producer to his resume affected his live performances? "It's not as meticulous as being in the studio. You don't have to make sure everything ends up in the right place. You just get out there and give it your all and see what goes on. I ask what he would do if he couldn't be a musician. "Something in the music industry," he says. No, you're not allowed to be in the music industry in any way, what then? "I think something to do with professional hockey, I love it! It's very punk rock."

by: Carlye Archibeque

Atmosphere.

Show Info

9/25 @ the Scene

We find Slug on a couch in his apartment in Minneapolis - a place he says will be his home for the rest of his life."I never understood people that wanted to leave for larger circuits...we never wanted to be small fish in a big pond, we wanted to be the big fish right here. "When Slug says we, he's talking about the family of Minnesota hip-hoppers that have created one of the most surprising scenes in the genres history. Rymesayers is a label that has successfully released three Atmosphere L.P.'s and couple early short-lengths amongst a flurry of other underground hip-hop albums. Yet, one of the boldest moves in music this year may have come in the form of Atmosphere's collaboration with Epitaph, who's multifaceted line-up now includes blues, folk, hardcore, and finally hip-hop.

"We flew out to L.A. and talked with a lot of labels who were interested, and they all loved the idea of co-releasing the new album with Rymesayers, but after the trip we figured we could still do it by ourselves."

It wasn't until weeks later that Slug contacted Epitaph and further discussed the release of his already finished album, Seven's Travels. "Epitaph's great, they were always asking my opinion on which way to go on certain things...I mean, Atmosphere is the guinea pig for them." Though the album is not set to drop until September 23rd, the buzz of intense exposure is already in the air for Slug, his producer Ant, and his scratching partner Mr. Dibbs. A great deal of buzz comes from the fact that the group itself is great crossover material. For instance, Mr. Dibbs, (turntablist extraordinaire) stands in the cut with a wiry goatee down to his chest; and he's been known to glare over audiences while devilishly mixing Black Sabbath and breakbeats. Then there's Slug who has accumulated a huge female following do to his good looks and honest lyrics about drunken sex and heartbreak.

Atmosphere has everything going in their favor right now, especially an incredibly successful stint on the Warped Tour. "It was probably one of the most profound experiences in my life," stated Slug about the youth-oriented summer festival. "There was so much love given to us. " I think the love comes from the honesty that you hear in Slug's voice. Even talking with him on the phone, I felt an instant connection as he rambled on about all the shit that he had gone through in his personal life, while his group was experiencing the most success that they've ever seen. We also talked about how overwhelming it is to see an underground group go from house parties, to the Roxy, and finally to headlining a place like the Henry Fonda. In listening to the earlier works from Atmosphere, I've found an obvious evolution into a cleaner, more commercially successful style of music, a style that will leave critics questioning the direction of the band. But, Slug and the boys are all around thirty years of age...and "keepin' it real" has become secondary to being respected musicians who have large audiences listening. The group's first projects seemed to have a raw urgency that grabbed the listener by the throat. Their re-released double e.p. Lucy/Ford was bleeding with anger and avant-conceptualism. And the last couple records have become more funk, and jazz- oriented, with samples of old singers and danceable rhythms. The biggest turn around came in the form of 2002's God Loves Ugly which pushed Atmosphere up to one of the most successful white hip-hop groups around.

I think that it's finally safe to say that white hip-hop is not even an issue any more. The genre has been in suburban households since Blondie's Rapture, and blasted past Vanilla Ice and Eminem's embarrassing attempts. Now it's in the hands of credible lyrists and ingenious producers who want to nurture the scene and bring it to its true potential. And though Atmosphere may not call Los Angeles their home, they have been welcome to sold out nights everywhere that they play here, and will only continue to grow in Epitaph-friendly SoCal. Outside of the states it gets a bit confusing. Slug said that Europe has no real dividing lines between the real rappers and the bullshit "bling" ones. "Its fun, they just like the music," he said. "You get tired of hearing the same underground shit on the p.a. before you go on...it's interesting to hear them play Ludacris before you get on stage." This made me realize that there are such intense lines between fake hip-hop and the real shit. And I'm figuring that Atmosphere may lose some of their older fans with their newest record...but come on, we've all seen a million bands lose their o.g. groupies when they polish up their acts.

This month will definitely be the climax for the group when they pop into town right as Seven's Travels is getting released, and the energy that the group always brings will only be heightened in such a large theatre. "I get off on the energy of it all, as corny as it sounds. I mean...fuck, you can tell a crowd to throw their hands in the air and wave 'em like you just don't care, or you can tell them to eat some vegetables or wear their seat belt...people respond to truth." Truth is definitely the backbone of Atmosphere, but they're also a strong sense of good times when you're at one of their shows. Slug and the guys put on a show for anyone who is a fan of poignant rhymes or funked up beats, and their newest musical moves follow those premises more completely than ever before.

By: Garrett Pierce

“WEIRD AL” YANKOVIC

Show Info

9/5 @ The Greek

You may know "Weird Al" Yankovic from his stellar recording carrier as a parody artist. You also may recognize Al from his feature film debut UHF. But did you also know that "Weird Al" is totally awesome?

During an interview with Mr. Yankovic he reflected, "The hardest part about being totally awesome is just living up to the expectation of the sheer awesomeness of it all." It can't be that hard Al because you are turned up to 10 on the coolness meter.

Currently on tour promoting his excellent new album Poodle Hat, "Weird Al" Yankovic, will be gracing the stage at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles on September 5, one of the final shows before Al and his band take the tour across Australia. "I was there in 1989 when UHF came out, so I got to do my world promotional tour," Al reminisced. "We've never taken the live show out of North America so this will be a big first for us."

Unfortunately the rest of the world hasn't caught on to the joy that is "Weird Al." "I know I definitely have pockets of fans in Europe, but not a huge fan base to the point where it would make sense to tour at this point." Well, it's their loss because for nearly 25 years Al has been brightening the faces and minds of the masses across America with his unique sense of humor. Exploding onto the unknowing scene with the Knack parody "My Bologna" in 1979. "Weird Al" has been a constant musical staple ever since.

"I actually do a lot of research for my parodies," Al explains. "If it's a parody on any particular subject I try to learn as much as I can about that subject before I start writing. For example, before I started writing "Couch Potato" I watched television for about 30 years. Then I felt like I was really ready to write that parody."

While the majority of recording artists consider it a privilege to have "Weird Al" take a stab at one of their tunes, Prince has continually snubbed Al's attempts at a parody. "Yeah, I would call him every year or two to see if he'd developed a sense of humor but it never happened," Yankovic explained. "I've always heard that little people have a great sense of humor."

Al Yankovic has as of recent branched off into different areas of the entertainment business. "Over the years I became more and more of a control freak and I just wanted everything done my way," Al said. "So it just kind of made sense for me to actually start directing my own videos, so once I started holding the reigns for myself I found that I really enjoyed it, to the point where I started soliciting work and that's how I got hooked up with Jon Spencer, Hanson, the Black Crowes and Ben Folds."

And at the end of the day what's the best thing about being "Weird Al"? "The deli trays backstage, that's always nice, you show up and they've got all the crackers set up just right and a nice bowl of hummus. Every single night is a thrill for me."

By: Sean Bohram

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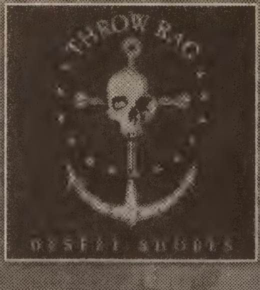
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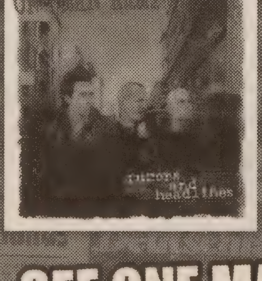
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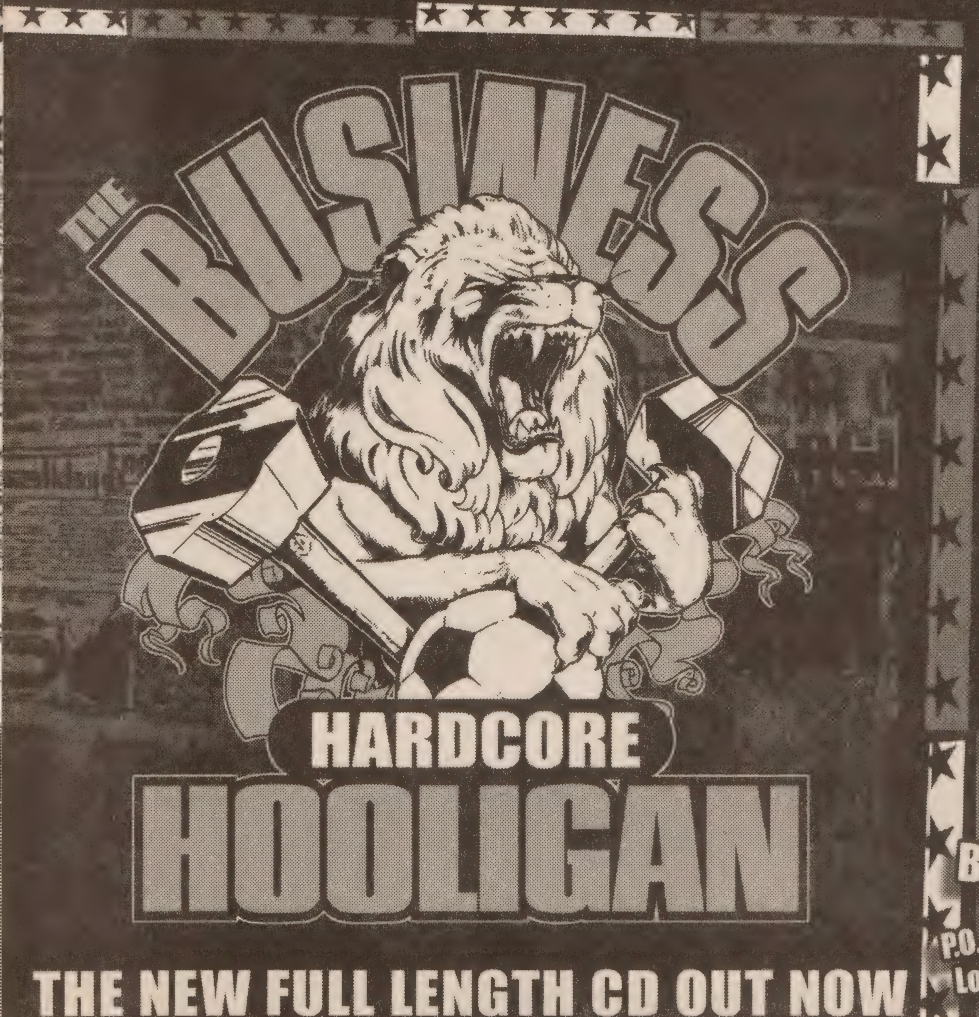
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1208

Show Info

9/8 @ HOBLA

You know, these past couple of months the magazine has strayed away from punk rock. But not to worry, it is safe to say that we are all back with the punk rock spirit and attitude here at Destroy. One punk band that you need to see is 1208. I know I'm not one for bands with numbers in their name but this is different. I got to talk to Alex, lead singer, while 1208 was in the studio making their new record.

"Matt Hyde is doing the mixing and we have Darien helping us out here in the studio and it has worked out really well." Everything has gone well for this band, hailing from Redondo Beach, 1208 created a hullabaloo down in the south bay to get Fletcher of Pennywise attention. "Fletcher took interest in our band. He took our demo to Nitro and we thought they were going to sign us. Long story short, Fletcher took us to Epitaph. Nitro got Rufio, were they pissed, hell yeah." Fletcher also aided the band with Feedback is Payback, their first album. Fletcher "is way cool but at the same time scary as hell. He's super intimidating and he doesn't settle for any pussy bullshit. As far as producing he was like 'I'll give you my opinion on the sound and you can either take it or leave it.' We really owe a lot to him."

It is a little known fact that Alex is related to Greg Ginn of Black Flag. I asked Alex about the positive and negatives of having such an uncle relished in punk rock history? "The good thing about it is we're playing with Greg Ginn and Black Flag at the Palladium. The negative is that people think there is a negative aspect. He's a really cool guy and he's always been supportive. He also had nothing to do with getting us signed; we've done this all on our own."

How did 1208 get such a name? "Our guitar player went to UC Irvine and he convinced this lady that he was a quiet guy so he could move in to this place. The next week we moved all the band equipment in the apartment and people were always coming and going. It was literally the place to be. 'Hey let's go hang out at 1208' and it just kind of became a thing. It couldn't really be anything else."

Be sure to go check out Turn of the Screw, dropping in January. "It's 100 % better than the last album. We worked really hard on this one."

By: Mike Senyo

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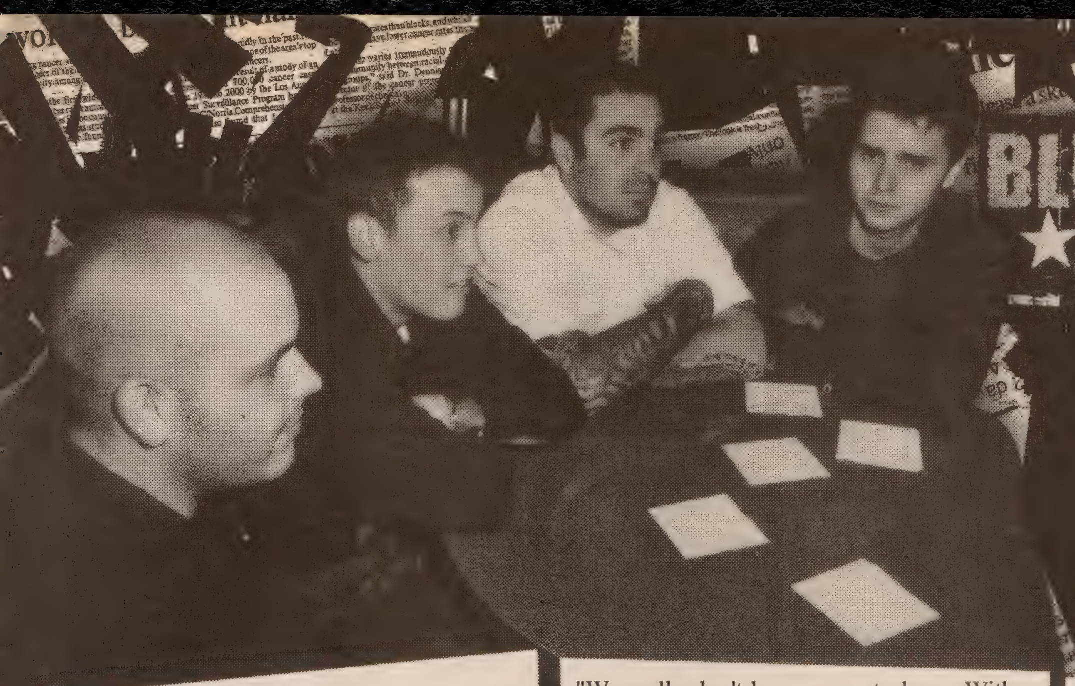

BLUE COLLAR ★★★ SPECIAL

Show Info

9/5 @ Juvee Skateshop w/ Madcap and No Decency

In the early morning hours, before going sailing, I drove by Joe Peep's Pizza and Blue Collar Special came to mind. Joe Peep's is where the band got its name you know. It is time for a little band history fact. While thinking of a name for the band and constantly practicing, and being broke at the same time, the band would always order the Blue Collar Special. Six dollars and forty-seven cents for a large pizza and of course the rates have gone up.

Now don't ask me what was on that pizza because that is for another story in another month. As you can see, it is not rocket science to name a band. Anyhow, I was wondering what those good friends of mine were up to and as fate would have it I got to interview them the next week. Joey Balls, bass player extraordinaire, called me up one night and in his best gay voice said, "Yeah, this is Fred. I'm looking for Mike. I'm replying to the ad he put in the paper. You know: gay and willing looking for hot gay men." I immediately knew that Joey was ready to do the interview for the magazine, not for the ad.

Joey and I talked about playing basketball at Destroy All Records and what everyone has been up to. "Making babies and making songs." Recently Rafe became a father, so that has taken the band a step back. "We're very busy with the label and the magazine. I'm back with the magazine doing some stories and may even have my own column. I love the mag and we try to help Rafe out in any way we can. You know I got the tattoo profile this month so I'm pretty psyched about that. We've all been helping Rafe with whatever."

As for a new record to be churned out in the next couple of months? "We really don't have any set plans. With a baby, Rafe's taking a big break. We're all taking a big "baby" break. But Johnny and he have been writing songs like crazy, because Johnny can't do anything else." The motivation you ask for this upcoming record? Joey was a little hesitant. "No more good questions." But the motivation "it's the same as always: PUNK ROCK. Play music to keep ourselves sane. I didn't write any of the lyrics for this album but it's a little politically motivated. How things are fucked up because it is pretty much all fucked up right now. It's more a devotion to music. We're adding a heavier sound, a little more thrashy. But mostly the same message: getting as wasted as you can without passing out."

Now are the guys just experimenting with a "heavier" sound and a change of pace? Or are they experimenting with a new sound all together with this next record? (God, I'm good at asking the right questions.) "The new songs have a little bit of both. We're experimenting by going into heavier territory, and that is both musically and lyrically. I mean these two guys, Rafe and Johnny; they are mad and angry right now. That is what we're all feeling." It is not like the guys went out and said to each other, "You know let's make an angry record," like so many other dip shit bands do. It just so happens that these guys got fucked with and are all pissed about it. "Once we get our new songs and an album out, we want to tour. I look forward to that the most. Touring or playing a shit load of dates in Los Angeles. Either way I'm happy."

The conversation progressed away from Blue Collar and what Joey thinks of the music scene. "I think there is a ton of awesome shit. Los Angeles, alone, has a copious amount of music out there. You have to sort through the bullshit first but it is definitely out there. I honestly think that the best music out there is all underground. By the way, how's your brother's band doing?" Bands like Box Social and No Decency are products of this underground that Mr. Balls speaks of. "Rafe and I listen to that (Box Social and No Decency) when we play basketball. It's so nice to hear bands like that that are so young and raw. Then in five years you see them playing the Forum. It's crazy like that."

Few bands have taught me anything from their music; however, Blue Collar Special is one of the few. Do things on your own terms and have the most fun you can while doing them is the message that Blue Collar strives to get across. "We like to put on a real energetic show. We want the kids to uncross their arms, come out from the back, and quit being cool for just one minute, just to have a lot of fun." As for me, listening to Joey talk about the new album only gets me wet and excited to hear that Blue Collar is breaking new ground both musically and lyrically yet, still keeping the same philosophy. As the conversation winded down Joey asked, "Hey you got any more questions? Because you ask some pretty good ones and I need to interview Mad Cap right after this."

Here's one: "Do you answer any gay ads?"

By: Mike Senyo

Show Info

9/5 @ Juvee Skateshop
w/ BCS
and No Decency

I just got done talking with Destroy All's head honcho Rafe "The Wafflenator" Mordente. Due to the fact my stories tend to digress and end up focusing on "how drunk I got" and "how great it was," he urged me to discuss the music when writing band articles. If you know Rafe, than you know he can be pretty intimidating. I best get in depth quick.

It's been about ten years since the incarnation of Madcap. Lee, bass-head and sole original member of Madcap looks back on those early years as just getting started. Back then Alfredo was the singer/guitarist and Ryan was the drummer. As a band that grew up and lived in Glendale, California Madcap played anywhere they could. Backyard parties, living room parties, bedroom parties, I just remember seeing them at a bunch of parties. Of course they played lots of clubs all over So Cal. They had jobs for the day and busted ass for Madcap at night. Johnny joined a few years ago and turned Madcap into a foursome with two guitars and dueling vocals. Ryan their old drummer departed from the band about two years ago, and they acquired Jake. Alfredo left this past year and Jordan took guitar duties. Having seen the new lineup in action, I'm happy to say it's the best Madcap I've ever seen.

Madcap has gone from jamming Bouncing Souls songs at backyard parties to touring with the Souls and getting on stage and singing songs with them. That's perfect shit for a band that sounds like the Souls meet The Clash meet the punk kids getting drunk at school. Madcap's songs are anthems about loving music, doing what you want, getting drunk, good shit like that. After years of busting ass (they do that a lot) in L.A. Madcap signed with sideonedummy in 2001. They put out a record and went on the Warped Tour as the barbeque band. I saw them at that Warped Tour and couldn't believe how drunk I mean how amazing the music was. The crowd was going off and I was really stoked for them. I heard some crazy stories about Warped Tour - but Johnny said he's got to have something to tell the grandkids. After the Warped Tour they continued to tour and tour and tour. They've played crazy ass shows with tons of good bands. They released another album on sideonedummy and split a 7" with The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. Now on Victory Records Madcap will be releasing their third full length in early 2004. Johnny said the boys are amped on their new label and the album will have more instruments to add to the Madcap flavor.

Madcap dreamed of leaving L.A. to be a punk band on the road, and they have made that dream happen. They've been through a lot of shit in the past ten years and have come out of it stronger people and a damn good fucking band. I'll never forget that time I blew my knee out at the Bouncing Souls / Flogging Molly / One Man Army show while I was moshing to Madcap. I got so drunk it was so great.

By: Joey Balls

motion city soundtrack

Show Info

9/9 @ Glass House
9/10@ The Scene
9/12 @ Troubadour

Motion City Soundtrack is from Minneapolis, Minnesota. The weird thing though is that two of the members in the band live in Richmond, Virginia. As I talked to Josh, guitar player, he had these words to say, “It’s really terrible. They don’t have enough time to go home. It’s pretty Jurassic for those guys to leave everything they have and move out here. It was pretty much band boot camp.”

Matchbook Romance had told Epitaph about Motion City Soundtrack. “They checked us out on the website with the MP3’s and then came to our door. We thought about it and said why not be on Epitaph? All the bands here have one thing in common: Do It Yourself. We would much rather be here than some whim on a major label.”

Motion City is taking a little break before they hit the road again. “Right now we’re at home just writing songs for the next album I guess. Just trying to get ahead. Plus we’ll be working on our new video, the future freaks me out, it’s like our up and coming single but I don’t know how that works.”

MCS played the last eight dates of the Warped tour and then some. My brother got a chance to catch them the last time they were in town. It was pretty crazy. “We had played the Warped tour last year but this year it seemed a little more controlled. I felt that we were on tour with a lot of up and coming bands. Every band had their day, like when we played at Milwaukee there was like three thousand kids there and half of them are singing along with us. That’s the most people I’ve ever played for and it was such an experience I was flabbergasted.”

I let Josh describe a Motion City show, “Some people think we are a pop band, they may not like our record. But come see us live. It all comes together then.” Jesse, keyboard player, does some crazy shit on stage like handstands on the keyboard and the list can go on. “He’s never fallen from the handstands but he’s tripped on the way down. When he first joined the band we told him he needed to be crazy to push us harder. I didn’t realize he would take it to heart. He dances really bad but it’s all worth it when it gets the crowd going because no one wants to see a band stand around and play.”

Motion City Soundtrack will be playing at the Glass House and the Troubadour. Go see some bad dancing and handstands on a keyboard.

By: Mike senyo

When I was in the 9th grade, which was that awkward period in the early 90's when the second wave of punk had long past, but it was before the phenomenon of Nirvana broke out, is when I was turned on to punk rock music. This kid who I hung out with asked if I listened to punk, I said no, so he put his headphones over my ears and played me this fucked-up sounding mess of distortion and screaming. Intrigued, I headed out to a record store and bought "Live at the White House" from the Exploited. At the time, I was really into the thrash thing (Slayer, Metallica, etc,) and I heard that those same bands were into punk. I get home, put the tape in and I'm already tripping; since it's a live record, the singer announces, "Okay, this song is dedicated to Argentina, it's called 'Let's start a war'". The singer has a funny accent that I've never heard before (I found out later the band is from Scotland); I barely had time to raise an eyebrow when they went into the song; it was nothing I've ever heard before. It was charged in a way that made me want to explode; the guitar was out of tune, the drummer was off, throwing the bassist off and the singer was screaming at me to start a war. The song wasn't even over and I was hooked!

Going through the rest of the tape was an exercise in restraint, as I wanted to tear down my Metallica posters and spray paint anarchy symbols all over my room. What sealed the deal with me was the last song on the tape, one of the greatest punk anthems ever, 'Punk's Not Dead'; the drums start rumbling in, the singer yelps "PUNK'S NOT DEAD," then the guitars come in. The song has only two chords (which the band fucked up) and to this day I have no idea what the lyrics are, it lasted all of 36 seconds, I didn't know at the time but that is what punk rock music was all about and I haven't been the same since.

The Exploited started in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1979, after lead singer Wattie Buchan's stint in the Scots Army and immediately put their stamp on the English punk scene that was already in full swing. With songs like 'Army Life,' 'Crashed Out,' and the punk rock fight song, "Exploited Barmy Army' the band, following in the Sex Pistols footsteps, pissed off the United Kingdom and were on the charts, like the real popular music charts. Not content with only pissing off the U.K., the Exploited released the 'Fuck the U.S.A.' single and made their way across the pond and tour in support of the incendiary track. A story I was told is when the Exploited played at the Olympic Auditorium in 1984, they had the balls (or the nerve) to play 'Fuck the U.S.A' and started a riot. I have it on good authority that when the Exploited come into to town, not only are they going to play the song, it's going to be more pissed than ever before. It's pretty safe to say that the influence the Exploited has had for the past 20 years is immeasurable; from East L.A to East Berlin to the Far East and everywhere in between, The Exploited has been a thorn in the side of many and show no signs of slowing down. Be There.

By: Cool Hand Smoke

THE EXPLOITED

Show Info

9/19 @ Wabash Hall
9/20@ Showcase
9/21 @ Galaxy
9/22 @ The Key Club, w/Total Chaos

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:The Strife and Times

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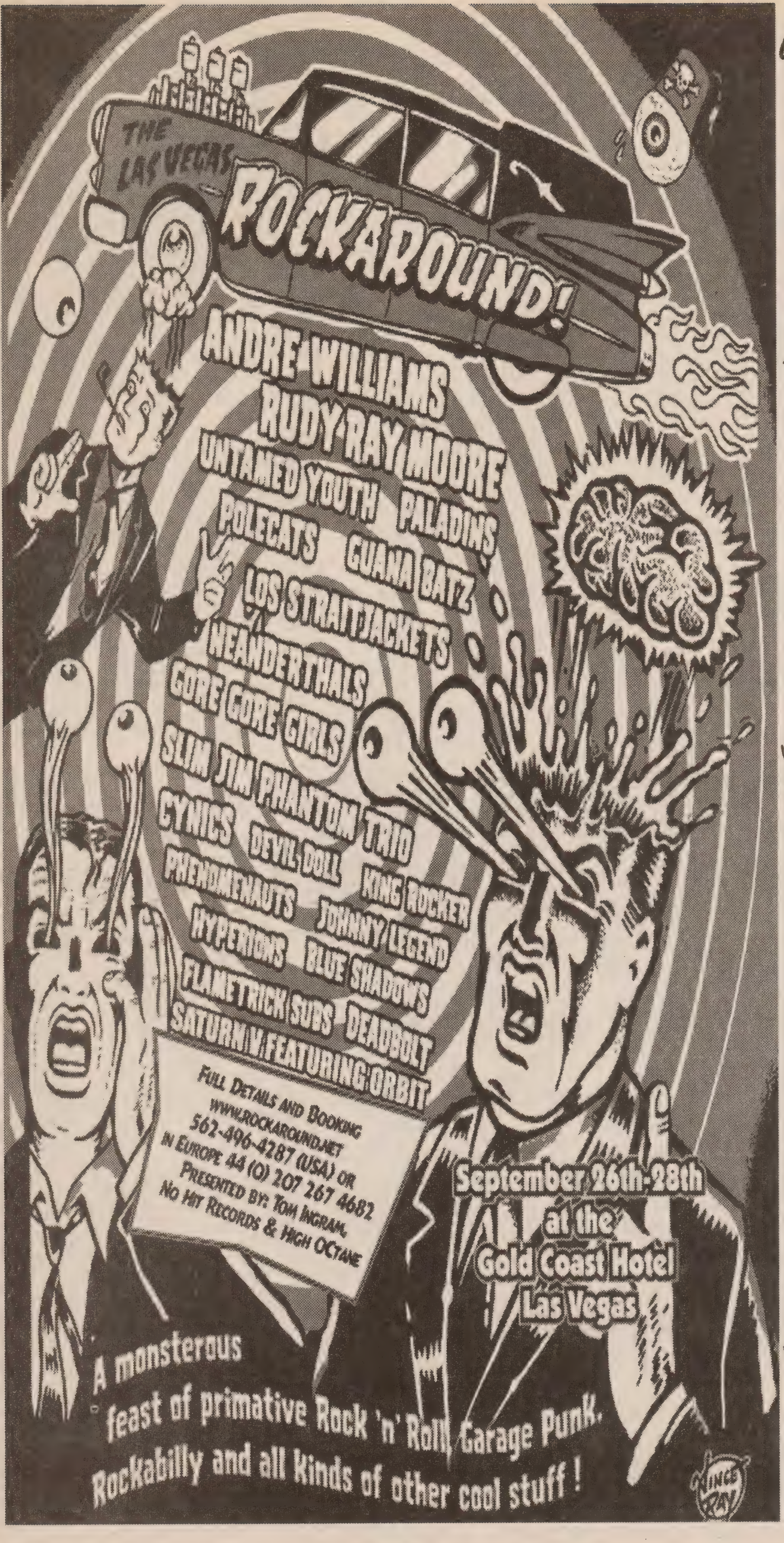
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Timetable of bands

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DOORS OPEN 6pm
7pm Deadbillies, 7.30pm Devil Doll, 8.15pm Black Monday ,8.45pm Hyperions, 9.45pm Blue Flames, 9.50pm Burlesque, 10.00pm Untamed ~Youth, 11.00pm Riverboat Gamblers, 11.15pm Nicky Kay & Kaytones,12.15am The Dynotones, 12.20am Burlesque, 12.30am Polecats,1.15am Sin City Surfers, 1.45am Cynics, 3am Frantic Flat Tops

SATURDAY
DOORS OPEN 5.30pm
5.15pm Psycho chargers, 6pm Deadbolt, 6.45pm Los Creepers, 7.30pm Blue shadows, 8.15pm Volcanics, 9pm Gore Gore Girls, 9.30pmThe Demands, 10pm Andre Williams, 10.30pm The Misses, 11.05pm Burlesque, 11.15pm The Dragons, 11.45pm The Now, 12.20am Burlesque, 12.30am Saturn V, 1.15am Boilermakers, 1:35am Burlesque, 1.45am Los Straight Jackets, 3am Flametrick Subs

Sunday
Doors Open 5:30
4pm James Demons, 5.15pm Silvermen, 6pm King Rocker, 6.45pmBloodshot Bill & Hubcaps, 7.30pm Johnny Legend, 8.15pm The Bandits, 9pm Rudy Ray Moore / Dolomite, 9.30pm Mad River Outlaws, 10.30pm Dulcie Younger, 10.30pm Neanderthals, 11.45pm Volcanos, 12 am Guana batz, 1.15am tbc, 3.00am TBA

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9/8-9/9 @ HOBLA

HOB Sunset 9/8&9, HOB Anaheim 9/10&11, Glass House 9/14&15
I love Pennywise, every time I see them perform I feel like punk is alive and well. Some bands, who shall remain nameless make me feel like I'm watching the band members perform in a cover band of their band, if that makes any sense. But not Pennywise, they're up on the political issues, making new music and are always interested in having a good time with their fans and audience. It's all good. --CA

X

9/5 S.D Street Scene

X is a band that formed in LA during the '77 punk explosion. What sets them apart from other punk bands is the rockabilly influence of guitarist Billy Zoom (a true virtuoso), and the dual male/female vocals of Exene Cervenka and John Doe. Drummer DJ Bonebrake never misses a beat, and is a pleasure to watch. I recommend checking out their first 7" called Adult Books, and their first four albums (Los Angeles, Wild Gift, Under The Big Black Sun, and More Fun In The New World). Do yourself another favor and see them play. X does not disappoint.

- Ben Edge

Duran Duran

9/20 @ Glen Helen Pavillion

Inland invasion, Glen Helen, 9/20
They haven't played together in 18 years but from the press surrounding their sold out shows at the Roxy and the Pacific Ampitheater they haven't lost their touch to turn a crows of ordinary fans into a screaming, sweaty mass of lust for the guys who brought us "Rio," "Girls on Film," and "Notorious" to name a few hits. And don't roll your eyes, someone was out buying all those albums in the 80s. Word has it that the band did enough eye rolling self-parody during their Roxy show with LeBon doing a catwalk strut during "Girls on Film" and a little tongue action on "Come Undone" which he ended with a mock yawn.

Psychedelic Furs

9/20 @ Glen Helen Pavillion

In their attempt to turn the Inland Invasion into the greatest flashback to the 80s event of the season, KROQ has managed to book the Psychedelic Furs who many, myself included, consider to be one of the seminal new wave bands of the 80s. Called by some the musical missing link between the Sex Pistols and Nirvana they managed to capture the sardonic nature of punk and the fashion sense of the "new wave" rebellion that required a lot of hairspray and very tight clothes. They got together in 1977, broke up in 1991 and started touring to a legion of grateful fans again in 2001. And hey, they've got to be better than the sorry assed "I'm not a sell out" sell out show the "Sex Pistols" gave at last year's Invasion.

Darkest Hour

9/13 @ the Glasshouse

Aside from the Bad Brains, Minor Threat and Fugazi, the music scene in Washington D.C. doesn't have much to brag about until Darkest Hour hit the scene. This is no-frills, straight up fucking METAL. Without a hint (or stink) of irony, Darkest Hour bulldozes the listener with relentless density with tasteful melodic interludes that keep it from drowning in the muck. Unfortunately, there isn't an interview with the band, because the night before we were supposed to speak, their van was broken into and all of their guitars and money were stolen. So, when or if they make it back to So Cal, go to their merch table, buy some gear, and show them some love. - the Regulator

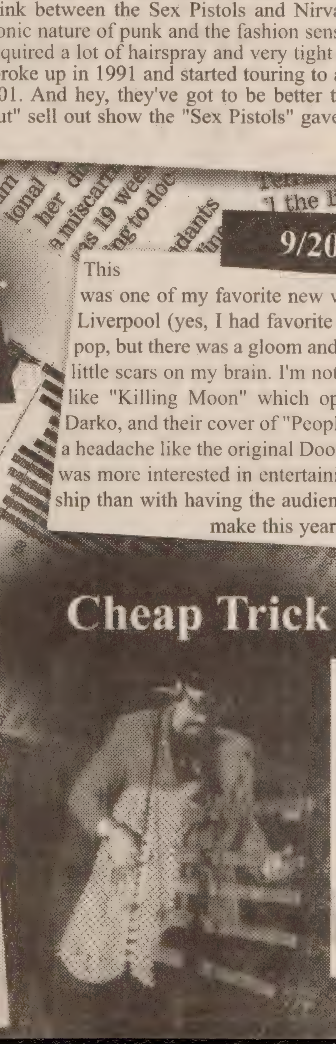
Echo of the Bunnymen

9/20 @ Glen Helen Pavillion

This was one of my favorite new wave bands from Liverpool (yes, I had favorite new wave bands and so did you.) They were pop, but there was a gloom and doom edge to Ian McCulloch's vocals that left little scars on my brain. I'm not talking "Lips Like Sugar," but haunting songs like "Killing Moon" which opened one of the best films of 2001, Donnie Darko, and their cover of "People Are Strange" which gave me chills rather than a headache like the original Doors version did. Like many new wave bands Echo was more interested in entertaining the audience with good music and showman ship than with having the audience break each other's collar bones which should make this year's Inland Invasion a little less paramedic heavy. -CA

Cheap Trick

9/21 @ The Avalon



The Unlimited Sunshine Tour, brainchild of Cake front man Joel McCrea, give eclectic a whole new meaning with bands that share little in musical styles or clothing choices. All the bands are tops in their fields: Hacksaw Boys are bluegrass extraordinaire; the Detroit Cobras are hard core garage rockers; Cheap Trick is a legendary pop punk pioneer band and Cake makes understated an understatement with their dry wit and memorable singalongs like "sheep go to heaven, goats go to hell." There will be no chance to get bored by too much genre repetition at this show, but then there may be not be a good time to go to the bathroom either. -CA

Show Info

9/21 @Showcase

The Exploited, Discharge, Total Chaos, New York Rel-X

The Adicts, UK's most fascinating and dazzling punk band, have managed to make sense of what punk music is all about. Essentially, punk rock evolved from sheer entertainment value to a medium for political opinion and thought. As the foundation for this reckless style became more solid and sturdy, bands became less involved with the attitude and more in-tune with the image. Although, imagery played a crucial role in the Adict's performance, they never lost the general idea and purpose of playing punk rock--to have a good time. With a Clockwork Orange influence and a precocious clown in the lead, the Adicts became known for their off the wall metaphors and rambunctious behavior on stage.

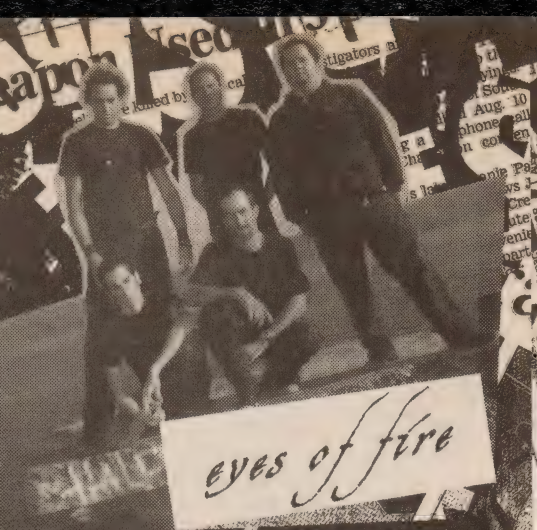
Twenty-seven years in existence and they still have the capability to lure and captivate their audience with ingenious visualization and absurd songs. "We write about reality but we put a twist on it. We do have a sick sense of humor...there's a sick twist in our lyric and there's also a happy side," says guitarist, Pete Dee.

However ridiculous and tongue-in-cheek the songs are, there is always a hint of optimism in their music. Most of that enthusiasm can be attributed to Monkey, the Adicts' colorful and deranged front man. "Monkey is a genius. He becomes a character with the mask...the host of the entertainment. He's like the guy at the door saying 'Welcome. Come in.' When he goes on stage, he becomes a completely different person--I don't know him on stage. None of us know him and what he's going to do, which is wonderful. He actually goes into a role. He's like Ziggy's [Stardust] bastard son," says Pete Dee. "Obviously, on some conscious level, I assume that persona when I'm on stage. It's part of me. When the time comes and the act needs to be done it kind of pops out. It's probably something deep inside me that's disturbed. I'm not really sure. It's almost like an out of body experience sometimes. There's no preconception of what I'm supposed to do. It's a facade and it's make-up and flamboyant clothes. If we were on stage and just be ourselves, it would be dull, I think," adds Monkey.

The Adicts have been an important force in punk rock music and remain one of the longest running punk bands around. With notable albums such as Songs of Praise, Sound of Music, Smart Alex, and Twenty Seven, it really is refreshing to see that a band with such a long history is still going having fun performing. Their highly anticipated album entitled Rollercoaster, is a perfect molotov of progressive musical style and old school Adicts attitude (I know, I have it. Ha!). It's also a representation of their endurance and chemistry as a whole. "We love each other. We are two sets of brothers in the band. There's me and Kid and Mel and his younger brother, Scruff. So, we're two sets of brothers and a Monkey! There's something magic about us when we make music. We don't write and we don't practice. We just put our collective ideas together and build them into a little mountain. Hopefully, they're good but it's real. Our old albums, we practiced and practiced and we never captured us. Some of the songs were really good and some of them were shit. In the studio, we never really captured the Adicts," says Pete Dee.

Ultimately, the Adicts play as their hearts desire and they plan on sticking around for many years to come. Monkey adds, "I had no clue things would last as long as they have. I'm not a musician and I never thought I would be a musician, I mean, I can't play one note on a piano or one note on a guitar. I'm not even particularly a good singer! I think it goes back to the make-up and the clothes...it's a distraction from listening to me. I wasn't really thinking about the future...we were in a band, it was cool and we had some fun. We somehow found something that's endured for 25 plus years. The most satisfying aspect of the whole thing, for me, is that people still like what we did then and what we do now."

By: Liz Ortega



Show Info

9/16 @ the Whiskey

It's hard enough being in a band finding your own niche; it's probably twice as hard coming from a comfortable rut to restart the entire process again. Such is the case for Eyes of Fire guitarist/vocalist Dan Kaufman and bassist/vocalist Matt Fisher who were the creative power behind the criminally overlooked, Mindrot. While not completely divorcing themselves of their laurels, Dan explained in time past comes artistic evolution. "With this band and Mindrot there isn't a big stretch between them except, in this band, we write songs that are over 4 minutes and not over 4 hours [laughing]. Also, it's 6, 7 years later, of course, people change."

"Mindrot did what it could do, it's sad that it ended. Especially looking what's out there today, and I'm like 'Wow, we were doing this how long ago?' [laughing]. It gets quite frustrating."

Dan shares his thoughts on starting anew with Eyes of Fire. "We are going about it like we're a new thing, not just ex-members of Mindrot; we definitely want it to be our own thing. In the beginning, we didn't want the Mindrot thing following us, in time, we guess it isn't that bad, if it helps gets the name out there."

While the only recorded output from Eyes of Fire is a three-song EP (their full-length should hit the streets early next year), Dan excitedly details what's on the horizon of Eyes of Fire. "Two of the songs on the EP will definitely be on the record, this record is like a Mindrot record, in how something was always going on, kind of like Pink Floyd records, where it can be listened to as one track; really hypo-manic depressive, it's all over the place. It's a real roller coaster ride; what we really tried to do is get even more emotional than what Mindrot did. With Mindot, we were sad, things in our lives that pissed us off, so we're starting to put that back in; getting back when we all punk rock and pissed."

By: Sir Smoke

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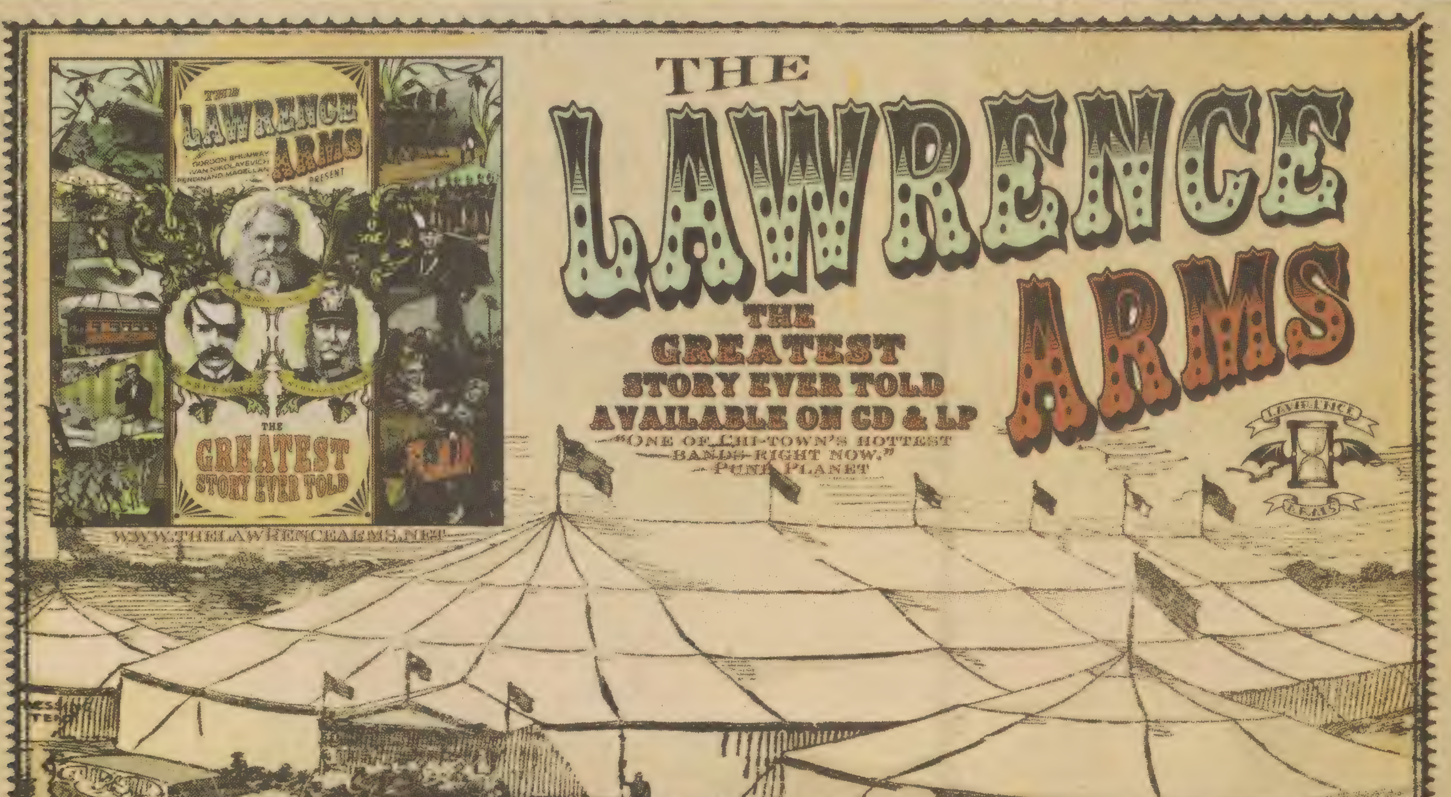
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EPOXIES

Show Info

9/21 @ Alex's Bar
9/23 @ The Casbah
9/25 @ Spaceland
w/ The Briefs

For a minute there it looked like there was going to be a New Wave revolution 'till the Garage thing took hold. And mind you, we could still have one once this whole "good looking boys with bangs" thing blows over, especially since Dirtnap Records stars the Epoxies are still out there doing their thing and blowing the minds of audiences across the U.S. a good portion of the year with their ultra-catchy synthesizer based songs and space-aged, duct tape fashion statements.

The Epoxies formed in 2000 when keyboard player FM Static and guitarist Viz Spectrum had an idea for a band in which the members would dress in robot costumes made from refrigerator boxes. Along the way they altered their concept and added singer Roxy, a successful band photographer who had shot album covers for the Exploding Hearts and the Automatics and whose previous musical credits included playing in Rainbow Brite & The Assholes with FM and singing in karaoke bars. "I'd been friends with FM for a very long time," explains Roxy, "And I just said 'Hey, I'd like to try singing for your band. Let's give it a try and if it works it works and if it doesn't, it doesn't. But I'd like to try something new.'"

Together with bass player Kid Polymer and drummer Dr. Grip, the Epoxies recorded a full-length, self-titled CD for Dirtnap Records with eleven shining tracks that reflected the best influences of the '80s New Wave era (think Devo, Adam & The Antz, Gary Numan) as well as the band's own distinct edge and whacky aesthetic. Much of the band's material reflects a disillusionment with our culture's unfulfilled promises of the future. Childhood notions of a Jetsons tomorrow filled with friendly robotic technology and shiny spacesuits went unrealized and so the Epoxies have made the leap themselves with their homemade 21st century apparel and songs like "Molded Plastic," "We're So Small" and "Losing Control."

The Epoxies most recent Dirtnap seven inch single (which is also available as a CD EP that includes the songs from the band's first 7 inch) features a very appropriate cover of a somewhat obscure Alice Cooper song called "Clones (We're All)" from his 1980 album, Flush The Fashion. "Viz brought the song to us, explains FM. "It's a great album, Flush The Fashion. There wasn't all that much to it except that we all listen to it and we all liked it. We just sat down and it worked really well. A lot of times we'll try and do a cover and we'll get it down technically, but then we'll realize that it doesn't sound that great coming from the band, harmonically, you know. But that song really worked for us. It was pretty much a natural once we got it down."

The Epoxies have gone through a few lineup changes in the last few years, with Shock Diode replacing Kid Polymer on bass and Ray Cathode most recently assuming the drum throne. "Our new drummer is Ray and he's actually from Orange County and he's absolutely fabulous," says FM. "Unfortunately our old drummer had to spend more time with the family and he couldn't take all the road time. Everything is very amicable. So we found Ray and it's a great fit and he brings a lot to the songs."

The band's grueling tour schedule has kept them out of the studio, but when the current tour winds down in October, the Epoxies are looking forward to recording their eagerly anticipated follow up their well-received first album. "We have probably close to an album's worth of material right now but it needs a lot of polishing," says FM. "We're not a very prolific band, we spend a lot of time arranging and re-arranging stuff. That's why we're coming to a full stop on touring for a while. It's to let ourselves be musicians instead of performers for a while and put together the best album that we can rather than just cobble together the first ten or eleven songs that we come up with."

By: Bob Cantu

T. S. O. L.

Show Info

9/20 @ Galaxy

TSOL is back together, but don't tell the band. "Well we've never actually gotten back together," laughs front man Jack Grisham, "It started out as hey, you want to do a show? You want to make a record? Now it's like, hey want to make another one? We've never really gotten back together." Jack obviously has a guys POV of "being together" since the band hangs out, surfs together and generally gets along. The problem it seems is simple language. "Once we get "back together" we have to have a real plan. The minute we have a real plan, someone has to be in charge, and the minute someone is in charge there's a lot of arguments. We're working on the chop wood, carry water plan."

The band is going to not be together playing at the Galaxy this month with a few other bands, "One of the bands that's opening is our old TSOL manager's son's band, DEK from Seattle. They listened to everything their dad made them listen to, so they sound a little like the Dead Kennedys, a little like TSOL and a little like the Vandals. They're all cute kids; you know what I'm saying." I sure do. I chide him for the bio on the band's website that claims TSOL was cuter than all the other punk bands in OC. He claims ignorance, "I don't know; we have a friend who takes care of the site. Does anybody really read those bios?" I did. "Well, there you go he laughs." Hey!

All this talk of Zen is worlds away from the Jack Grisham of the past who was a bruiser, now his old kick ass rep haunts the new shows. "Back then it was a real diverse crowd that came to TSOL shows. A lot of college kids as well as hardcore punks, but the shows we've been playing lately have been really violent. It's weird cause we're all total pacifists. One of the new songs on our record is called "Fuck You Tough Guy." I'm reformed," he laments, "but America loves a reformed criminal."

Does he think a lot of the people coming to the shows based on old TSOL news? "Yeah partially, some of them want to come to the shows and hear the songs that we made in the 1980s. They want to hear the first record. The songs are fun to play, but it always feels like I'm playing in a cover band." The new album should be quite a shock because of the use of other instruments including, gasp, the piano. "It gets harder cause someone will say, go back and make a record that sounds like this, but that would be the biggest sell out in the world for us because we don't play like that anymore." And why would fans want them to make a record that sounds like the first one? "Well, it was a good record," he laughs.

By: Carlye Archibeque

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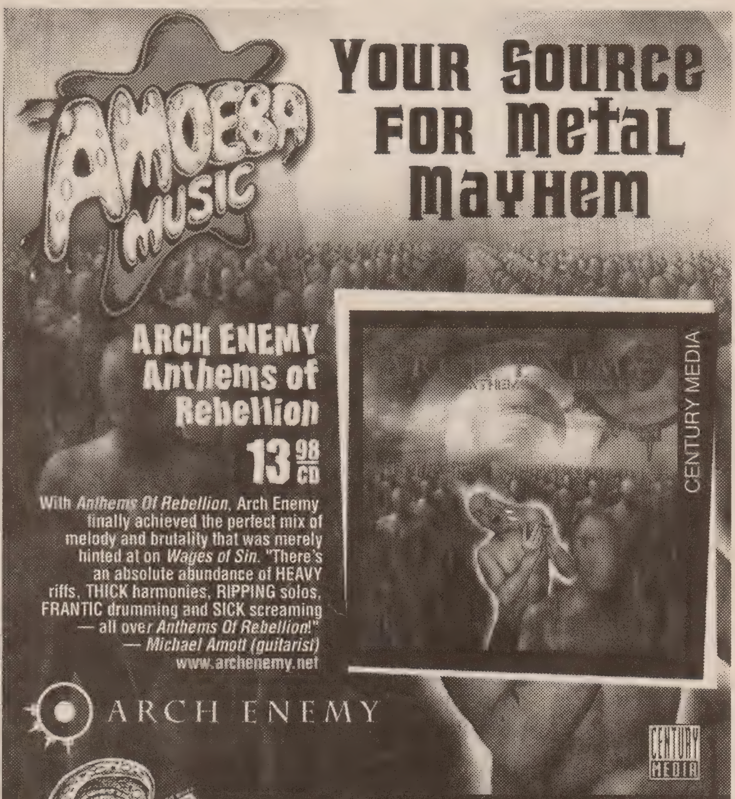

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ONE MAN ARMY

Show Info

9/18 @ Soma
w/Reducers SF, Last Target

9/19 @ Roxy
w/Reducers SF, Last Target, St.Sebastian

We live in a world where bands can blow up overnight. More often than not it is due largely in part to their having good looks, good management, or good connections. While we all dream of hitting the rock and roll Lotto, it is nice to see a band that has done things the old-fashioned way. San Francisco's One Man Army writes great songs, plays their asses off, practically live in a van, and are starting to get some much-deserved recognition. I would say for a majority of the bands in this (and any other) magazine do things the other way around.

One Man Army began way back in 1994. While Jack Dalrymple (vocals, guitar) has seen a few members come and go the band's current line-up is the strongest to date. Heiko Schrepel (formerly of United Blood) is on bass and backing vocals and Chip Hanna (former US Bomb) sits behind the kit. With the release of their third full length, Rumors And Headlines (BYO Records), One Man Army is touring damn near full time and poised to become the punk rock heroes they deserve to be.

However, notoriety comes with a price. "They've gone too pop." "They used to be punk." "Sell-outs." "Rock stars." In some circles, the backlash has been severe. Well fellas, take some satisfaction. How can you be sure you've become a player? When you start hearing from the player-haters. As with most criticism today, it mainly exists in cyberspace. I do not know where they are writing from though. I only know one thing. It is not coming from the OMA van because it does not have internet access and, more often than not, is traveling down a highway that does not have internet access.

Yes, our little boys are growing up so fast. It seems like just yesterday their debut album, Dead End Stories (Adeline records), came out. It was a wonderful, if not a bit too familiar sounding, collection of street anthems. Disgruntled worker mantras for 16 year olds that hate their summer jobs. Next came Last Word Spoken. Their sophomore release was a lot more mature and showed us a sense of melody we never knew existed. Their third album continued in the same direction but brought back some of the faster, more rocking elements all those "punks" had been missing.

Finally, almost 10 years after the band's inception they are on the brink of greatness. They have toured (and are supposedly doing a split release) with the Alkaline Trio. Their songwriting has become so impressive it is only a matter of time before everyone will be forced to take notice. After this brief west coast tour, One Man Army will be breaking hearts across Europe for a full month.

However, this tour is not to be overlooked. It may be brief but it is sure to be brilliant. Along for the ride is the Reducers SF as well as Last Target. The Reducers SF are one of the best street punk bands in the world today. If you are a fan of Cock Sparrer, you have to see them. Besides, Cock Sparrer only come around every 20 years or so. Reducers SF swing by at least once every five. Last Target are coming all the way from Japan and feature former members of Thug Murder. Thug Murder was the best, not one of the best but, the best all-female punk band ever. Opening the show is St. Sebastian. Little is known about the band other than their insatiable thirst for alcohol and their centerfold worthy good looks.

By: Mel Gragirena

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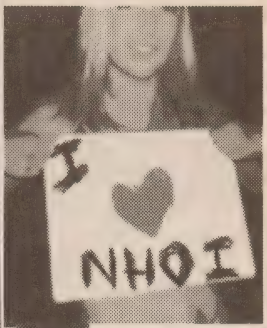

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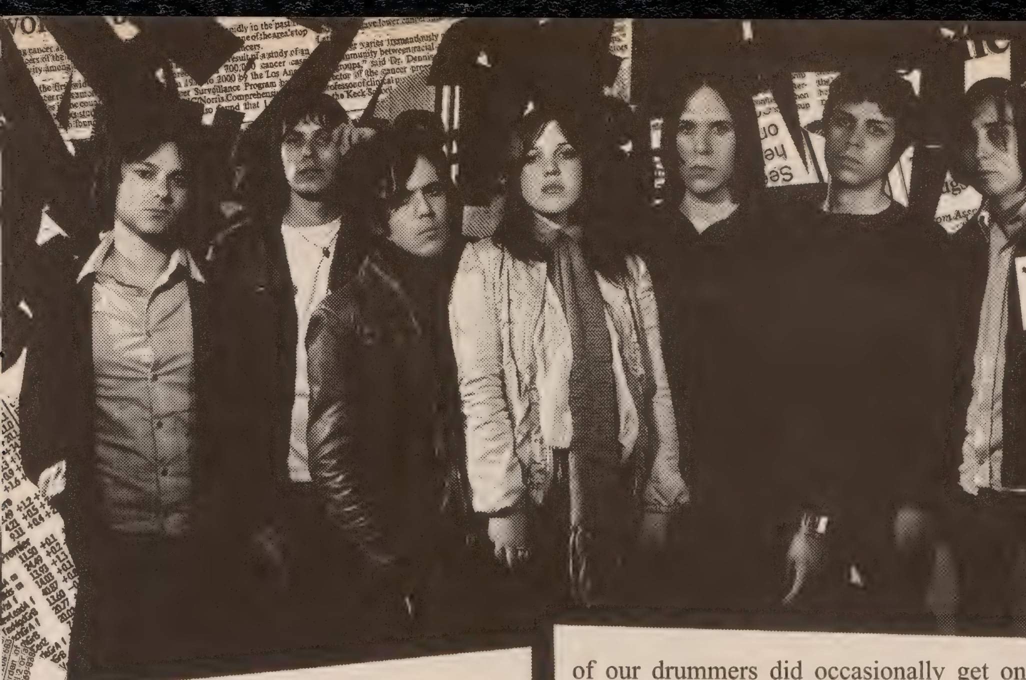

THE WARLOCKS

Show Info

9/6 @ Henry Fonda
w/ BRMC

When you read anything about the L.A. based, ever-changing consortium of rock musicians known as the Warlocks, it invariably comes out that the Grateful Dead once used the name and that, like the Dead, the present-day Warlocks utilize two drummers. It should be pointed out, however, that the Grateful Dead didn't have two drummers when they were called the Warlocks and, most importantly, that these Warlocks are far more inspired by the darkness and drone of the Velvet Underground than the folky psychedelia of the Dead. And while this is an influence that they aren't terribly coy about, having included a number called "Song For Nico" on their Bomp CD, Rise And Fall, the VU are just a jumping off point for the Warlocks. Snatches of familiar chord constructions weave in and out of their songs just enough to lure you in for the larger sonic epiphanies in songs like "Jam Of The Witches."

Another off the mark observation that has been in print more than once is that the Warlocks are a "spin off" band of the Brian Jonestown Massacre. In fact, the Warlocks existence pre-dates the associations they've had with BJM. "For the record," explains guitarist JC Rees, "This band was around before the Brian Jonestown Massacre moved here. I don't think we sound like them, I don't think we act like them and I don't think we look like them. We have very little affiliation with them except Bobby did a favor for Anton and played bass for him and at some point we had a guitar player from that band in our band. After a while one of our drummers did occasionally get on stage with them to play tambourine, but that's 'cause we're friends."

Singer/guitarist/song writer Bobby Hecksher had played in L.A. combos like Charles Brown Super Star and appeared on Beck's most eclectic indie album Stereopathetic Soul Manure, but it was only after he was spurned for a bass gig with Weezer that he set out to form a jam-based musical group with a large roster.

"Bobby shows up with a guitar and a song in mind," says JC. "We all write our own parts. That's part of the chemistry of this band is that we'll take a song and work it and then record it and it will sound different after we've taken it on tour and you might not recognize it once we get to a studio. As a fan, I kind of like that. I like it when a band will twist the songs. Faster or slower or there'll be a new change. It keeps the audience on their toes a little bit."

The Warlocks have maintained an average of eight members in the band for most of its existence (they've recently reduced the number to 7) and over the course of time they've gone through 19 former members as they've toured the U.S. and U.K.. "It's a hard lifestyle, riding around in a van," explains JC. "People miss their creature comforts. We had a few people in the band that left after a month or so. That did a couple of shows, substituting or whatever. I think we've only fired two people in the very beginning and then somebody recently. There were eight, so you had to piss off seven people to get the boot. It's kind of tough to get fired, I think. It's more of a decision to get on with your life and do something for real that makes money and allows you to have a girlfriend and a place to live."

The band's self-titled debut EP was released on Bomp in 2000 and was followed by the full-length Rise And Fall. 2002 saw the release of a critically well-received full-length and EP - both titled Phoenix, on Birdman and is soon to be re-released on Mute Records. "That was kind of a sweet deal, I think," says JC. "I feel really lucky to be a part of the Mute family. I'm not sure that we fit. You can buy records from Mute and know what you're getting ahead of time and I hope we don't disappoint."

Phoenix contains songs like "Shake The Dope Out" and "Baby Blue" that are catchy in a Brit-Pop manner without compromising on the pharmaceutical references and trippy, droning element that has earned them a solid fan-base in the U.K. The Warlocks were even the recipients of an L.A. Weekly Award this year. "We all sat around and tried to figure out how we won that award," says JC. "It's nice to be recognized. I don't know what that means. I didn't get any money from it. But we'll take it."

by : Bob Cantu

Photo Credit: Chris Strong

the briefs

Show Info

9/23 @ The Casbah
w/ The Epoxies, The Shocks
9/25 @ Spaceland
w/ The Epoxies

BRIEFLY PUT

The first time I saw the Briefs was a free show at the 3 Clubs shortly after "Hit After Hit" came out on Dirtnap. They took the stage that isn't really a stage with their kinda sorta matching bleach blonde hair and ripped through a super fast '77-style pop punk rock set that took me totally by surprise. They jumped around, moved all over the place like slot car racers. It was hard to know who to look at. They all took turns singing. Lance Romance bopped around with his base center stage. Stevie Nix and Daniel J. Travanti slashed at their guitars and howled behind sunglasses while Chris Brief pounded away at his stripped-down kit.

I was wary at first, suspicious of the look-at-me eyeglasses and skinny ties (there is something exciting about a skinny tie in a nostalgic kind of way, but that isn't always such a bueno thing). Would shtick win out over substance? By the end of the set I no longer had any doubts that great things were in store for this punk rock band from Seattle. Their energy and enthusiasm was infectious, and it made me wonder about some of my favorite local bands of the day. If these guys can roll into town and play like this, what excuse do the local bands have for not giving 120%? I felt like a jaded Londoner, convinced of the superiority of my scene when all of the sudden the Buzzcocks blast through town and rewrite the rules of the game for good. In other words, the Briefs raised the bar, a new benchmark had been set, and everyone at the 3 Clubs that night knew it.

The Briefs followed up their debut release with a record for Interscope, which they have promoted pretty much nonstop since its release in early 2003. It's got some great songs on it, but the engineers at Interscope clearly didn't get what the Briefs were all about. (While each 7" the Briefs have recorded are detailed on their website, there is no mention of the Interscope album in the discography, and in this case the silence speaks louder than words.) Stevie Nix told me that it was an interesting experience and they loved quitting their jobs for a while, but ultimately "it was like working with a bunch of aliens. There was no average Joe factor. No bond. You can't read them." They're presently talking to different people about the next release, but when asked if they'd consider signing with another major label, Stevie nixed the idea.

The thing about the Briefs is that as much as they love vinyl and listening to punk rock records, nothing comes close to their live-show sound. It's aggressive and exciting in a way that what passes for radio-friendly pop punk can never be. They turn touring into an extreme sport unto itself, playing 40+ shows in six weeks, or churning through 27 songs in a single set for the German fans who never want them to stop. They are some of the hardest working guys in punk rock, and they always seem to be on the road.

After a long spring and summer spent tirelessly tramping across Europe for a tour that involved miscellaneous thuggery and random acts of assholeishness, but included meeting the fabulous Gaye Advert (the proto-leather-jacketed punk goddesses of the Adverts), the Briefs have been laying low in Seattle trying not to do gigs before their mini-tour at the end of September with the Spits, the Bodies, the Skulls, the Epoxies and the Shocks, a three-piece band from Berlin that the Briefs toured with in Europe.

"Germany has a great punk rock scene," Stevie said. "You can play any town on a Tuesday night and there will be a ton of people there. Same thing for heavy metal. Anything hard, fast and intense." The Shocks are doing a 7" split with the Briefs where the Shocks play the Briefs "Squash Me Like A Bug" (which they perform in German) and the Briefs will play one of the Shocks songs (though I wonder what the Briefs would sound like singing Smogtown's "Berlin Girls"?). Destroy All readers in Stuttgart definitely won't want to miss this.

A notable exception to their temporary hiatus is a benefit show for the Exploding Hearts, a young, likable Dirtnap band from Portland that suffered a terrible blow when three members of the band were killed in an automobile accident.

Stevie has been keeping busy producing an "extreme low budget" recording with the Spits. His primary source of transportation is a skateboard. He skates down the hill where he lives and takes the bus back up. The Briefs have teamed with Factory13 to put out a skateboard. Hand-made, hand-painted, and silk-screened. And it's pink. "But it's made out of really thick wood," Stevie, explains, so if someone wants to beat you up because you're riding a pink skateboard you can whack' em with it and do some damage."

By: Jim Ruland

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So the formula for making your band a success with audiences isn't rocket science. You record a great album that your audience can sing along to. Add in taking your music on the road and playing it for as many people as possible for as long as you can and what do you get?

Well hopefully, you get what Hot Hot Heat has gotten. Countless sold out shows requiring the band to play at bigger venues, invitations to play huge festivals like Coachella, Reading and Leeds, critical praise from both the press and audiences, all while keeping the criticism from indier than though mop-heads to quiet whispers and infrequent posts on message boards that the 'scene' like to frequent. That all sounds good to me. It also sounds good to lead singer and keyboardist of Hot Hot Heat, Steve Bays. "With the exception of being home for about six weeks, we've been out on tour for like 14 months," says Bays.

What they've been touring for is their first full-length album, *Make Up The Breakdown.* The album is a catchy collection of noise filled synth-pop that has been having people want to get up and shimmy and sing along to tracks like "Bandages" and "Talk To Me, Dance With Me" since the day it came out in October of 2002. Lengthy touring and landing important gigs like Coachella a few months back has gotten those two singles onto KROQ and other big radio stations across the country, giving Hot Hot Heat the world wide exposure that their pop tunes deserve.

But most bands don't have it so lucky, if that's even what you want to call it. It's hard enough to write a great record, but being on the road with your bandmates for weeks and months at a time can make anyone just throw in the towel whether things are going well or not. "Like in my old bands, I remember we'd be on tour for like two weeks and by the end of it, I was dying to get home. I was just going crazy. So to be away this long (with Hot Hot Heat) and the fact that we haven't killed ouselves is amazing you know," comments the band's front man. The success of the record isn't necessarily a surprise to Steve, but having a humble attitude towards the record's expectations is something that he elaborated upon.

"In retrospect, it starts to make more sense. At the same time, if nothing really happened with it and it was just like a little indie record, I probably would have assumed it was normal too."

When I spoke to Steve, he and the band were in the land of our Revolutionary war enemies, the United Kingdom, gearing up for their show at the humungous Reading Festival and having just played the equally gigantic Leeds Festival. However, ever since the second British invasion, the musical climates of good ol' England and our very own 'home of the free' United States have been complimentary for the most part. In fact, there has never been a better time for bands from either country to cross oceans and receive warm welcomes, microphones and monitors. Come to think of it, these guys are Canadian, so they are foreigners here too, but shhh, don't tell anyone.

As he explains, playing in front of tens of thousands of people in a foreign land is something that the band had been told to expect by some industry folk, but he also confesses mixed emotions about it.

"At the very beginning, it was a little odd, but people were always saying we were meant for a bigger stage, which I think is just because we throw ourselves around and we run all over the place. I don't know if we were meant for a bigger stage. I think I am always gonna prefer a club show because I like it intimate, but who doesn't I guess."

That's not to say that Hot Hot Heat wasn't excited about playing Reading and Leeds. In fact, Steve's bandmates Dustin Hawthorne (Bass) and Dante Decaro (guitar) made the most out of it by fooling around as much as they could.

"I know last night, Dustin wandered onto Metallica's stage and I know he wasn't allowed to. They only give that access to the mainstage headliners. He just walked on as if he was meant to be there…I guess Metallica said that only Sum 41 could get on their stage, and Dante heard about that, so he said that he was Sum 41's guitar tech and he had a couple of friends with him and said they were guitar techs too."

With these two huge shows under their belt, HHH will keep on truckin' throughout Europe for the remainder of August and will return stateside in September for another round of touring back here in the States. They will be rolling through California headlining shows with the French Kicks, Ima Robot, and The Joggers as well as playing the Inland Invasion III at The Blockbuster Pavilion on September 20. By this time, you better know about this show and the amazing lineup, and if you don't then you should go run a 100 yard dash in a 90 yard gym until you've learned your lesson. Everyone I know is excited as hell about this show, including Steve. "It's turning out to be insane. When they first brought it up, it seemed like an abstract concept. But now that they are actually advertising it and stuff, it's starting to sound like it's gonna be pretty cool."

If you ask me, 'pretty cool' is an understatement when describing the potential greatness that hopefully will be the Inland Invasion III. With new bands like the Hot Hot Heat, Interpol, and Dashboard Confessional (not my cup of tea, but then again, I like coffee and Superjoint Ritual) and amazingly nostalgic older bands, oops, I mean retro bands like The Cure, Duran Duran, Violent Femmes, Echo & The Bunnymen, Berlin, etc. etc, there is no way this show will be a disappointment. If it is, then I'll be the one running the sprints in the gym.

By George Bi-Stereo

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photos by Jay Blakesberg

Distillers – The Tale of the Quail

I first became aware of The Distillers about three years ago, as my friend was playing bass in the band. Never bothered to listen to them much, and wrote them off even quicker. Flash forward a year or so and The Distillers are still playing, have dropped a few members, picked up some new faces, and were on the Warped tour. The first member of the band I met wasn't even a member of the band yet. A friend of mine introduced me to a man I would only know as Quailboy (for the next six months or so). This was the turning point in my feelings about this band, so our story will begin here.

The Distillers are a hard working band. Shit loads of practice sessions and lots of touring made it so I would hardly ever see Quailboy. Quailboy for those that don't know is Tony (Bag of Doughnuts) the newest addition and plays second guitar for the current line up of The Distillers. When I met him, he was still The Distillers guitar tech (T.N.) and even with his new station (a full fledged band member) has remained as kind and gentle as a, well as kind, and gentle as a quail.

Anyhow, back at Warped Tour (not this year but last) Quailboy took us to watch The Distillers from the stage. Having only seen them in passing, I was immediately impressed by the fact the chick in this band could really play, the chick, being Brody and the plaything, a guitar. Not to say I'd never seen or thought chicks could rock, it's just so many use their instruments as a prop. Not this girl. The band was wailing, the kids were going crazy and my opinion was changing.

After Warped, the next time I saw The Distillers was at The Roxy. They were opening up for the Transplants. It had been some time since I saw them last and they had only become tighter and more focused. After the show, my relationship(s) with Rancid/ Transplants members led to a proper introduction to the rest of the band. In no particular order, I met Brody (for the eighth or ninth fuckin' time, that's me Mr. Memorable) Ryan Sinn (bass player) and Andy Outbreak (Skins). These were some of the coolest folk I had met in a while and even though I was convinced Brody did not like me, I made up my mind that night I would check them out at The Glass House too the night after.

The Glass House show was even better than the Roxy (I fucking hate that place! Quick side note I hate the Roxy because it is so fucking hot inside and even though the sound is decent, there is nothing else in that place doesn't suck.) Once again, we had the pleasure of watching from the stage, witnessing an even more furious set than the other night and rounding out the evening with another great set by the Transplants. The place was packed so I hid backstage and became a little more familiar with these new acquaintances of mine. Hanging out with The Distillers that night, I realized that though Brody may not like me, she definitely liked hanging with my wife.

In the following months I got to hang out with Tony and Andy quite a bit and these guys were not only funny but also genuine. We went to shows or they would come and meet, an evening out with some Distillers was/is a great evening out. Tony even liked to come over and just hang at the house, shoot the shit, and watch television. My feelings about this band had completely changed not only did I like them a lot more; I was anticipating their success.

My next experience at a Distillers show was the infamous "Girls Night Out"(GNO). This show featured The Distillers opening for Garbage, while Garbage opened for No Doubt (The Headliners). I am the first to tell you No Doubt have never done anything for me but with The Distillers playing first on the bill, we had lots of good hang time in Long Beach Arena after their show. Spending most of the time backstage, with the exception of watching The Distillers (yet again from stage), I once again marveled at how cohesive and tight this little rock unit is. I was only able to get down to one of the three shows due to work commitments. Never the less the wife went to all three and continued to solidify our relationship with the band.

After "GNO" The Distillers had some down time. Tony and Andy were around a lot and I took full advantage of it. The fact of the matter is that I never meet people in LA I would want to hang out with and for some reason this didn't apply because none of them are actually FROM LA. Tony and Andy were easy going, a lot of fun, and funnier than shit. Truly two very easy people to be yourself around, and in LA this is a rare occurrence. The only member of the band that was MIA was Ryan. He had a good excuse though he was and is getting ready to be married (all the girls sigh) this Halloween. It was during this time that I really got to hang with Brody too, I discovered she did like me and that she was just mean (a joke!).

Getting to hang out with Brody a little more helped me realize that this girl had a lot to say. She was very well spoken had a butt load of opinions and could back them up. I learned that Brody grew up in Australia, had left home and been married at an early age. Brody in her life had done almost as much as I had in only 2/3 of the time. Trials like this usually make someone crazy or inspired, for Brody it had done the latter. What impressed me the most about Brody was her confidence and work ethic. Nothing came before the band and nothing would detour her from her pursuit.

The band stayed in town and we were fortunate enough to be invited to Brody's birthday bash. To this day, I will say that her party was one of the best I've ever been to. Not because there were rock stars there but because the people there were sincere, a real rarity in this city of angels. The party started early, we played party games, cards, ate, and generally just had a great time. It was this night where I finally put to bed my insecurities about the way Brody felt about me. We were tight now!

I had the opportunity to speak with the band a few days ago to get some interesting tid bits. I wanted to talk about the new record, the new record label, and how they felt about the band acquiring a quail (Tony). Unfortunately (or fortunately) the guys were so happy to hear from me we ended up just bullshitting, not a very fact filled interview. I spoke with Andy first, he told me about how he felt about the new record, he liked it. He told me about how he felt about touring all summer and he liked that too. So after so many fun facts Andy impressed upon me that although he was happy to talk for as long as I wanted, his current state (tired, drunk whatever) precluded him from getting very serious and that he was going to put me on the phone with Antonio (The Quail a.k.a. Tony a.k.a. ad infinitum) Bandejo.

Tony took the phone and after the, I miss you and wow it's great to talk to you he told me pretty much the same story Andy had said. He expounded by saying they all felt really positive about the new record, it was the best recording experience they ever had and that he couldn't wait to get home.

At this point I'm thinking, great! I have spoken with the guys and though it did the heart some good it really hadn't produced the information I needed. It was at this point I heard Brody over the phone and asked if Tony would put her on. I knew Brody would have some very insightful things to say as she always could speak volumes on herself. Well Brody got on the phone and after the rigmarole (we miss you, etc) she only really wanted to say hi to my wife. So begrudgingly I passed the phone to Jen and wondered how this story would ever get done. After a few kind words between her and the wife I got her back on the phone and demanded that we talk about some real shit to which she replied, "I gotta go talk to Ryan."

I get Ryan on the phone and he informs me that his hip hurts because he has been tackling everybody backstage, great more useful information. He told me a little about Tony getting cold cocked in the face in some city or another and we both laughed. If you knew this guy he is absolutely the last guy I could see soliciting violence. He went on to tell me that Tony's lip was split, his eye was swollen and his nose had just stopped hurting. Not only that but now Ryan had to go. I could call him back in an hour when he was on the bus. Begrudgingly I let him go. I then proceeded to have a life altering conversation with my beautiful wife, which to say the least, was much more informative than anything I had been talking about with The Distillers. Go figure. Our story ends as it began, a true tale of the quail.

- By: Erik Niles

MEAT PUPPETS
DESCENDENTS
JEALOUS AGAIN
MY WAR

BLACK FLAG

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@ The Hollywood Palladium

There is a small percentage of bands that can genuinely lay claim to truly revolutionize the sound of music. The Beatles, Velvet Underground, the Doors without a doubt changed the way we listen to music, but only one band did it with such brute power, unwavering determination and staunch independence, that band is Black Flag.

They took an already volatile mix of Black Sabbath, the Stooges and the Ramones, only to add a jazz (and a spoken word) influence that, for a punk band, was unheard of; which only served as a very clear (and loud) reminder that Black Flag would adhere to no one, ever.

For two nights, after 16 years, the mighty Black Flag will reunite, which for anyone who wasn't there back in the day (more than half our readership), is nothing short of a miracle. When I explain to people who aren't familiar to Black Flag on the gravity of their reunion, I tell them it would be like if the Beatles or Led Zeppelin (if certain members were still alive) got back together. It's that heavy.

Greg Ginn is preparing for the reunion at the SST compound. In speaking with Greg again it's hard not to imagine being excited about playing a venue where the last time they played there (opening for the Ramones) one of many riots occurred. "I didn't think I would be very much into it," Greg begins. "I got into it for different reasons; one being the benefit for cat rescues. A lot of animal people have come out of the woodworks. Hopefully, everything goes well and we do something really good. Of course the difficulty is people are busy and being a benefit show, they're not getting paid for it; they're donating their time. Also, being that it's my cause, I just appreciate any effort that other people are making. Musically, I think it's going be good. It's going to be oriented around the first four years, songs from that period of time."

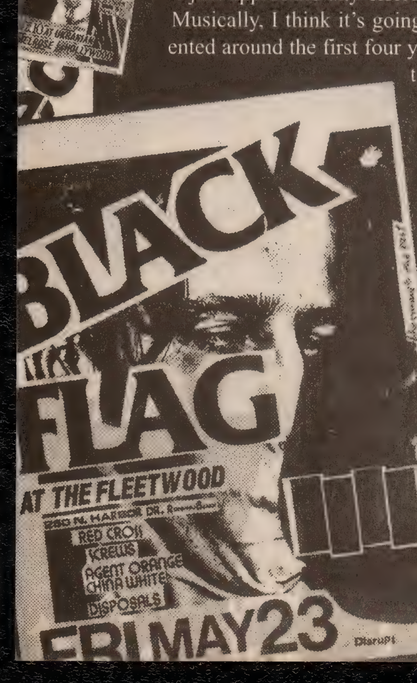
Greg also revealed there will be a little something extra; well, actually, something really big. "I've been playing shows with Mike V and the Rats and I thought it would be cool to do the 'My War' album from beginning to end, in its entirety, with Mike singing. That was exciting to me, so I asked him and he was really into it. I think he realizes how cool that it would be. We're going to do that first, Mike will be singing, Dez [Cadena], Black Flag's third singer, who will be on the mike for the reunion, will be playing guitar," Greg adds with a smile, "and it'll be the debut of the actual bass player from 'My War,' Dale Nixon. I am excited, I thought it would be kind of a thing of 'grit my teeth and try to get through it,' keep my mind on the cats and let the noise and nonsense roll off me and concentrate on the music. But it's something that's turning into something really positive."

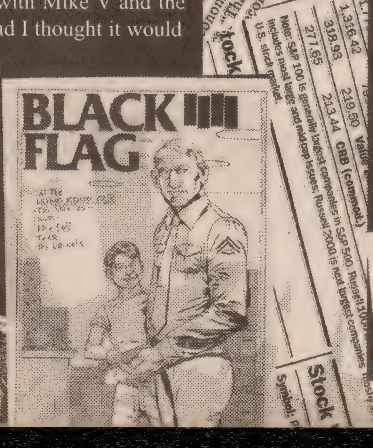
"I don't go to any reunion shows, I saw the Sex Pistols in the 70's (who at least were honest about reuniting for the money) and it's not the same thing; it's like a rendition for memory. Yet, I understand people wanting to see groups who aren't together, but they hear the records and they wish they can see them again or they didn't see them and they'd like the chance to see them. I like there to be a current vitality and reason the group would be there."

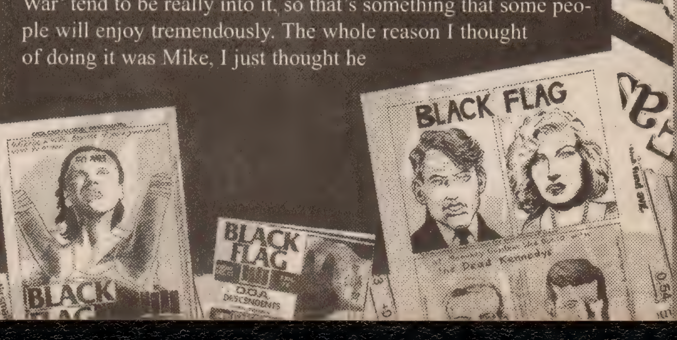
Unlike most reunion shows/tours, one of the main reasons Greg made the reunion a benefit was to prevent the root of all evil from taking hold of the parties involved knowing how things can get nasty very fast. "With Black Flag, there wasn't any money, so there was never a sense where money would hold the band together and to turn around and have that be the only thing that's holding the band together, to me, isn't Black Flag. Because Black Flag was always about keeping the ticket prices low, having the best sound system and doing that, when we broke up, we ended up very much in debt. To come back to do some kind of thing for money, I didn't want to put myself through that; it's not something I've been able to do. It's not like I'm rejecting my musical past, which would be valid, but I don't. I like playing the old songs, just not the whole trappings of it."

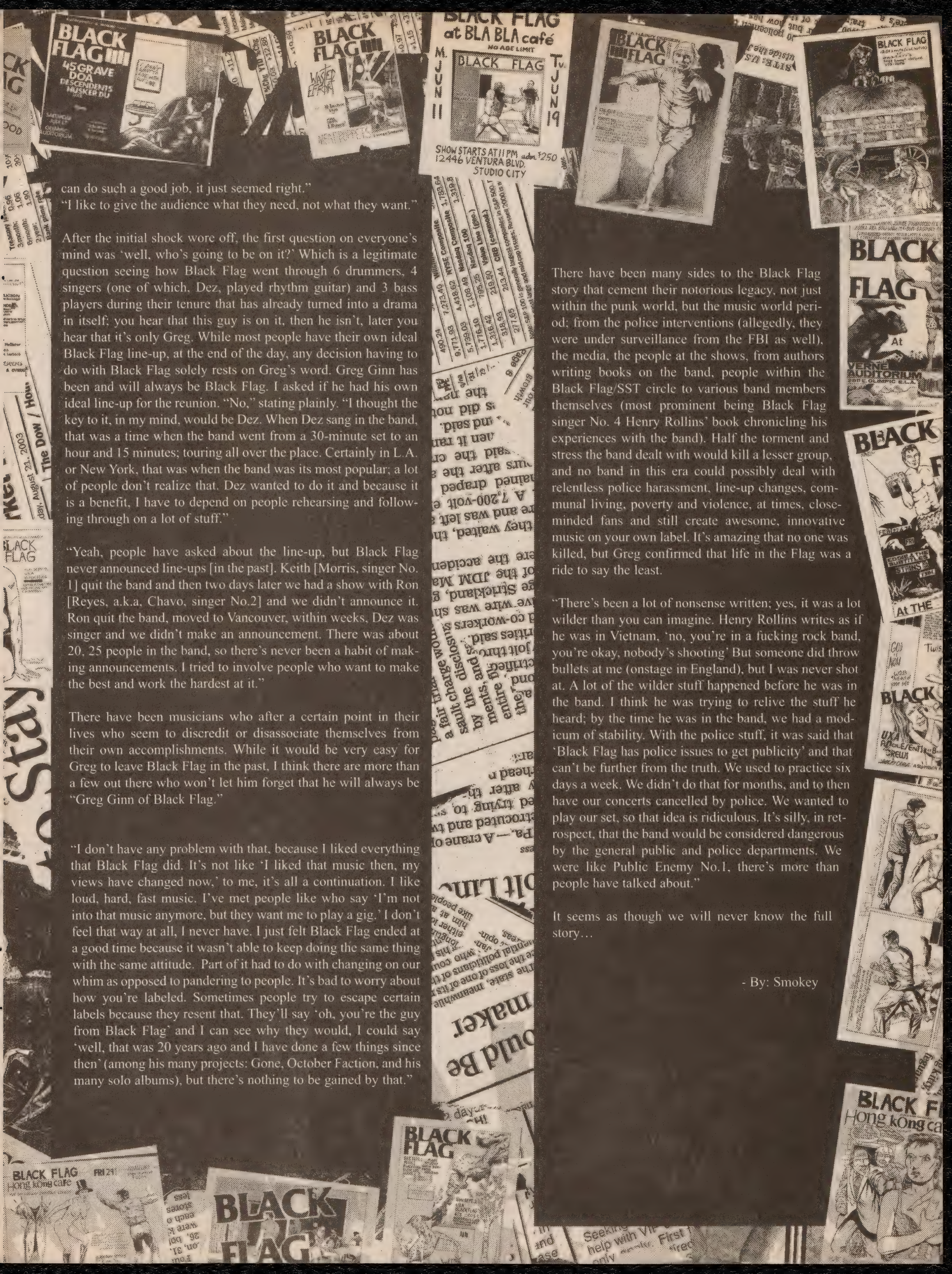
Going back to the subject of Greg's decision of performing the entire 'My War' record, the move is typical of the Black Flag ethic. Knowing when Black Flag was touring in support of the 'My War' record (documented on the excellent 'Live 84' record), they would play 'Nothing Left Inside,' 'Three Nights' and 'Scream,' three songs clocking in at well over 20 minutes, infuriating the audience to no end. So why do it again?

"It represents an extreme of Black Flag, especially side two of 'My War.' It's an extreme we were really proud of, in the sense of hitting a different area and doing it somewhat successful," he pauses, "there are two sides to that. The fact that Black Flag never catered to people gives it more respect. Even if they say 'I like this stuff but not that stuff.' Also, the people who like 'My War' tend to be really into it, so that's something that some people will enjoy tremendously. The whole reason I thought of doing it was Mike, I just thought he









can do such a good job, it just seemed right."

"I like to give the audience what they need, not what they want."

After the initial shock wore off, the first question on everyone's mind was 'well, who's going to be on it?' Which is a legitimate question seeing how Black Flag went through 6 drummers, 4 singers (one of which, Dez, played rhythm guitar) and 3 bass players during their tenure that has already turned into a drama in itself; you hear that this guy is on it, then he isn't, later you hear that it's only Greg. While most people have their own ideal Black Flag line-up, at the end of the day, any decision having to do with Black Flag solely rests on Greg's word. Greg Ginn has been and will always be Black Flag. I asked if he had his own ideal line-up for the reunion. "No," stating plainly. "I thought the key to it, in my mind, would be Dez. When Dez sang in the band, that was a time when the band went from a 30-minute set to an hour and 15 minutes; touring all over the place. Certainly in L.A. or New York, that was when the band was its most popular; a lot of people don't realize that. Dez wanted to do it and because it is a benefit, I have to depend on people rehearsing and following through on a lot of stuff."

"Yeah, people have asked about the line-up, but Black Flag never announced line-ups [in the past]. Keith [Morris, singer No. 1] quit the band and then two days later we had a show with Ron [Reyes, a.k.a, Chavo, singer No.2] and we didn't announce it. Ron quit the band, moved to Vancouver, within weeks, Dez was singer and we didn't make an announcement. There was about 20, 25 people in the band, so there's never been a habit of making announcements. I tried to involve people who want to make the best and work the hardest at it."

There have been musicians who after a certain point in their lives who seem to discredit or disassociate themselves from their own accomplishments. While it would be very easy for Greg to leave Black Flag in the past, I think there are more than a few out there who won't let him forget that he will always be "Greg Ginn of Black Flag."

"I don't have any problem with that, because I liked everything that Black Flag did. It's not like 'I liked that music then, my views have changed now,' to me, it's all a continuation. I like loud, hard, fast music. I've met people like who say 'I'm not into that music anymore, but they want me to play a gig.' I don't feel that way at all, I never have. I just felt Black Flag ended at a good time because it wasn't able to keep doing the same thing with the same attitude. Part of it had to do with changing on our whim as opposed to pandering to people. It's bad to worry about how you're labeled. Sometimes people try to escape certain labels because they resent that. They'll say 'oh, you're the guy from Black Flag' and I can see why they would, I could say 'well, that was 20 years ago and I have done a few things since then' (among his many projects: Gone, October Faction, and his many solo albums), but there's nothing to be gained by that."

There have been many sides to the Black Flag story that cement their notorious legacy, not just within the punk world, but the music world period; from the police interventions (allegedly, they were under surveillance from the FBI as well), the media, the people at the shows, from authors writing books on the band, people within the Black Flag/SST circle to various band members themselves (most prominent being Black Flag singer No. 4 Henry Rollins' book chronicling his experiences with the band). Half the torment and stress the band dealt with would kill a lesser group, and no band in this era could possibly deal with relentless police harassment, line-up changes, communal living, poverty and violence, at times, close-minded fans and still create awesome, innovative music on your own label. It's amazing that no one was killed, but Greg confirmed that life in the Flag was a ride to say the least.

"There's been a lot of nonsense written; yes, it was a lot wilder than you can imagine. Henry Rollins writes as if he was in Vietnam, 'no, you're in a fucking rock band, you're okay, nobody's shooting' But someone did throw bullets at me (onstage in England), but I was never shot at. A lot of the wilder stuff happened before he was in the band. I think he was trying to relive the stuff he heard; by the time he was in the band, we had a modicum of stability. With the police stuff, it was said that 'Black Flag has police issues to get publicity' and that can't be further from the truth. We used to practice six days a week. We didn't do that for months, and to then have our concerts cancelled by police. We wanted to play our set, so that idea is ridiculous. It's silly, in retrospect, that the band would be considered dangerous by the general public and police departments. We were like Public Enemy No.1, there's more than people have talked about."

It seems as though we will never know the full story…

- By: Smokey

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The Weakerthans

Show Info

9/17 @ Chain Reaction
w/ Roy, the Constantines
9/18 @ Troubadour
w/ the Constantines, Roy

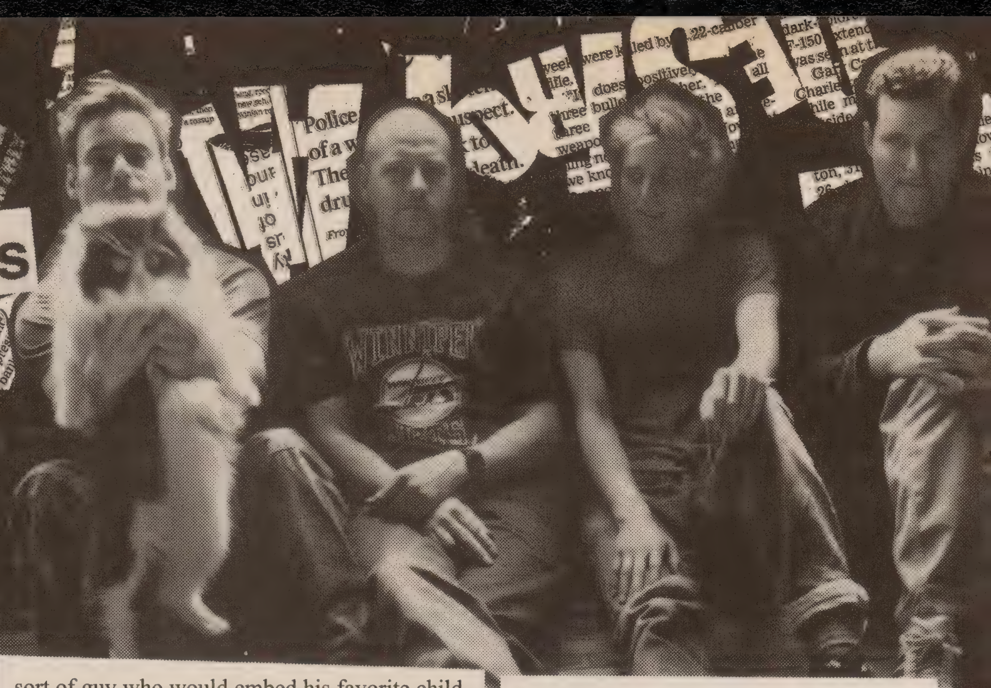


Photo Credit: Dan Monick

I picked the Weakerthans as the band I would write about this month but I knew nothing about them except that my friend, Alex Mendoza is a huge fan. I thought that she could school me in everything that is the Weakerthans in a week's time. Alas, time constraints and the complexities of the Weakerthans made me believe that this was harder than it sounded. At first listen, The Weakerthans seemed like nothing new musically. However, peeling the layers off of their songs, I realized that lyrically these songs were intricate pieces of brilliance. Sheer poetry seemed to be packed into each song. This was too difficult for me to deconstruct at such short notice. So I recruited my buddy Alex to interview her hero, John K. Samson. This article is our collaboration (If a collaboration means I write a tidbit at the top and she does all the real work). - Joseph Dana

I know what you're thinking right now. Who the hell are The Weakerthans? They are, in a single rock-cliché, "The Best Band You've Never Heard Of." Hailing from Winnipeg, Manitoba, they are hands down the best musical export Canada has to offer. They completely make up for Celine-frickin-Dion and that goddamn Titanic song and that's saying a lot-that bitch makes me feel stabby. Their sound is indefinable-it refuses to fit neatly into any of the categories that people love to shove music into. Punk, pop, rock, alt-country... it's got elements of all of these and more. The Weakerthans are what sad-emo kids listen to when they grow up a little, stop crying, and read some books. I've heard them described as "poem-core" and that's my favorite label so far. Writing lyrics that are beautiful in their deceptive simplicity, front man John K. Samson could be our generation's Elvis Costello or Tom Waits.

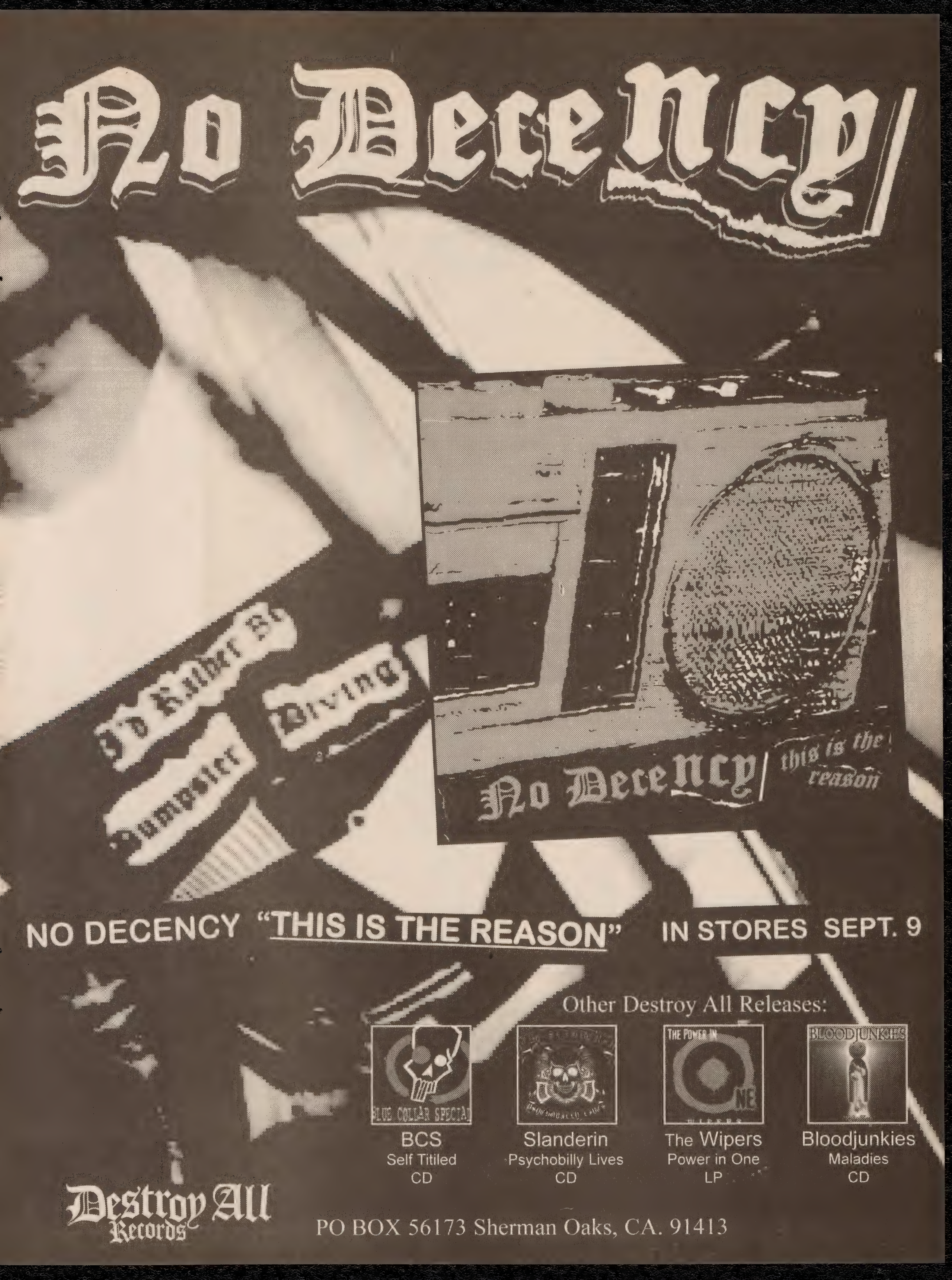
Samson is everything any fan of the Weakerthans would expect him to be: warm and personable, witty and well read. He is the sort of guy who would embed his favorite childhood memory of being carried sleeping into the house by his parents into "Reconstruction Site's" title track— that rare breed of man that you would be equally comfortable watching a baseball game with as you would be talking to about Denis Johnson's latest book. Samson is the kind of guy that takes a book mobile on tour with his band because he "likes the idea of books in bars." I think he's dreamy.

Through some unbelievable stroke of luck, I had the chance to talk to the venerable John K. Samson a few days ago and pelt him with fan-type questions. At the top of my list was their recent move from Sub City records to the much larger Epitaph-I wanted to know what, if anything, the move would mean for The Weakerthans and whether they were worried about any changes that would come as a result. Samson was undaunted. "I'm not worried," he said. "We'll work the same way we've always worked. Epitaph is home to a lot of bands that we've admired and grown up with...so, in a sense, our history is rooted there. Plus, it'll be a little easier on us having one label handling all the distribution in North America." I breathed a small sigh of relief but, like any huge fan of a little known band, I wanted further reassurance that my beloved Weakerthans would not wind up on the TRL show on MTV so I asked: "Radiohead-style success": Dream or nightmare? To which Samson answered without missing a beat "Oh! Nightmare! Definitely! They don't look very happy do they? I don't think that that would ever happen to us though. We have enough internal controls in the band for us to ever be in a position where we were that unhappy. Besides, we're very happy with the size of our fan base now. If it changed to something a little bigger or a little smaller, we'll still be happy with it." Satisfied, I moved on to politics.

Despite its title, "Reconstruction Site" is arguably the least politically tinged album in the Weakerthans discography. I had to wonder if it was difficult to keep from falling back on the overtly political style Samson developed as a member of the poli-punk band, Propaghandhi, in the wake of the events of 9/11. "History seems to be speeding up so much," Samson replied "and everything happening so quickly that I've been unable to sort of process [them] in any way but in indirect ways and I think that I've been making moves toward writing more fictional songs because of that - trying to write from the perspective of different characters. So yeah, it has been difficult."

Don't let the answer fool you. Samson will attest to the power of the politics of everyday life. His songs unify and give hope. Anyone who listens to his love song to his hometown: "I hate Winnipeg" will find commonality in both loving and loathing the city you live in. He points out throughout his album that we are all not so different after all. There's hope in his lyrics. I've had Reconstruction Site in my car for almost two weeks now and when I hear Samson sing: "Throw away my misery. It never meant that much to me. It never sent a get well card. Disassemble my despair. It never took me anywhere. It never once bought me a drink." I know that there is good in the world.

By: Joseph Dana & Alex Mendoza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Discharge

9/20 @ Showcase

There are few punk bands that are worthy of the prefix 'brutal' for description. The band at the top of the list is Discharge. While most English punk bands were, well, dumb, Discharge were creating the most nihilistic, brutal punk rock devoid of any melody, humor or moments of reflection; their classic record 'Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing' is a landmark display of anger and volume at its most extreme and to this day, is still the benchmark of volume abuse. Not surprisingly, Discharge has influenced more than a few metal bands, notably, Metallica and Anthrax, both of whom have recorded Discharge songs in tribute. On the real, Discharge make bands like the Casualties look (and sound) like dyed-haired poodles. - Wesley Pipes

Dropkick Murphys

9/4 @ Ventura Theatre

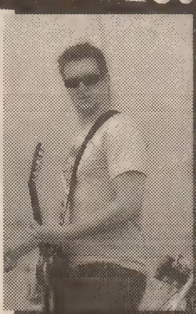
Dropkick Murphys, like the Pogues before them, are one of those bands that make you wish you were Irish. They also make you wish you were from Boston, like the...J. Geils band (you better believe I'm not going to say "Aerosmith"). Every time I see this band, I wear myself out. I lose all of my bodily fluids. My shins, ankles, knees and calves ache from dancing. My voice is hoarse from yelling along with all the lyrics. I am a complete mess but I am also filled with pride and satisfaction. "Don't need no gangs to watch my ass, just loyal friendship and a pint of Bass"

- Joseph Dana

Eagles of Death Metal

9/4 @ Knitting Factory

This year must have been like a dust storm for Josh Homme and the other members of Queens of the Stone Age. Their last album has sold infinite copies and their shows sell out from here to Eurasia; but they still mange to participate in numerous side projects throughout the insanity. One of which will show its face at the Knitting Factory...they call themselves The Eagles of Death Metal. When asked what it sounded like, Josh replied that it sounded like a cross between The Eagles...and Death Metal. The newest rumor is that Mr. Homme may be playing drums with this band (which wouldn't surprise me because he's played drums on several tracks on his Desert Sessions albums). I've witnessed a lot of animosity toward Queens, and Josh in particular, over the last few months, but I'll stand and say that those guys from the barren wastelands east of us have an insane work ethic and immeasurable amounts of talent. They're opening for ex-Kyuss drummer Brant Bjork, so it will be a great opportunity to see new music from a credible source.



Eddie Lizard

Eddie Izzard is the funniest man alive. He's part street performer, part Shakespearean actor, and all intelligentsia. He's a transvestite like no other! Coming from Los Angeles, we like our transvestites filthy, classless, and preferably diseased...but Eddie Izzard takes our fears of cross-genderism and gives us a debonair twist. I mean the man is performing numerous nights at The Wiltern...I don't think John Leguizamo or Henry Rollins could last more than a night under that kind of pressure. But, Mr. Izzard is pure British grace. He's an import comparable to a frosty pint of Fuller's ESB. If you want to laugh you ass off, grab any of his comedy specials, they're easy to find on video or DVD, and if you're already familiar with Eddie Izzard I have confidence that I will see you at one of the several special nights that he'll be performing in beautiful Koreatown. - GP

9/15-9/18 @ Wiltern

God Forbid

9/14 @ The Scene

Straight out of muthafuckin' New Jersey comes God Forbid. While there's a strong Scandinavian metal influence in their music, it's God Forbid's chugging grooves that set them apart from the new-school metal bands. I just saw them live a few weeks ago and they were just, crushing. Their lead singer is this big, dreadlocked brotha that, in a perfect world, would be idolized by millions, instead of those whiny, fakelocked hicks in Korn. Money on the mike is the real deal, son. With the sharp chops of the band, it's a shame that God Forbid isn't even on the Ozzfest. Regardless, God Forbid should get between your ears.

– Smoke The Ripper

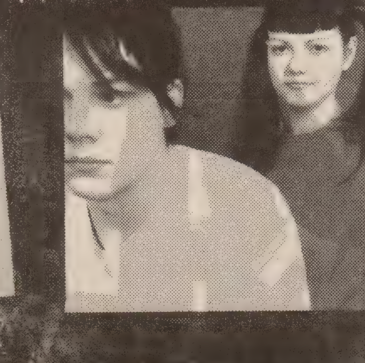
Yeah Yeah Yeah's

The Yeah Yeah Yeahs have been one of my favorite "hype" bands ever since I got their EP a year ago. It's a short EP but it is still in constant rotation on my car stereo. None of the songs get old for me. I had the privilege of interviewing the guitarist, Nick about a year ago and it made me long for their full-length album. The album was nothing short of excellent. I have gotten my Yeah Yeah Yeahs fix in every way possible but I have yet to see the spectacle live. I have seen the pictures, heard the stories, and rocked out to the sounds but this month it will all come together and I will finally experience the Yeah Yeah Yeahs for myself.

-Joseph Dana

9/22-9/23 @ The Greek

White Stripes



I want to be a member of the White Stripes so bad. They have room for me. I mean there are only two members on stage. They could use me to play mouth harp or the melodica. Actually, since I can't really play anything, maybe I could be Jack White's hype man and just rally the crowd. I look good in Red and White and "Joe White" does have a nice ring to it. Don't you think? That's the problem though. The White Stripes succeed in having few members. They don't need me and they don't need anyone else. They're perfect just the way they are. -Joseph Dana

9/22-9/23 @ The Greek

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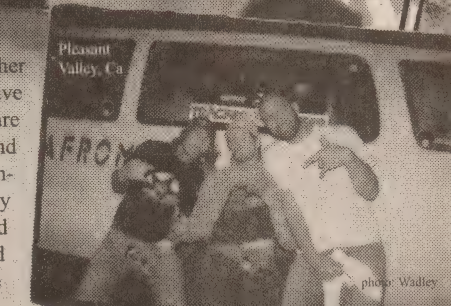


Pleasant Valley, Ca

photo: Wadley

Being that this is the special two-year anniversary issue of Destroy All, it is only fitting that our profile this month is two skaters combined. Collin Pulsipher and Forrest Theobald are basically inseparable, they have the same sponsors, they live in the same house, they are at the same bar together most nights of the week, and you rarely hear about one without the other being mentioned in the same breath. Although some of you may have not heard of these guys I can tell you from first hand knowledge that they are two of the most unique and talented skateboarders around, who, over the past few years have become some of the more recognizable names in the underground skate scene. I sat down with them at the Afroman Compound and had a pretty amazing chat, I wish I had enough page space to run the interview in it's entirety, but I don't so I'll try my best to touch on the highlights.

Destroy: So give us the basic rundown of who you guys are and why we're talking?

Collin: I'm 23 yrs. old, uh… I'm from Denver, CO and I skateboard.

Destroy: Don't they call you 'onebadmutha'?

Collin: Yeah… Jonny and Sean (owners of Afroman) have been callin' me that for years

Destroy: Ok man, don't kick my ass…(everyone laughs), and what about you Forrest?

Forrest: I'm a 19 yr. old chip-tooth, born and raised in southern California.

Destroy: You guys have all the same sponsors right, who are they?

Forrest: We both ride for Afroman Skateboards since day one and for life, Axion footwear, and Tracker Trucks, and Satori wheels has helped us out recently.

Destroy: That's kind of an eclectic mix of folks.

Forrest: We've been fortunate to have sponsors that really understand us, ya know… and can see that we just wanna skate and have fun and, like… we don't care about what's cool in the industry.

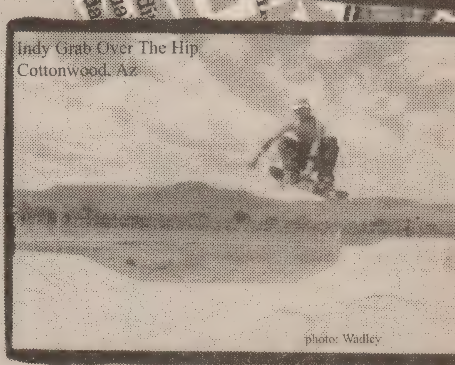
Collin: Yeah dude, we're stoked to be part of some uh…smaller companies that are like… really trying to make skateboarding fun again and seem to really get what skateboarding's truly about, ya know what I mean?

Forrest: And they get what me and Collin are about..

Collin: There are a lot of smaller companies that are doing a lot of great things but they don't get respect from the skate industry cause they don't have like… Joey so and so super pro riding for them ya know… and that's just retarded. (laughter)

Destroy: I noticed you guys both have Afroman tattoos, did they make you get those?

Collin: (laughter) No man. Those guys are my family, ya know what I mean… it's like everything I've gotten from skateboarding I owe to the

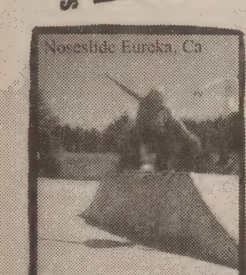


Indy Grab Over The Hip
Cottonwood, Az

photo: Wadley

Aurora, Co

photo: Wadley



Noseslide Eureka, Ca

photo: Sean Murphy

Afroman crew. I rock it loud and proud brother.
Forrest: Amen, I got mine on our Texas tour at this place called Tiggers in Dallas and I didn't have any money but Jonny (co-owner of Afroman) could tell how bad I wanted it, so after some begging, and pleading, Jonny caved and kicked the guy down a bunch of product for it. I'm so stoked on it. Afroman is the greatest!

Wallride
Denver, Co
photo: Wadley

When I hear people talk about Forrest or Collin or both, the main topic is style. It's simply undeniable that these guys have more style when they skate than most ams could even dream about. I have spent a good amount of time skating with Forrest and Collin and have always been impressed by how different their styles are from one another, considering they seemingly spend every moment of their lives together. Equally impressive to me is how they seem to always have fun when they skate, no matter how good or bad the day is going it's like once they have a board under their feet they can't stop smiling. I wanted to know what they think of each other's style and after a lot of sarcastic shit talking they got serious for just a minute
Collin (about Forrest): Dude Forrest skates like no one else in the world, he does the craziest tricks ya know… like, always coming up with some new weird shit. Like people don't even know how brilliant this kid is on a skateboard. The dude can just show up and rip pretty much every kind of terrain and just like… make it look so sick and natural. It's like he has so much style… I'd rather watch him skate down the street than see someone like… backside 720 swizzle flip to bluntslide on a 29 stair handrail. (laughter)
Forrest (about Collin): Um…. This is hard…
Collin: Fuck you dude!
Forrest: Naw not like that, it's just that Collin is so low key when he skates and he skates so fast that like… if you don't skate with him a lot and pay attention, ya know… you miss half the shit he pulls and you have no idea how gnarly he really is… Ok here's like, typical Collin shit, we'll be at spot and he'll just be cruising in the back like all away from everyone ya know… then he'll just charge all gnarly and like pull the sickest, most cleanest trick ever and then skate off and disappear again. He's like a ninja or some shit.

Frontside Boardslide
Jerome, Az
photo: Wadley

When I brought up the skate industry and where they fit into it or don't fit into it they both had a LOT to say, here is a very brief snippet of that part of our conversation:
Destroy: So what's the deal with you guys as far as the industry is concerned, I mean you guys aren't typical Ams trying to come up, like don't you ever film or like …what's wrong with you guys?
Collin: Oh man, here we go…pretty much the skate industry is like High School, like a popularity contest ya know, and neither of us wants anything to do with that.
Forrest: It's more like what's wrong with everyone else, put the fucking death lens away for a second and like have a little fun, right?
Collin: yeah… we never film….I have no interest. We go shoot photos all the time though… with Wadley…the Fat Wad, he's so rad….
Forrest: It's like we'll film when we're on tour… or if someone's ripping and there is a camera around then great but I can't think of a time that either one of us has been like… dude lets go film bro! (Everyone laughs) I mean all I want to get out of skateboarding is to travel as much as I possibly can.
Collin: Exactly.
Forrest: To me it's more important to get out there on the road and try to influence kids in a different direction from what the industry shoves down their throats, ya know… like… than to sit at a played out spot and try to film something for like… 411# 875. (laughter)
Collin: Traveling is the thing that makes me feel justified getting the product I get from my sponsors. Cause like you said we aren't typical ams, we don't film, we don't skate contests, we're not suckin' the man's dick to get in the big lame skate mags, but we travel about 8 months out of the year just trying to help out the companies that help us out and to show kids that ya know…you can be good and you can have solid sponsors without selling your soul to big corporate skate nazis. It's all about having fun.
Forrest: So I guess pretty much we don't fit into the industry very well…really at all… but fuck it, I don't care. (laughs)
Collin: Yeah I mean we're both super proud of the companies we ride for ya know, and we do everything we can to pull our weight, it's not like we expect to get paid or anything ya know … we do it all for the love, and our sponsors show us love back.
Forrest: What up Chris and the Axion crew! Tell the receptionist chick that the "dirts" say, hey girl!
Collin: Word up from the skirt up Tracker Dan! And everyone in Tracker land.

I had the best time interviewing these dudes, we sat around and laughed so much that my face hurt the whole next day. I was pleasantly surprised by how much they had to say, I just wish there were more room on these pages but I don't want to take any space away from the photos… Everyone, meet Forrest and Collin ('onebadmutha').

5-0 Nosegrab
Sacramento, Ca
photo: Sean Murphy

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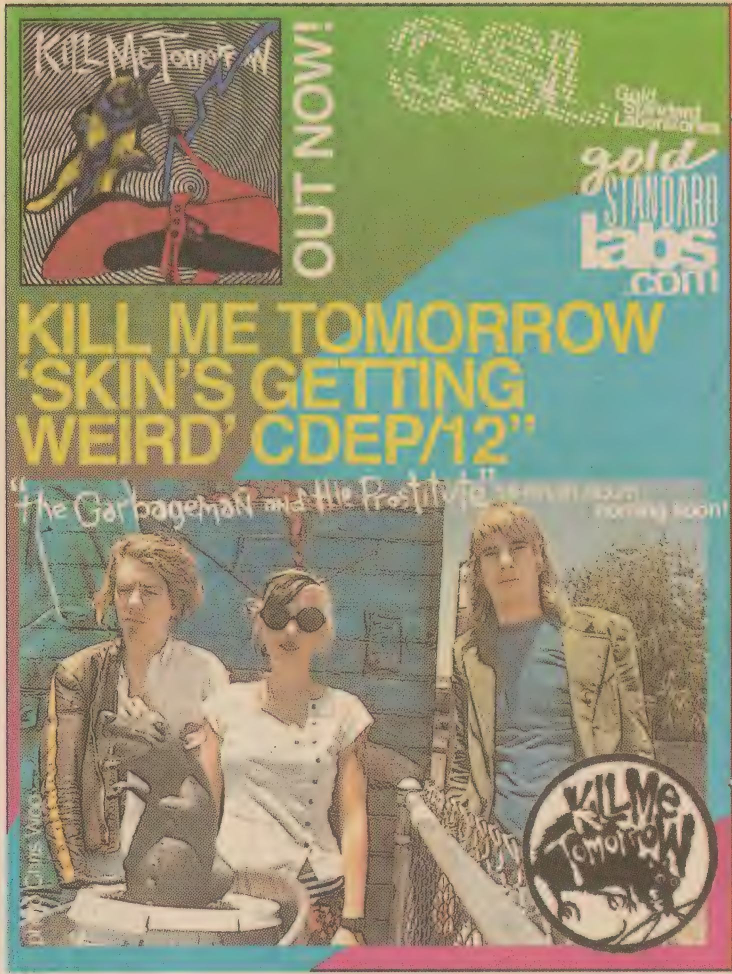
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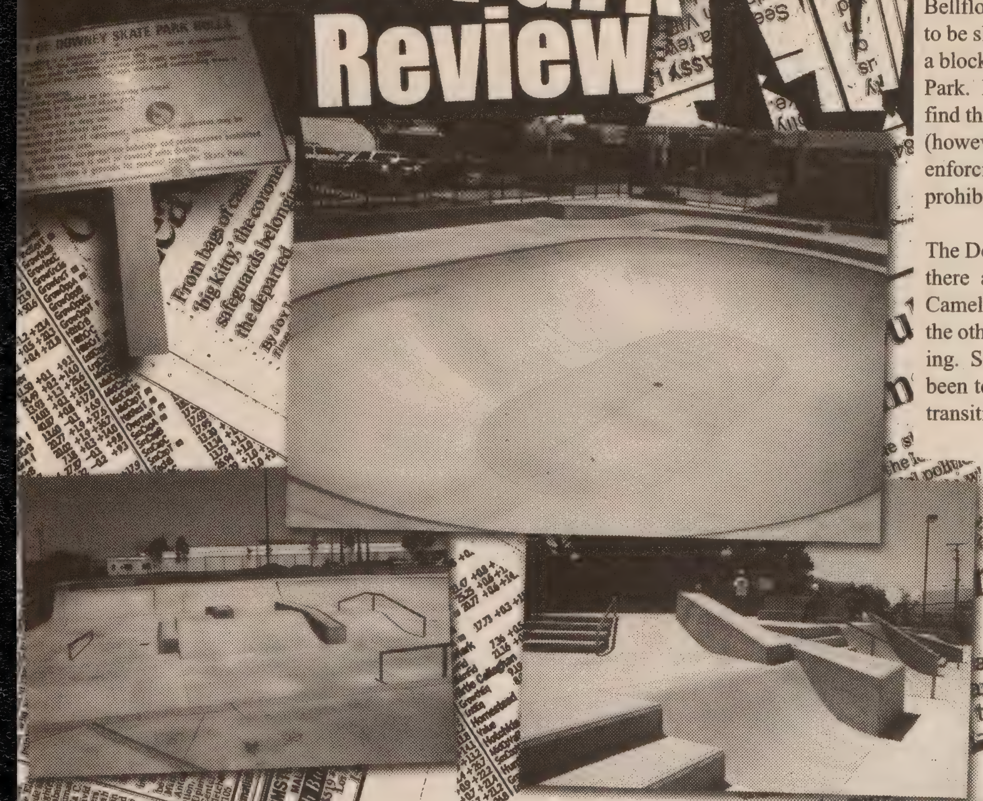
Skate Park Review



Driving west on the 105 freeway you will want to take the Bellflower exit and turn right. You will be heading north on Bellflower until you pass Imperial Highway where you'll want to be slowing down. The Downey Skate Park is located just 1/2 a block past Imperial Highway on the right inside Independence Park. I read all the rules of the Downey Skate Park, but did not find the park hours anywhere. Typical rules, full pads required, (however I didn't see any cops or anybody for that matter enforcing the rule) inappropriate behavior and recklessness prohibited, and no graffiti or tagging.

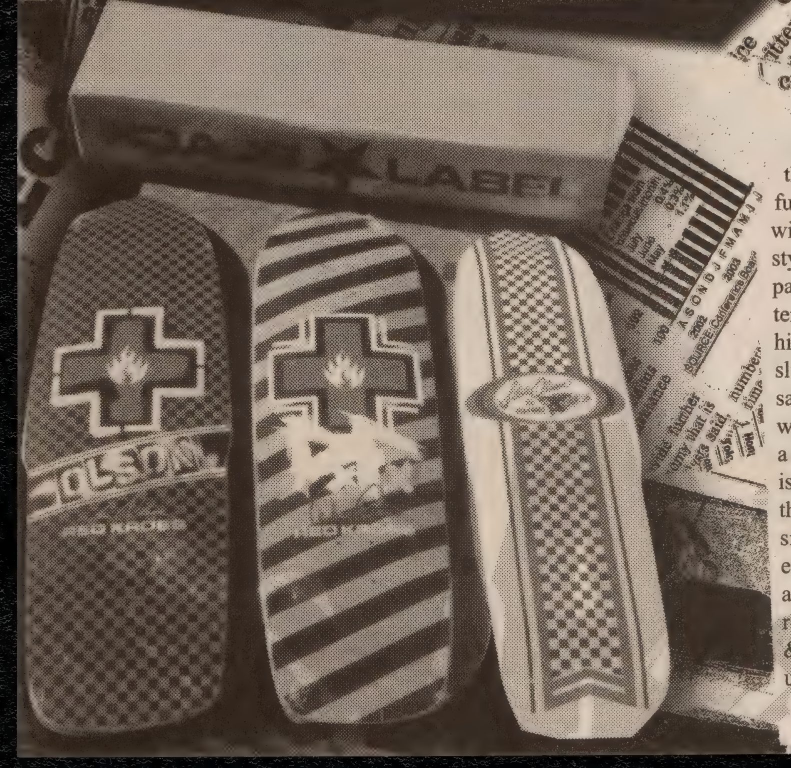
The Downey Park was set up fairly well. As you enter the park there are a ton of areas to roll in and get your skate on. Camelbacks in the middle with ledges and rails before you hit the other side of the park, which are transitions with metal coping. Some of the ledges are steeper than most of the parks I've been to lately and some of them actually spit you out into the transition, if you can stay on.

The capsule is a big part of the Downey Park and sits in the far corner approximately 5 1/2' feet deep. I dropped in and carved up the bowl, which had smooth concrete and good transitions. There are a few little curbs around the bowl, just big enough for someone to loose their board on and have it come down into the bowl while you skating, pretty useless. Finally, there is not much shade at this park, so hit it later in the day so you don't suffer from heat exhaustion.

- By Seth Hum

Product Review

Black Label Decks Red cross Series



Special thanks this month to Tom over at Black Label for getting me some product on such a short notice.

Arguably the best company out there right now, Black Label has assembled an unbeatable roster and all their products are second to none. Like the Santa Cruz team of the late 80's and into the 90's, their reputation proceeds them. Santa Cruz had Salba and Tom Knox, Black Label now has Duane and Jason Adams and the list goes on and on.

The Red Cross series is kind of a through back to the roots of skateboarding, so I was stoked to get some of their decks to finally ride. No K-grinds or kick-flips here; that would be an insult to these boards. Carve grinds and tail blocks are definitely on the menu though. From left to right these heavyweights are in a class of their own starting with the Steve Olson full size deck. This behemoth is just under 33" in length and spans 10" in width with double cut a ways. This thing rides like a Cadillac and has the style of one too. Great curves with pointed nose and squared off tail. Put a pair of Indy 169's and a pair of Bullet 66's and pools beware! Front and center is the full size Duane Peter's signature model from the master of disaster himself. This board is my personal favorite of the three decks, just slightly slimmer than the full size Olson but the overall shape is still relatively the same. I've been waiting to ride a deck of this quality for a long time, and it was worth the wait. This board has a torpedo shape with a pointed nose and a tapered tail that blocks off, but not as squared off as the Olson full size. This is the deck to have if you're into skating backyard pools. On the far right is the Steve Olson mid sized deck. Not as "mini" as some of the smaller versions of the full sized decks were back in the 80's, but still noticeably smaller. Cut along the same lines as the full size, this deck is shaved down about an inch all the way around. Nice double cut-a-ways and smoother lines rounding out the nose and tail ever so slightly. Long story short, Black Label & Red Cross are top quality in skateboarding, for those of you who live under a rock!

SKATE & DESTROY

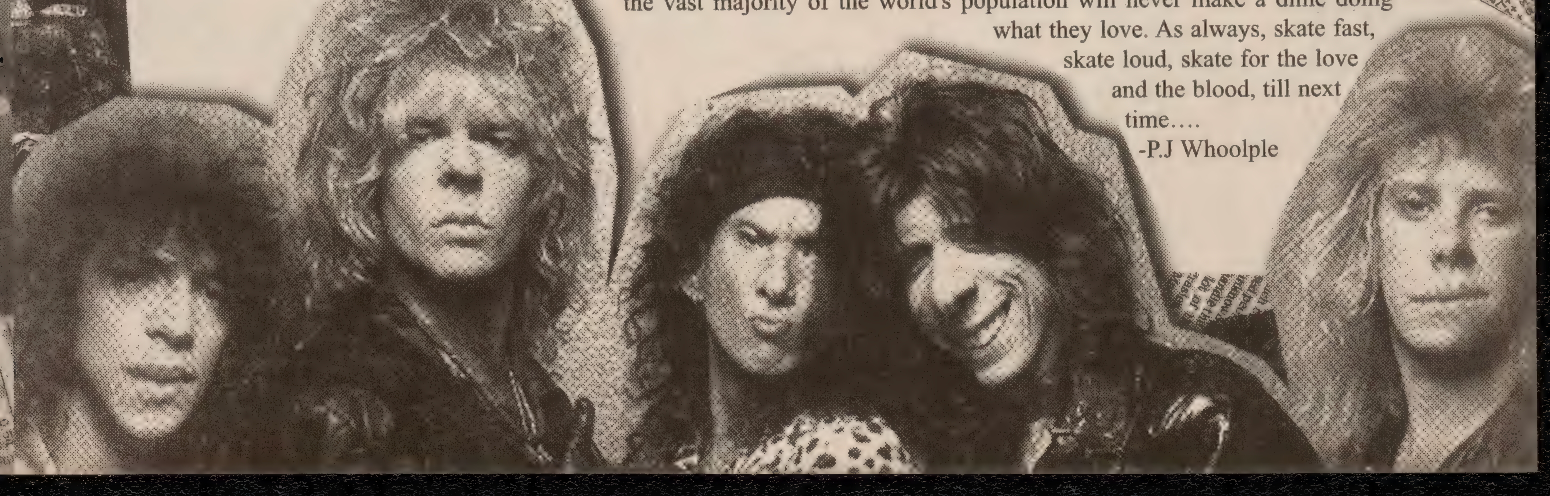
A Monthly Column By P.J. Whoople

I attended a big hoo-haw skate demo this past week at a skateshop in the L.A area, they had set up what looked like a great little street course in the parking lot. I hadn't been to a demo in a while so I was actually pretty stoked. The shop had confirmed a lot of newly famous pros who I had never seen skate before and all the elements for a good day of chillin' were in order - I had a six pack of cheap beer, sunblock, and my own chair. There were literally hundreds of kids overflowing the parking lot by the time I showed up and I could tell they were getting antsy; the demo should have already been going on for half an hour but the looks on the kids faces told me it hadn't even begun yet. The shop team was cruising around on the course and busting their asses to please the crowd but no one seemed to even notice, the kids had come to see their favorite pros and anything less would no doubt be a disappointment. So about 45 minutes later two of the ten plus confirmed pros showed up, walked past the crowd and the course right into the shop where they disappeared to the back room. That didn't seem too weird. I guess I figured they were just going to get stoned before they faced the crowd, then a team van pulls up, parks and no one gets out. It's now two hours after the demo was scheduled to start and still not one of the pros there had shown their face so I asked some kids, who looked to be about 16, what the hell was going on. "Oh… this always happens I went to a (big skate company) demo last week and the only dude that got out and skated was (famous pro), all the other dudes just sat in the van or in the shop and wouldn't talk to anyone". His buddy added, "yeah I tried to talk to some of em' but they told me to leave them alone, (another famous pro) is such a dick… I asked for his autograph and he told me to fuck off!"

Now, I know better than to assume that everything these groms told me is true, which is why I won't name names, but I was witnessing nearly the same type of thing happening in front of my face, half of the pros who were supposed to show up didn't and the ones that did wouldn't even get out of the van much less skate in the demo. I stayed a little while longer and watched the shop guys rip it up before I took off feeling confused, bummed out, and kinda pissed. At first I thought, well… it was super hot and maybe the course wasn't that great and most of the kids were brats and maybe they (the pros) were hung over or hurt or whatever, but then I realized fuck all that pussy shit! These guys get paid, very well I might add, to ride a fucking skateboard and these kids that showed up and stood around for hours in the hot sun to see them deserve some fucking respect no matter how annoying they are. A lot of these young new pros need to realize that those kids are their only fans and that no matter how bad they feel or how lame the set up is at a demo, just getting out and talking to kids or giving them a sticker or whatever means the world to them. This whole fake rockstar attitude I keep seeing in this new generation of skaters is positively ridiculous, I wish they would realize that the only people who worship them are 12 year old boys and 16 year old (if they're lucky) girls. I guess maybe I am just old school and used to the pros who understood how fortunate they were to get paid for doing what they love. The kinda guys who traveled around in dirty old vans, with no money, and would skate anything, anywhere and all they wanted was some free beer and a place to crash while they were in town. I would like to give a special thanks to some guys, old and new, on behalf of the true skateboarders in the world - guys like Neil Heddings, Kris Markovich, the Gonz, Christian Hosoi, Scott Lambright, Ray Barbee, the whole Anti- hero team past and present, and god only knows how many more I could name. These are guys who, in my opinion, really understand how much skateboarding has given to them and always seem to make an effort to give back as often as they can, Neil Heddings in particular will always stand out in my mind as the definition of a true skateboarder- we love you Neil.

So to this new generation of young, famous pro skaters just remember yourself as a kid and how you would have wanted your favorite pro to treat you; then make an effort to treat the kids you meet like that whenever you can. Skateboarding doesn't owe you anything, the fact that you get paid to skateboard is something you should never take for granted. The reality is that the vast majority of the world's population will never make a dime doing what they love. As always, skate fast, skate loud, skate for the love and the blood, till next time….

-P.J Whoolple



ASR Trade Show
Preview

It's September now and that means the Skateboard Industry is gearing up for the big ASR tradeshow, the twice annual gathering of nearly every skate and surf company on the planet. If you've been to one you've been to em' all but if you haven't then this Bud's for you. The tradeshow will be held at the San Diego Convention Center September 5-7 from 9:00a.m - 6:00p.m. It is an industry only event so you must have a badge to enter the show and the security is outrageous, I honestly think you'd have a better chance of taking a clean shot at the President than you would getting into the show without a badge and proper I.D. The show basically brings together all the big companies who still think it's worth it to spend many thousands of dollars to build enormous, gaudy booths and show everyone else how big their dicks aren't… I mean, to show retailers their new product lines for the coming spring. If you can get in it can be fun for a while, there is always tons of super hot chicks, skateboard demos on a street course and a vert ramp, and all the new product you can handle. You'll probably see a million pro skaters walking around trying to look like they don't want to be seen but really are trying harder than anyone else there, including the too numerous to count pro-ho's. I remember when ASR used to be fun before they hired the nazi-esque staff, banned alcohol in booths, prohibited stickers, and basically made it all but impossible to enjoy yourself there. But yeah, now you have the date and times so go down there and check it out, I'll by you a soda.

All my love - Bo Duke of Hazzard County

Name: Jimmy Alan Mercado
Age: 16
Hometown: Downey, CA
Sponsor: My Momma!
Flowed By: Homies
Favorite Bands: David Bowie
Favorite Skater: Mark Appleyard
Favorite Skate Spot: Red Curbs
Years Skating: 3
Hobbies: Skate, Chill, Skate
Tell a Short Story (if you have one):
I once had a doll but my cat bit it's head off! "Big daddy"

Skater of the month
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JACK FOR GOVERNOR

The Gray Race

California is the fifth largest economy in the world; the world, not the nation. We produce 13% of the worlds goods; the world.. I have trouble balancing my checkbook, keeping track of my credit card bills and holding on to cash in my pocket. I don't understand the mortgage (that's why I have a husband) and if I was asked to tell you how the stock market determines its daily numbers I would probably go into a coma. I'm not ashamed, cause frankly, I don't think I'm alone in my economic shortcomings. I think the average person has about all they can handle keeping track of the small monetary expenditures in their life. That's why I'm a little taken back by the possible recall of Governor Gray Davis.

Now don't get me wrong, I think government is evil just as much as the next person who pays taxes, but I thought my mother was evil when she insisted on paying the electricity bill rather than buying me a new pair of shoes. There's no question that California is in a world of shit economically, but the truth is we've been in a world of shit for a long time. Those of us old enough to remember the Regan era, when he was ruining California's economy as governor, not the nations as president, we saw him save money on the budget by closing down state run mental facilities promising to use some of the money that was saved to build halfway houses, and the rest to balance the budget. If you look around you at the drooling, ranting, unwashed homeless you'll realize that there we didn't get halfway houses or a balanced budget.

Governors of California have always been over budget, under compassionate and hoping to be president, what makes Gray Davis different? He happens to be governor when the bill came due. Will replacing him with a new governor really help? What's scary is that people who've probably never balanced their check book, much less a budget of the 10th largest economy in the world much less the 5th are begging for the job. Even Hollywood millionaire Arnold has had people to do that for him. At least Peter Ueberroth actually ran a multi-million dollar event, the 1984 Olympics, and made money off of it. I'm not telling you who to vote for, I would like it if more people under the age of 50 voted, but you should think before you vote cause while living in La La Land can make you think that everything is a reality show, come tax time, DMV fee time and time to send your kids to the local over populated public school, it's not going to seem so entertaining.

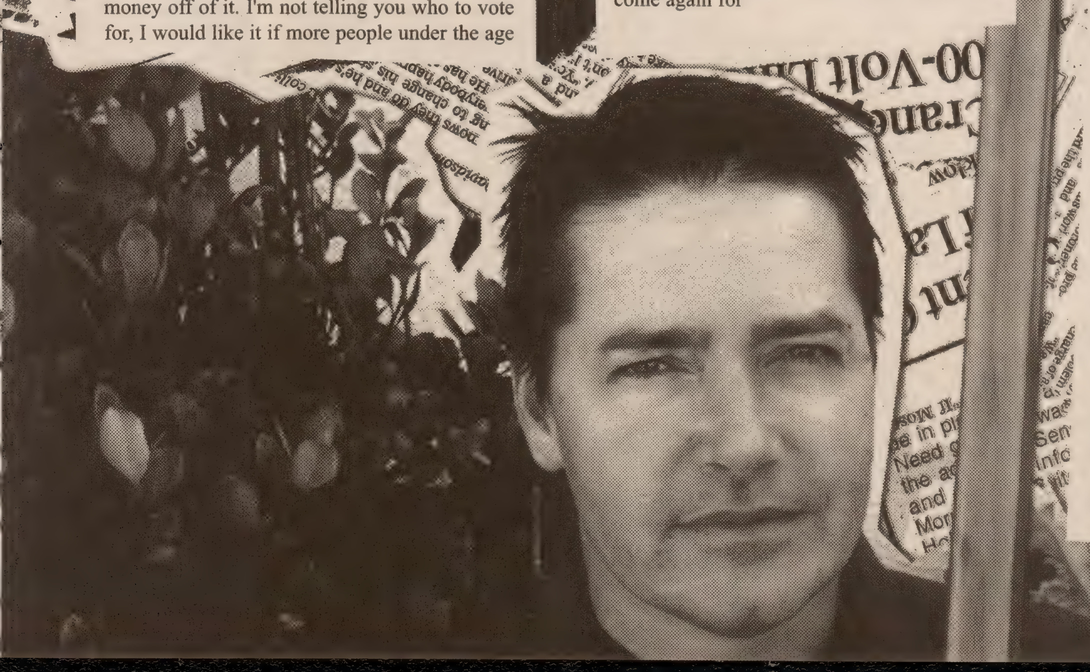
While Arianna (who I am voting for, so sue me), Cruz, Peter, Gary, Angelyne, and Arnold were not returning my calls, I did get in touch with one candidate who may be pretty familiar to DAM readers: Jack Grisham. Yes, folks the lead singer of TSOL is running for governor. I hit the ground running when I talked to him and asked him why he wants to be part of what most of America, and certainly the French, see as just another reason why California is off its rocker, and he hits right back. "Well, they're looking at it the wrong way. That's the problem. It was started with bad motives; Davis never should have been recalled. (Note: he's not recalled, we still have to vote on that.) We've treated him like we would treat the CEO of a bad company. The good thing is that one of the major players in getting him recalled is out of the running so his bad motives are gone now; but we've still got this situation and the cool thing about it is that it's a once in a lifetime chance that will never come again for the average citizen of California to stand up without all that money and be on the ballot for the governor of California."

Given the news coverage, major outlets as well as NPR, who are focusing on basically Arnold Schwarzenegger, Cruz Bustimante and to a lesser degree Arianna Huffington does Grisham really feel that there is a snowball's chance that the average person could get elected? "Yeah I do. I think there's really a chance. I'm actually a serious candidate. This is the moment all these punk bands and all these political bands, poets and writers were waiting for and none of them seized it. They made it into a joke and it's really not a joke. There's no way that these people from left field were ever going to get heard. It just wasn't going to happen. I mean you think it's fucking funny? Wait till you walk into the DMV and they've tripled your rates. Angelyne with all her fucking tits isn't going to help me at the DMV. That's what the bottom line is, it's not a joke this is our lives."

Grisham has a good point and I'm willing to admit that I went immediately to thinking of the recall issue as another reason why I hate politics rather than a chance to change it. Maybe this was our chance and we blew it. Again those of us who keep track of things remember when Davis cut DMV fees by 2/3rds as part of his reelection strategy. Of course I say if you don't vote, don't complain, and I know how much all of us like to complain.

Check out the web for candidate platforms and information about the voting process, hell, you can even register online (workforchange.com). Think before you vote about what someone will bring to the table to help them run our state. Don't think party (though I like a good party) think money for retirement. My favorite political sites: punkvoter.com, grishamforgovernor.com, la.indymedia.org, ariannaforgov.com, peterforgovenor.com. And if you don't like mine, you can always find your own.

- by: Carlye Archibeque



So, a while back I had this idea. I spend a lot of time teaching kids how to yo-yo. It's expensive as hell to travel around these days….flights are cheaper but still not really cheap, hotel bills rack up fast, and eating out all the time puts a dent in your wallet and your stomach. So how could I teach more kids how to yo-yo without having someone in a corner office eyeing my expense account like I was out every night eating lobster at strip clubs?

Instructional videos are fun and cool, and I did a couple of those. But you still have to get stores to stock them, and most stores don't give a rats ass. Instructional books are cheaper, but the stores still hem and haw and complain about shelf space and don't want to carry the damn things. So I got the idea to do a CD-ROM; three of them, actually.

What the hell does this have to do with punk rock? Lemme finish, you impatient arse. The obvious problems aside, how does one make something geared mainly towards kids cool to older people? The biggest problem with most toys these days is that while they are still pretty damn cool, all of the print ads, commercials, etc. are geared at eight year old kids who are too young to know anything about anything, and still think that all skaters wear neon pants and matching shirts. So how do you break through that? Music.

See, most kids will listen to whatever you hand them; whatever is on the radio, whatever is playing in the mall. If you put good music in front of them, they are likely to develop a taste towards that, and same thing for bad music. So I got on the phone to some friends at No Idea Records, and asked them if they wanted in. I could do a cool CD-ROM, put a ton of tricks and instructional stuff on it, and hook up some friend's bands at the same time. I, of course, had no idea what was about to happen.

It started as a way for me to showcase some friends on No Idea. Then I started talking to those Hot Water Music guys, and who could say no to Chuck? So that put Epitaph in the mix. I started talking to Jen The Editor about it, and she suggested that I give Shawn Stern a call. Holy shit, you mean Youth Brigade and some other BYO bands might be interested? You've got to be kidding me! Then I threw out a call to Trashy at Fat, and a whole slew of their bands were damn near throwing songs at me. Then I get an e-mail from Matt from the Teen Idols… "Hey, we heard you were doing a comp…is there any room left?" Jumping jesus on a pogo stick. And sure enough, my buddy Mark calls me up from Kung Fu and says he can talk to Big Joe Escalante and maybe hook me up with a few bands there. So what started as a way to hook up a few friends became a way to hook up a whole ton of kids with good music, and help out a bunch of indie labels and indie bands at the same time. And here's the best part…the CD-ROMs are going to be packaged in with all Duncan yo-yos, FREE, to celebrate our 75th Anniversary. And the icing on the cake? We're pressing 750,000 of them. No shit.

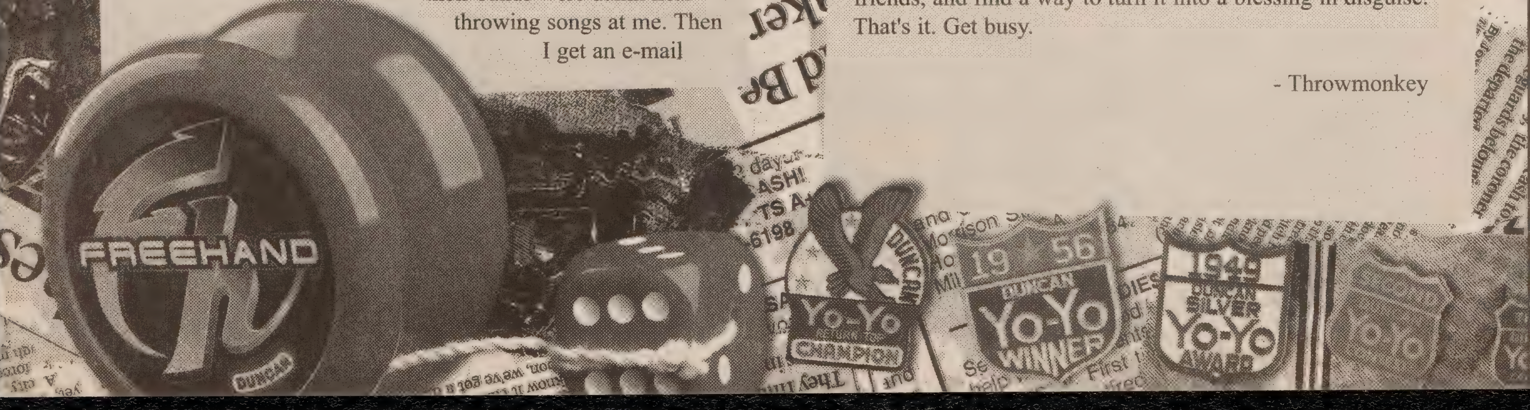
So the final tally ended up being really excited and insanely helpful people from Destroy All Records, Epitaph, BYO, Kung Fu, Fueled By Ramen, No Idea, and Fat. I got a huge amount of support from everyone, Jen was an immense help, and I get to put out a product that not only am I proud of, but I'm absolutely goddamn stoked about!

So what's the point of all this? What's the moral of the story? What's the purpose in me telling you this besides wanting you to go out and buy the goddamn thing? The point is this: never let it be said that corporate America isn't good for something. I was able to not only get my bosses to let me do this project, but now that it's done they have thanked me for it. And all I did was take a CD-ROM, slap a bunch of info about something I love on it, and then add a soundtrack that came right out of my own CD collection. I get to teach kids how to yo-yo, and give them something good to listen to on top of it.

Essentially, I just got paid, and thanked, to hook up a whole shitload of very talented, very deserving people.

Find a way to make the system work for you. It can be done on your own terms. Don't give up. Don't run away from it because it's big and scary. If you have found yourself stuck in some scary corporate job, find a way to turn it into something worthwhile, find a way to use it to hook up your friends, and find a way to turn it into a blessing in disguise. That's it. Get busy.

- Throwmonkey



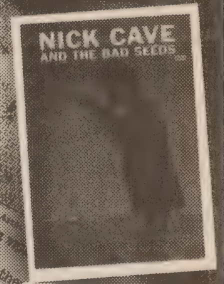
DVD Reviews

by: Smoke the Ripper

SLAYER
WAR AT THE WARFIELD

Slayer-
War at the Warfield.

Shot in San Francisco's Warfield Auditorium, this DVD captures Slayer still at the top of their game; the brutal renditions of classic songs like 'Hell Awaits,' 'War Ensemble' to their newer jams off 'God Hates Us All' (of course, no Slayer set would be complete without the 'Stairway to Heaven' of thrash, 'Angel of Death') is the reason you have to scream FUCKING SLAYER!!! On this DVD is one of drummer Paul Bostaph's final gigs with Slayer, but most interesting is the commentary from the fans at the show. Ranging from drunken rambling to downright frightening, it serves as a reminder to the power of Slayer's music, which is masterfully documented on this DVD.



Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds- God Is In The House

This is the first DVD from the Sultans of Sorrow and they deliver the goods!

Not only is there electrifying performance shot in Lyon, France, there's a documentary on the recording sessions for 'No More Shall We Part,' plus three promo videos (that were probably never aired during daylight hours in America) for 'As I Sat Sadly By Her Side,' 'Fifteen Feet Of Pure White Snow' and 'Love Letter.' There are some live DVD's and videos that don't translate well in your home, but the dramatic presence and overwhelming power from Mr. Cave and his Bad Seeds bursts out the screen that demands full attention. This is a must-have.

ALKALINE TRIO

Alkaline Trio- Halloween at the Metro

To be honest, I'm not the biggest Alkaline Trio fan, but I've always had a curiosity about the band that I can't seem to shake. All I know is their songs are about chicks, drugs and booze, which can't be bad. Plus, I've seen many Alkaline Trio tattoos, so I guess they're doing something right. Taking place in their hometown of Chicago, the band appear onstage as vampire priests and roar through their 18-song set. Their live performance is a contrast from their slick-sounding recordings, which give the songs an extra dimension of raw power not found on their records. It's well shot with informative commentary from the band and is worth checking out.

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PA-57

DESTROY ALL TATTOO

This month's tattoo artist profile is Tristen Hara. He works out of Electric Tattoo in Newport Beach. To get a good in depth interview I headed down to the beautiful beach city and decided to let Tristen get under my skin while I tried to get under his. I have been enviously watching my friends get inked up for almost seven years now and having seen the amazing talents of Tristen I decided the time was right for me. I thought maybe I'd get a little upper arm piece to get things rolling, something moderate you know? But when I walked into Electric Tattoo Tristen had just put the finishing touches on the outline of a sick traditional piece the size of my forearm. He had just returned from The Rock of Ages tattoo convention in Orange and was ready to lay some crazy sick shit down. He showed me the piece and held it to my forearm. As impulsive as it felt, I went into the bathroom and pissed out any second thoughts I might have had. I wanted good art and I was ready to go big. Four and a half hours later sat an incredible piece of art on my right forearm that I love far more than the bare skin I had before. Stoked.

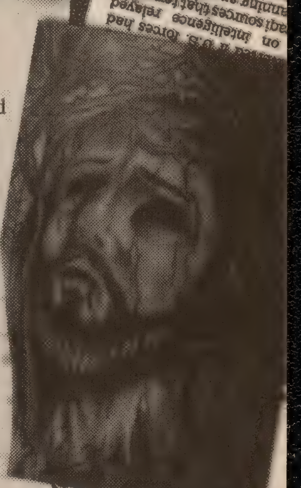
During the session and in between yelps of pain and me making funny faces I asked the artist about how he got into tattoos. Tristen grew up in the San Fernando Valley and got into tattoos through his cousin. As a kid Tristen used his passion for art by drawing sketches of cool cars and Transformers. At 17, Tristen headed east to Palm Springs where he started tattooing. It was about 1992, and he recalls the business being very different than it is today; smaller pieces of flowers, people's names, "trippy shit" as Tristen called it. He spent four years in Palm Springs and the following three years all over California. Most of those years he was high and doesn't remember much. He got clean in 1999 and moved to Newport. He stopped tattooing and got some "real jobs" pumping gas, doing garage work and working at a brokerage firm. After a two year sabbatical Tristen hooked up with Electric Tattoo and has been pumping out the ink since. Before I forget to mention, Tristen is one funny son of bitch. Don't take my word for it, stop by the shop and keep your ears open and you'll know what I'm saying. Now focused on his art, Tristen enjoys riding his Chopper, watching Shark Week, and laying down awesome ink to the lucky bare skins that grace the Electric Tattoo shop, but he doesn't like bullshit, oversized burritos, and taxation without representation.

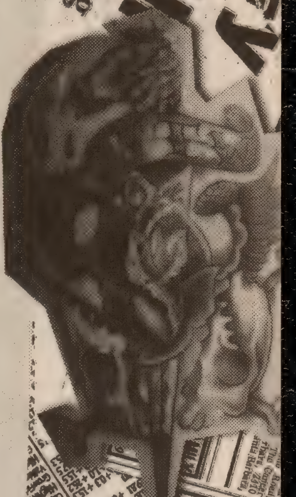
TRISTAN
HARA

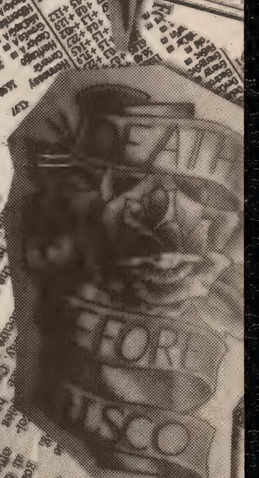
The Electric Tattoo shop has made quite a good name for itself. Aside from the mad talents of Tristen, the shop includes shop owner and artist Jason Pendergraph, Tim Hendricks, Brandy Squires, and Damien "Big D". The vibe in Electric Tattoo is a good one. It's located at 609 E. Balboa, right by the beach. While the shop has a very extensive clientele I saw a few stragglers that got hooked up with shit right on the spot. With the cd player blasting a wide array of tunes ranging from Johnny Cash to Cock Sparrer to Too $hort to Metallica I felt like I was rocking out at a friends house, with the exception of my arm being pumped full of ink. I sat next to Tim Hendircks while he tattooed his roommate. I sat in awe, watching both Tim and Tristen, wondering how the fuck they do what they do. Tim has graced this magazines tattoo profile before, and anyone who is familiar with his art knows the insane sickness that lurks within. The entire shop is bleeding with talent, and I have a feeling I'll be heading down to Newport more often than seldom.

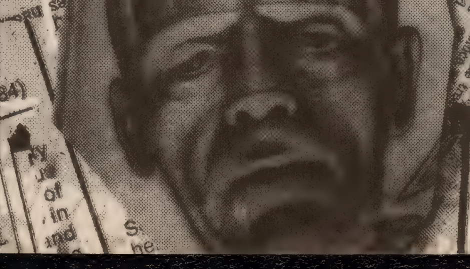
I didn't need proof in my arm that Tristen was a sick tattoo artist. I could have taken a gander at beach punk scumbags MC Brophy and Pat Rat, for they are walking easels of Tristen's art. I just had a real hankering for some bad ass traditional shit. Like most good tattoo artist's are, Tristen's work is at it's best when he's able to be unrestricted and do what he needs to do to make the piece look the best it can. He acknowledges that there is always room for improvement and with his heart and his head into it he'll only get better. When he held that picture up to me and told me how stoked I'd be with a big beautiful piece like that, I knew I was ready. During a phone conversation later, Tristen gave me a good perspective of what he feels tattooing is. "The art means more to the person wearing it than the artist who drew it. It's there for life, and it's a special gift from the artist." As stoked as he was on the piece, I'm in awe. I can't stop staring at my arm. I had been waiting a long time to get something like this and I couldn't more satisfied.

- By: Joey Balls









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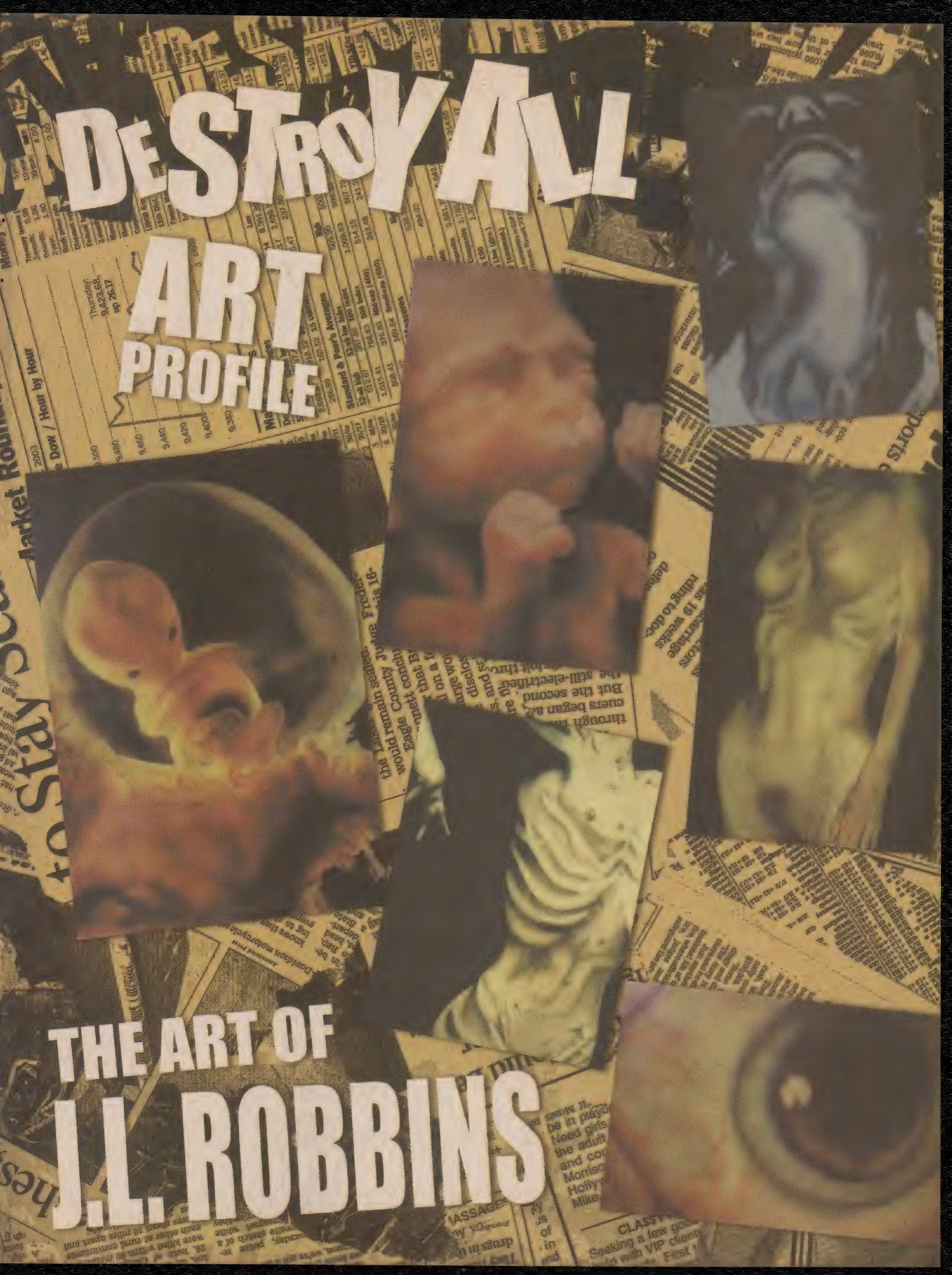


DESTROY ALL ART PROFILE

THE ART OF J.L. ROBBINS

DESTROY ALL ART PROFILE

THE ART OF J.L. ROBBINS

I am knocking on the metal gate, on time for my appointment. This metal gate seems to be the first of many, making me feel as though I was entering a confessional, a fortress, or perhaps even, a bunker. I am stepping into another world, a dream world, a nightmare world, or maybe both. It's the studio of painter JL Robbins.

I have been familiar with some of the work Robbins has been doing for quite sometime but having the actual work right in front of my eyes, its realism has left me breathless.

Robbins offered to start this meeting with a glass of wine. As we sat down in front of an old stainless steel medical exam table, which he now uses as his coffee table, I began to see the link between the artist and his work, slick, elegant, sharp, yet dark and mysterious. We get right to the point:

Q: When do you think the seed of your work begin?

A: My Grandmother was I believe the one who fed this the most. We would often sit together for hours, while she painted portraits of Jesus, I scribbled out demons and such. She never judged the content just the technique.

Q: You attended military school at a very early age. What effect did this have on your art, if any?

A: Well, something very interesting happened there. In an environment where everyone has the same haircut, same clothes, does the same thing at the same time, one's creativity can become a bit stifled. This gave birth to the idea that, in order to become an individual under such circumstances, one must internalize individuality, through what you think, what you write, read or create. This will last you the rest of your life. I feel sadness for these so-called individuals who have to turn on the MTV to find out how to stand alone.

This does seem to be a philosophy that still rings true for him to this day. Unlike most of the art world nowadays, and especially in Los Angeles where the popular idea seems to be "Good art doesn't go with your couch." Robbins' paintings are definitely grabbing emotions and controversy. Where it's so easy and not too tiring for the self-proclaimed elite in the world of arts to be contemplative and find genius in a rainbow circle a five year could have drawn or other kitsch, Robbins' work has class, skill, longevity and an over all strong sense of aesthetics.

The work contains such extreme realism it seems photographic. Due to his techniques, the passage from realism into surrealism seems to walk a fine line.

Q: I have a similar feeling looking at your work today as I did when I first saw HR Giger's work. How much of an impact has he had on you?

A: Of course anyone growing up in my generation was inspired by him, some more than others. His techniques, subject matter, eroticism and philosophy will probably always intrigue me but by no means do I need to start painting "Biomechanical Landscapes" to prove his ongoing inspiration.

Q: Do you find inspiration for your work in other mediums besides paintings?

A: Yes, there are a few authors such as Ballard that I really enjoy but mostly non-fiction. While I'm working on projects though, I constantly listen to music. The beauty of this place is that it can become somewhat of a time lock if need be. Put a few CDs on repeat and days can go by with out you ever knowing it.

Robbins' painting techniques are quite unorthodox stemming from his Industrial Design background. They are a unique mix of pastels, freehand airbrush, and finger painting. Then the final touch, a glossy finish that gives each painting a strange reflective quality.

Q: I am curious about the subjects you choose? Why body parts: fetus, nudes of emaciated women, diseased eyes, and all of them fading in deep blacks?

A: I've always been fascinated by human anatomy. I collect as much material on the subject as I can possibly find. I think the human body is the most fascinating of all the landscapes found. Every aspect, if focused on has it's own story, some happy, some sad, some tragic but always working in a perfect balance.

therefore, I am focusing much of my attention on the "Dora" series where I find echoes of Egon Shiele: a woman's body without any muscular structure, her form taken away in darkness, her own darkness. He's removed all the faces eliminating all traces of personality and humanity from his subjects and just concentrating on a single region of their body pushing even more the notion of the body as a landscape. Like most of his paintings, the "Dora" series has a strong controversial point and refers to taboo topics of our society, culture and humanity.

As the interview continued I couldn't help but notice artificial limbs hanging in front of me on the wall.

Q: I really don't mean to get off the subject but could you tell me about these?

A: When I first moved to LA I worked a while for a company designing and fabricating artificial arms and legs for amputees, it was a subject that really held my interest while attending college in Pittsburgh. It's really a cold place physically and mentally and a very medical oriented city. One's work can really be altered by time spent in such an environment.

Q: So what does the future hold in store for you? Where would you like to see yourself?

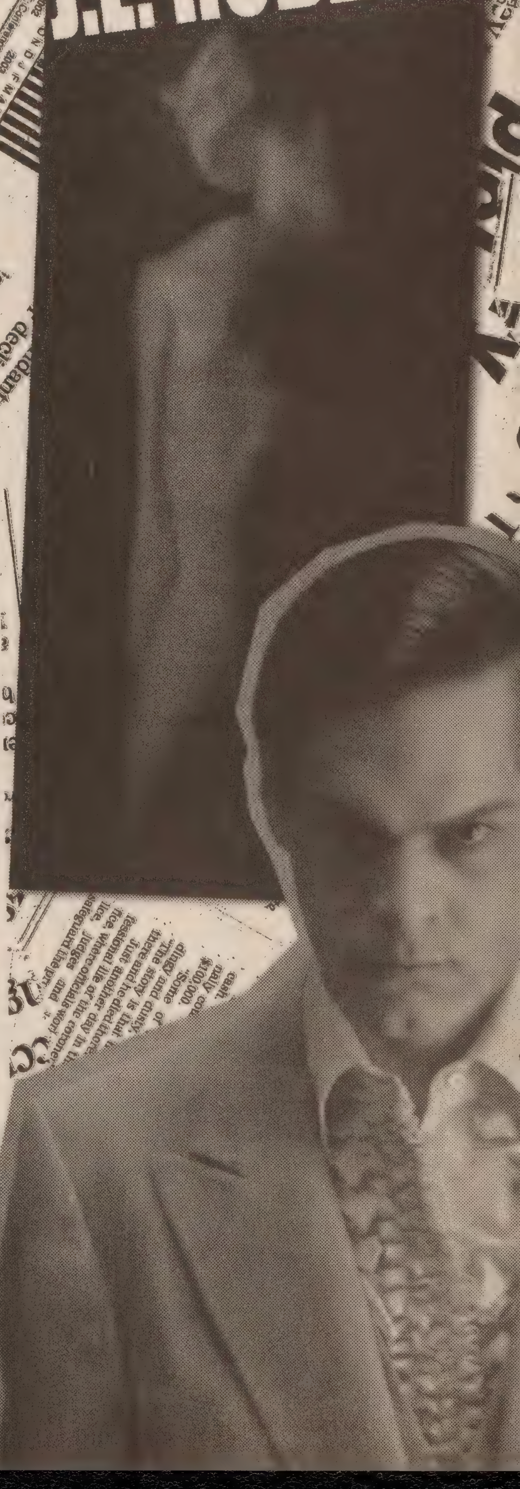
A: I would like to get back into some more 3 dimensional pieces. I'm beginning a life-sized sculpture of a 12 year old female double amputee automobile crash victim. It would also be nice to work with musicians on CD covers and of course to just keep creating on as many different levels as possible.

As I was leaving my eyes where suddenly drawn to his most recent pair of paintings: a woman's face morphing into its self in soft blues and harsh blacks. I don't know if she is in ecstasy or in pain but I can feel her motion, her emotion. I feel as though I'm experiencing something I shouldn't be, sharing in her orgasm or somehow participating in her damnation.

I salute my host, and am strangely apprehensive to pass through the doors of the studio, back to the outside world. I guess that's the essence of art, good art. The work of JL Robbins has definitely taken me to places I've never been or possibly feared in going. For that I thank him and, yes, it would go nicely with my couch.

visit: www.robbinsjl.com

- by Jona Vegem



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Jonathan Abrams is getting a lot of ass.

Throughout the ages, guys have used many weapons in their arsenal to get laid including good looks, power, fame, roofies, on rare occasion a winning personality, and on many occasions cold, hard, stinky, alluring, quixotic cash. But Abrams, a 33-year-old from Sunnyvale, Calif. who is interested in wine and friends, listens to Weezer and Coldplay, reads Dave Eggers and Nick Hornby, watches "Alias" and trashy reality TV, liked "Heathers" and "Kissing Jessica Stein" and has thought about adding the "Femme Boost" to his Jamba juice uses his immensely popular "social-networking" site Friendster to score a lot of tailster.

On a recent appearance on "Jimmy Kimmel Live," Abrams mentioned he had just gone on a successful date with a woman he met on the website of his own creation, the very website currently running at a fever pitch by 1.5 million people… and growing. For the two people reading this who have no idea what Friendster is, it's a site you get your friends to sign up on and through the course of six degrees of separation, you realize that you're connected to just about everyone in the world, or at least 1.5 million+ Internet-users. On it, you can see what your friends are like and what they're into, since clearly we as a society have no time or social skills to discover such things in "real life." Abrams said "I did expect Friendster to grow quickly through word of mouth, although the actual reaction to Friendster has been quite overwhelming."

Odds are it will be a fad like Garbage Pail Kids or Furbys since this hot site isn't staying gratis for long. Abrams tiptoed through how it will really affect the community by saying, "Basic membership will always be free. After the beta (version which is up right now), we may charge a small monthly subscription for some features." Meaning, you'll be lucky if you even get to see their faces without being charged a nominal fee. So while the site currently gets more hits than allnaturalteens, 8thStreetLatinas or Danni's Hard Drive, (but nowhere near the indie hip quotient of Suicide Girls or the indefinitely delayed DestroyAllMonthly.com), time will tell if it's a staple of the web. Like just about everything ever, once it unabashedly capitalizes on its popularity and enters the mainstream, it'll be a much fun as an elective tracheotomy.

Friendster has become a media darling with stories on NPR, Salon, and best of all by The Onion (among the reasons it gives for its popularity, "Wifester left, and have never been that close to familyster," and "Lonely…. Please, someone…So lonely."). But the PR rampage didn't fuel the fire, rather, the everybody's-doing-it factor sparked the coverage. Seemingly the big appeal of the site is that it offers something Match.com, Yahoo Personals, Craigslist's Casual Encounters, Jdate, Greekdate, and manwithbigfurryballsintogirlswithhumpbackblinddate.com don't-a way to hit on people and ask them out without being so damned obvious and desperate. See a hottie in your "personal network"? Drop them a line. It's OK. They're a friend of your friend's friend, so you two are probably perfect for each other. Besides, you're not overtly asking them for a date, it's just a friendly "hey there." The thing about Friendster is that, it's actually populated with real people*. That saucepot named Rashelle didn't post some fake-ass profile to get you to link to her porn page. Your fellow Friendster Dan gave her a testimonial, so of course this gal's legit.

*OK, so there are some people flubbing now. In addition to "Cockster," "Fakester," "-ster," the color red, "Fart Cloud" (who's into beans, broccoli, Michael Bolton and of whom "Poop" testified, "You complete me") and even "NYC Blackout" already, there's a virtual Sky Bar's worth of celebrities. Most are bogus like Scott Thompson (dangitall, I thought I was really sending a message to a Kid in the Hall) but a few are purportedly on the up'n'up like Courtney Love. But it's already parodied to death. And it's not just the profiles that are getting the treatment. Check out Introvertster.com.

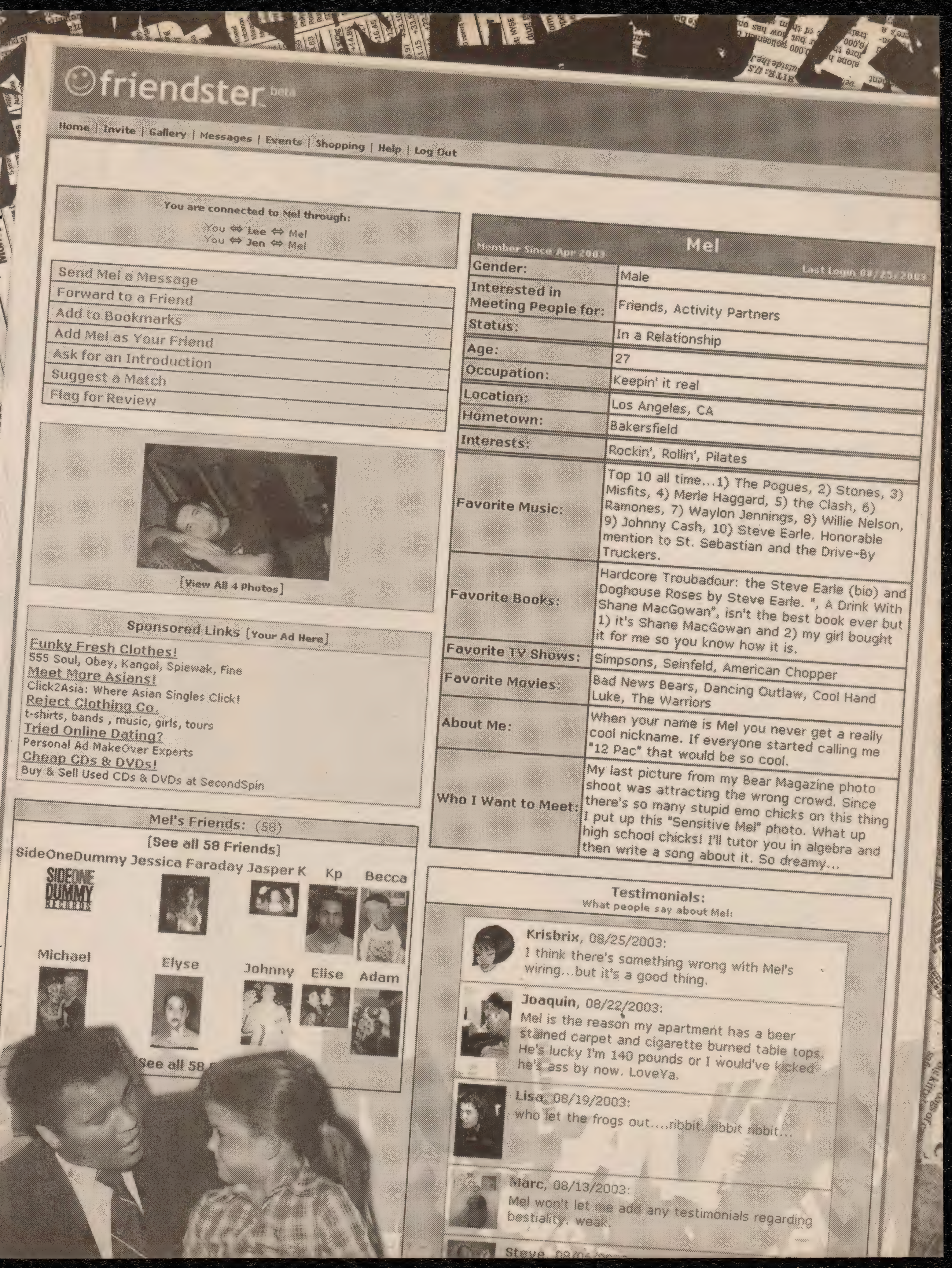
Unfortunately, singles aren't the only ones using the site for social networking. Members of the Aryan Nation are turning it into their own personal Nazister, but don't they realize how queer it is to meet up with others into white power on a site with a happy face as it's corporate logo?

For all the romance and humor to be found on Friendster, it is a useful tool to capture what your friends are like in just a few square inches of monitor. For instance, Mel Douchebag's musical Top 10 include 1) The Pogues, 2) Stones, 3) Misfits, 4) Merle Haggard, 5) the Clash, 6) Ramones, 7) Waylon Jennings, 8) Willie Nelson, 9) Johnny Cash, 10) Steve Earle. Honorable mention to St. Sebastian. (Good to see he can give a shout out to his own band.) And Jen Niles (welcome back, all hail the original, numero uno, back from sabbatical) is a bitch housewife & yo-yo chick extraordinaire. I now know she kicked it with The Greatest, Muhammed Ali as a little tyke, pre-yo-yo-betty days.65

Ultimately, more than hooking up, the site is good for hours worth of procrastination. Except for a few mainstays of finding mates, ie: bars and alcohol, there is always a method of attraction du jour, which changes throughout the ages. First there were watering holes central to all the tract cave houses, then came roller skating rinks. From there it was Be-In's, then shopping malls, to coffee houses, to reality dating shows like "5th Wheel," to DIY Punk Rock Bowling Tournaments, to the Internet of today. (Incidentally, there's a little-known shopping link on the site that allows users to buy official Friendster panties as well as links to books like "Beyond Cybersex" and "Internet Dating for Dummies." This writer wishes he was kidding.) And not all Friendsters are actually getting any action from it. What everyone in the network does get is a primo, quasi-meaningful time-killer. Hence all those creative types who test market their screenplay characters into Friendster profiles and see who befriends them. With its popularity soaring in Los Angeles where no one works real jobs anyway, you know this must be rampant.

I am connected to 224956 people at the time this went to print, and odds are that through the six degrees, you are one of them. If not but you wanna be my Friendster, just look me up in the Gallery. I'm one of the 730 Brians (saving you looking through the Bryans). To help you narrow it down, I'm not Asian (so many Asians named Brian), nor do I look like Homer Simpson nor am I the character played so finely by Anthony Michael Hall in the "Breakfast Club," and yes, he is signed up.

- By Brian Yaeger



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Mel's Friends: (58)

[See all 58 Friends]

SideOneDummy Jessica Faraday Jasper K Kp Becca

Michael Elyse Johnny Elise Adam

[See all 58

Member Since Apr 2003

Mel

Last Login 08/25/2003

Gender:	Male
Interested in Meeting People for:	Friends, Activity Partners
Status:	In a Relationship
Age:	27
Occupation:	Keepin' it real
Location:	Los Angeles, CA
Hometown:	Bakersfield
Interests:	Rockin', Rollin', Pilates
Favorite Music:	Top 10 all time...1) The Pogues, 2) Stones, 3) Misfits, 4) Merle Haggard, 5) the Clash, 6) Ramones, 7) Waylon Jennings, 8) Willie Nelson, 9) Johnny Cash, 10) Steve Earle. Honorable mention to St. Sebastian and the Drive-By Truckers.
Favorite Books:	Hardcore Troubadour: the Steve Earle (bio) and Doghouse Roses by Steve Earle. ", A Drink With Shane MacGowan", isn't the best book ever but 1) it's Shane MacGowan and 2) my girl bought it for me so you know how it is.
Favorite TV Shows:	Simpsons, Seinfeld, American Chopper
Favorite Movies:	Bad News Bears, Dancing Outlaw, Cool Hand Luke, The Warriors
About Me:	When your name is Mel you never get a really cool nickname. If everyone started calling me "12 Pac" that would be so cool.
Who I Want to Meet:	My last picture from my Bear Magazine photo shoot was attracting the wrong crowd. Since there's so many stupid emo chicks on this thing I put up this "Sensitive Mel" photo. What up high school chicks! I'll tutor you in algebra and then write a song about it. So dreamy...

Testimonials:
What people say about Mel!

Krisbrix, 08/25/2003:
I think there's something wrong with Mel's wiring...but it's a good thing.

Joaquin, 08/22/2003:
Mel is the reason my apartment has a beer stained carpet and cigarette burned table tops. He's lucky I'm 140 pounds or I would've kicked he's ass by now. LoveYa.

Lisa, 08/19/2003:
who let the frogs out....ribbit. ribbit ribbit...

Marc, 08/13/2003:
Mel won't let me add any testimonials regarding bestiality. weak.

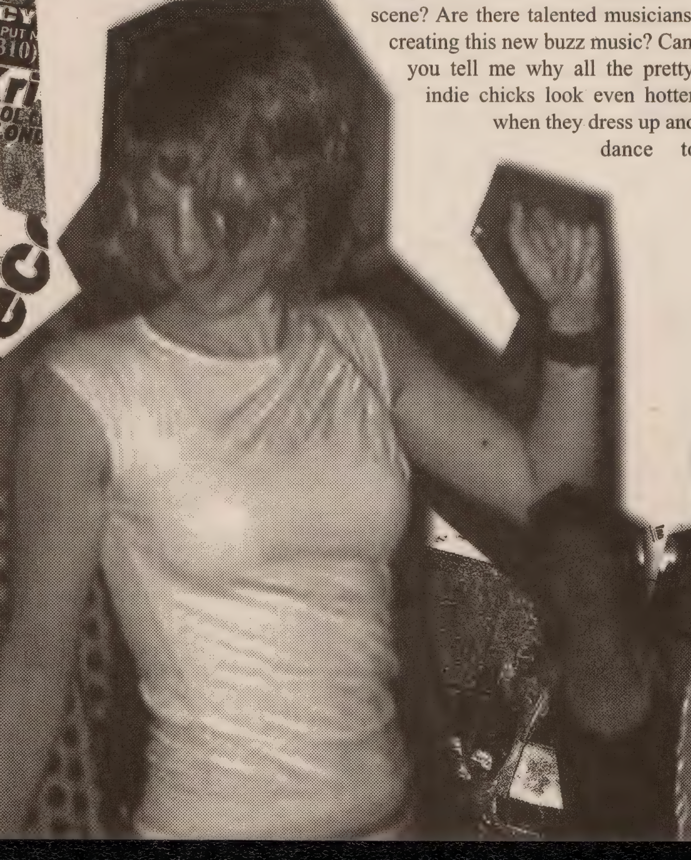
Steve, 08/06/200

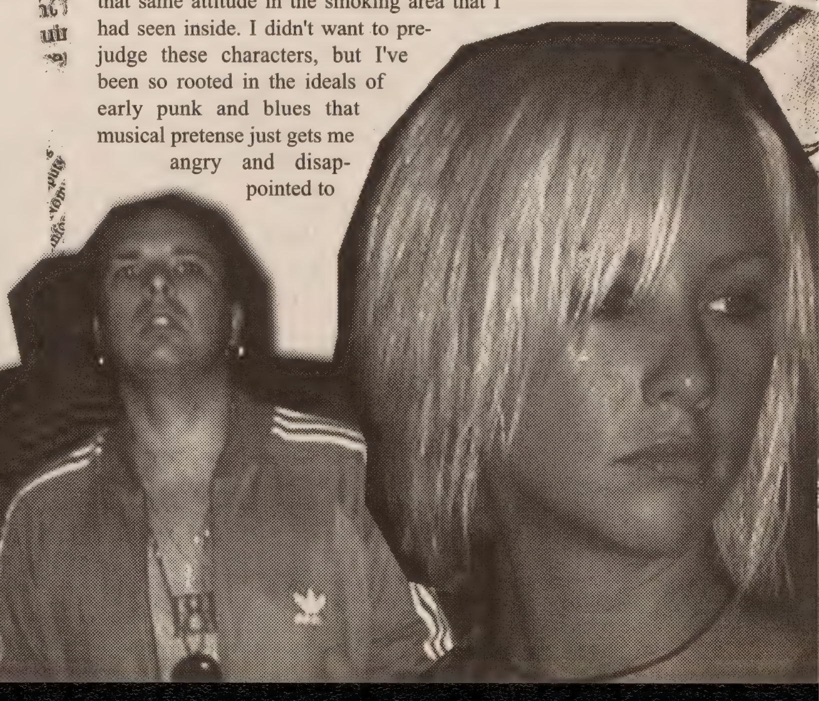
electroclash

STORY BY GARETT PIERCE

"Without Andy Warhol's Factory and the scene it created there may have never been Punk Rock as we know it! The clash between extreme image and antiestablishment ethics has been a struggle in the alternative world of music since its conception. I mean, can't art be pure while still being drenched in a colorful, flamboyant image?" I looked at her/him through slowed-synapse eyes and was blown away by his/her delicate description of a scene that I had just about disregarded.

"Art is art if it's thought out and personal and it says something revolutionary about our time. I think Electroclash is a great description of all of us living in 2003 even if the scene really only exists in New York and L.A, right now." "What's your name?" I asked. But it was too late. She walked away like a fairy godmother...a transvestite David Lynchian fairy godmother. I looked around at the sweating hundreds dancing to simplistic beats and rolling low-end from guttural synthesizers. I was in a state of total limbo. I ordered another Budweiser at the reasonable price of $1.50 and chugged it. The black haired beauty next to me stared me down with her dagger eyes as she sipped a fluorescent martini with her blood red lips. I hopped out on the dance floor and did my best to fit in with the true fans, some of which had driven hours from deep inside Orange County. I was not part of the scene I was an outsider but I wanted to understand why this club had the most intense vibe I had felt at any dance club in my entire life. I love passionate music, music that drives, music that tears me up and inspires me to get off my ass and be an artist in this corrupt and festering world. I believe that dance is an important art form, but like many of us rock and punk lovers we have more fun standing arms-crossed in front of a stage or occasionally circling with other sweating peers in an angry pit. I tried raves, pop clubs, eighties clubs, and I've even danced to Y.M.C.A. at a wedding. But, other than old Michael Jackson songs I have not been moved to dance recently...it's just not my thing. Is Electroclash different? Are there punk influenced roots in the scene? Are there talented musicians creating this new buzz music? Can you tell me why all the pretty indie chicks look even hotter when they dress up and dance to these beats? I wanted answers to all of these questions and that is why I finally agreed to go with my girl and her friends to Synthetic's Electroclash night at The Echo. I promised myself that if I didn't dance I would use my time to unearth the truth about a genre of music proclaimed blasphemous by many of my music-purist friends. The first D.J. finished up his set with a remix of some 80's one hit wonder that I kinda' recognized. I walked up to him to get some details. He spoke loudly in my ear. "I got into Electro when I was spinning in New York. I use to throw on a lot of Depeche Mode and shit like that, but then the whole scene started to shift away from the city and branch out to this weird almost new wave-inspired style of dressing and everyone was having fun with it. I guess it was Larry Tee who wanted to get people away from the horrible House music that was saturating the clubs. Eventually the epicenter became Clubluxx (that's where I spun). "Who's Larry Tee?" I asked. "You know that Rupaul song...Supermodel? He produced it." That made a lot of sense to me because, looking around, there was a celebration of cross-gender mixing and open sexuality. "I think L.A. has the best scene right now," he said. "But isn't there only one club promoting Electroclash music here?" "Well, its funny because Electro has grown enough so that D.J.'s are doing the club thing, but the performers like Ladytron and Mount Sims, they can play bigger places all over the U.S. and Europe...oh, and you can't miss Fischerspooner this month! His stage act is absolutely over-the-top-sexual, just like Peaches'. See, the D.J.'s and the clubs are the root of all of this, but the performers are definitely taking it to its peak." He walked off as I remembered the stories I'd been hearing about Peaches' live show. A ton of my friends had gone to see Queens of the Stone Age at the Palladium and they said that some filthy Sandra Bernhard look-alike got on stage and sang all these crass tunes while masturbating a strap-on. Other than those stories and a few articles about some D.J. named Felix da Housecat, I had no exposure to the big names in Electroclash. I always thought it stayed within the walls of small clubs. What was really confusing me about this new scene was everyone's attitude on the dance floor. I didn't know if their arrogant, convoluted act was for real or that it was just another facet of dancing that I had never been exposed to. Either way I just can't stand when people take themselves too seriously, so I left the stuffed room for some cigarette-infested "fresh" night air outside. Unfortunately, I saw that same attitude in the smoking area that I had seen inside. I didn't want to prejudge these characters, but I've been so rooted in the ideals of early punk and blues that musical pretense just gets me angry and disappointed to





see people taking music so lightly. But then again, what makes some punker guy better than some new-wave looking Electroclash dude? I figure they both favor a particular style of dress; they both gravitate toward a group of friends who enjoy the same music, drugs, etc. I began to drive myself into a frenzy; I started doubting the authenticity of any person who would subject themselves to a certain stylized group. But I was interrupted before I could further drive myself into a state of psychosis. "What are you doing over here?" she said while taking a drag of her cigarette. "Needed to take a break...you know, I've been out on the dance floor for hours." I don't know why I instantly lie to pretty girls, but I do. "I mean, why are you by yourself?" I looked into her dark, painted eyes. "Don't you ever get tired of being around people, interacting, speaking..." "Well, everyone does," she agreed. "Just not at a club. Is this your first time here?" "Yeah, I've walked passed it a million times but this would be my first time at the Echo." "Cool my name's Jolene, I help the promoter around here...I just wanted to make sure you were having a good time." She began to walk away. "Wait," I stopped her. "Tell me something." She returned. "Are these people for real. I mean, do they even like the music that these D.J.'s are spinning our are they just coming here to pose for everyone around them." She smiled. "What do you think?"

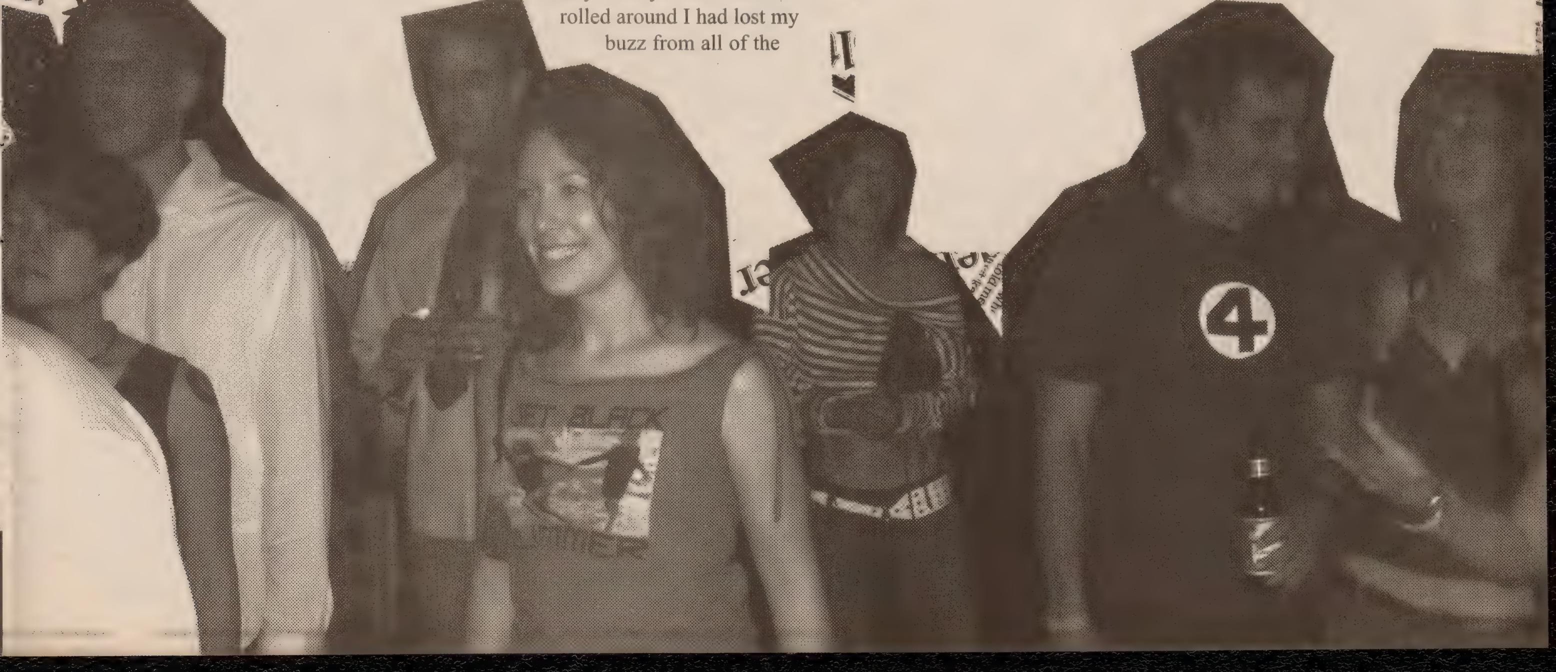
"I don't think they give half a shit about the music. I think that the music itself breeds this kinda' attitude thing that people are into. Its like a big-city-club-vibe that L.A. has never really had a grasp on, but now we finally have a place for the kids to come out, do some drinking, do some dancing and go home with the person they felt dressed the best that evening." "That's an interesting way to look at it," she said. "I take it you're heterosexual." "Yeah, but wha..." "I swear that there's a switch in most heterosexual males that doesn't get turned on until their feminine side takes over. See, gay men have this switch turned on from the beginning and this switch allows them to dance and have fun without really thinking too much about it. Dance is a performance art, just like rock & roll is. People get up and show themselves to others." I started to enjoy her point. "Did you like Freddie Mercury's performance on stage?" she asked. "Yeah, Freddie was amazing." "I bet when you go back in there you'll see more Freddies and less pretense if you realize that they're all just having fun." And so I did. I went back in that motherfucker and saw a good time being had by all, and I felt like an utter asshole. I jumped onto the floor with my friends who had been sweating to the pounding beats. I was met with smiles and an overwhelming sense that I was part of something; something that may never be recorded in the great book of music history, but just part of being. The music was a wash of repetition that drove me to a state of a tribal-trance and all of my prejudgments of the trendy characters surrounding me were replaced by the pure sexuality in the songs that were spun. The next couple hours were a blur. It was all alcohol sweating pores, and tired, shaking limbs from my flabby body. As 2:00am rolled around I had lost my buzz from all of the dancing and as the house lights went on our real faces were exposed. Hands dropped to their respective sides and everybody looked at their dancing partner in post-coital bliss. We were herded out by dreary-eyed bouncers and met with kids flyering for smaller 80's and quazi-electro nights in Hollywood. All of the characters that I ran into throughout the night were parked in the front smoking and trying their damndest to keep the night going, some of them exchanging numbers or addresses to really complete the evening. I imagined seeing half of these people in coffeshops throughout Silverlake the next week, dressed like their "normal" selves with just a beat up thrift store T-shirt and a pair of sunglasses too big to be anything but cool. This Friday night was everybody's chance to slip into some new skin; and though some people claim that Electro has been around forever, the truth is that it's a fairly new thing...so the possibilities of where it may go are just about endless.

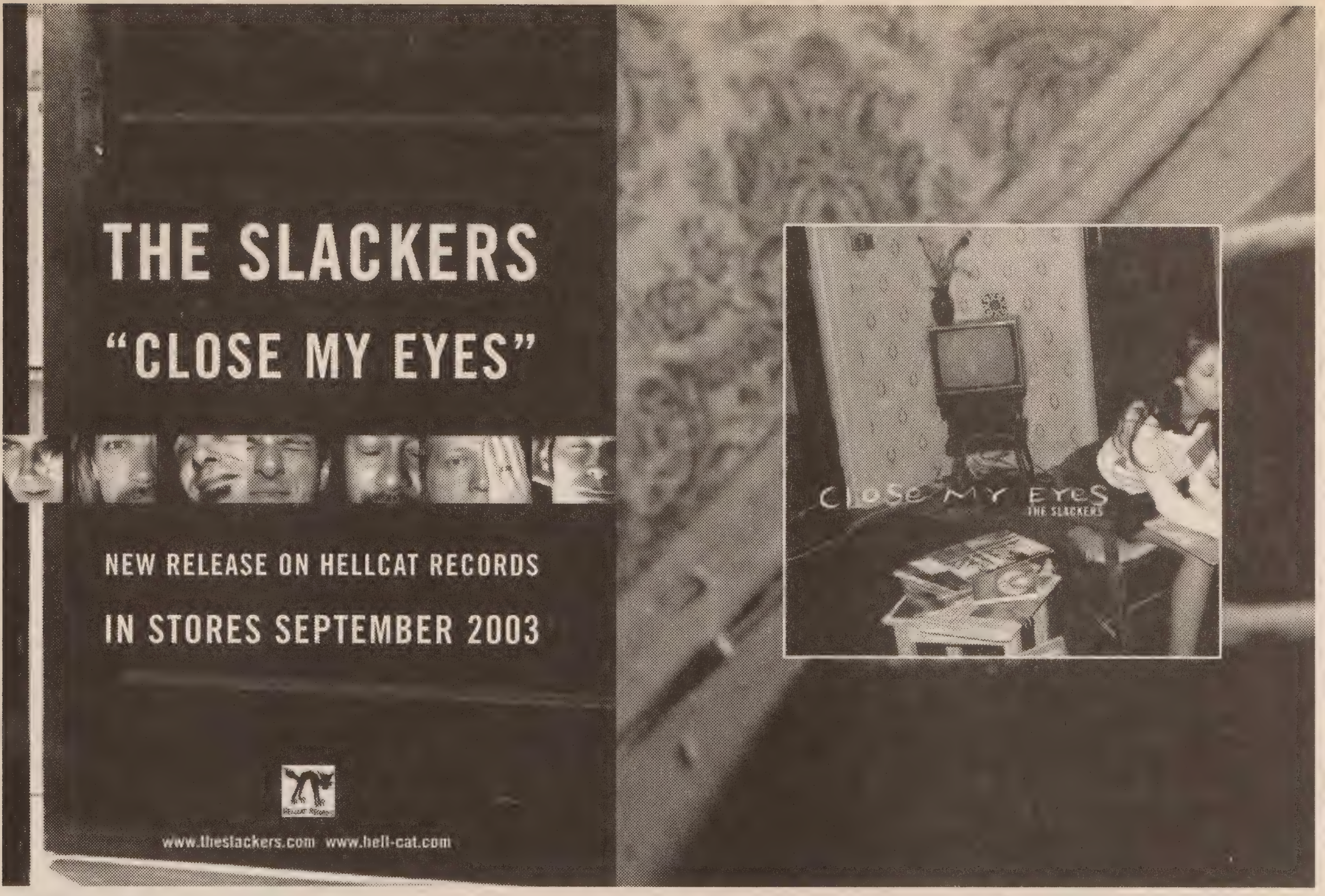
The next day I felt replenished and I went about a lazy Saturday with my friends who had missed out on my experience the night before. As I told them the synopsis of that evening I could sense that they still weren't buying the musical aspect of it all.

"I've heard the music," one said. "It's overly simplistic and an absolute rip-off of all of the good 80's synth-music." I played devils advocate for a while knowing that he would never really understand until he went out dancing as I had just done. And after lengthy argument about the whole situation, he hit me with a tough question.

"Where is this music going? I heard people say that the scene is already over with." I thought about it, and told him that I didn't know, just to end the debate. The truth is that I believe that Electroclash is the only good club music around right now. The rave scene is dead as dead can be, and most of the goth or new wave clubbers around here have gravitated toward Electro. If the definition of a dying scene means that only two clubs in the U.S. really support the music and none of its artists are on a major label then so be it.

One thing I know is that I feel a bit special that one of those two clubs throughout this country is a hop skip and a jump away from where I live. Under a no-name sign in some converted discotheque you'll find hordes of youth, styling, eager, and far away from a debauched Sunset-Strip-past. And as the news of it grows, so will the diversity of its audience and there it will fade...a slight branch off the musical history tree, but an important one nonetheless.

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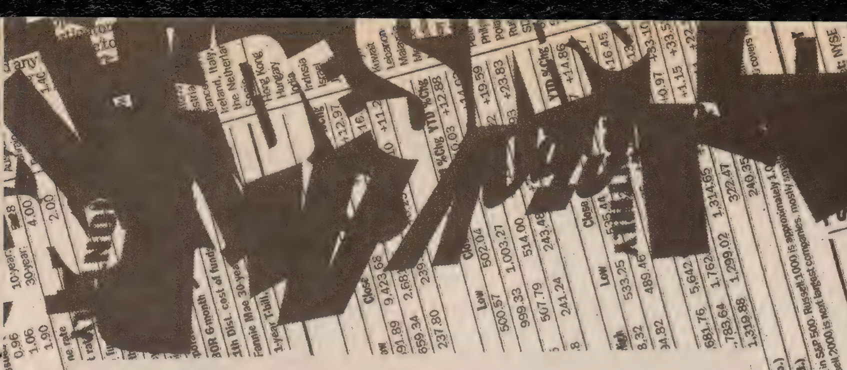


PARAPHRASE

A MONTHLY COLUMN BY BEN LOVETT

Paraphrase: September 03:
"It Has To Start Somewhere"

I wake up falling from the bed with ideas that have kept me up all night. The floor is a bath of sunlight and I cut through the room like one long line of red ink bleeding through the page, an insistent string of prepositions running out of word space and spilling into the open void of a morning's first arriving thought.

I wake shaken and cloudy, exhausted, wounded and weathered, but the morning never notices. It comes without regard for the night's lesson; tempered and impatient, starved for attention; as demanding as a high school prom queen. I feel the pressure down my back as the opening credits roll across it, jagged edges of text peel me open and I am as vacant as an empty silver screen blinded in the flicker. The handles turn, the shower burns, and one day blurs into the next… twisted and tangled in unresolved loose ends I am unable to please Tomorrow with a good first impression.

I'm off to a bad start.

I've spent my dreams dreaming, longing for something inside the corridor to rupture and send the bricks down one by one, keeping the eyes of the world occupied just long enough for me to slip out unnoticed under the blackout curtain walls. Though in the confusion, and like so many before me, I detour into the subtext and never appear out the other side. Lost in the questions and questioning direction I tiptoe between levels of consciousness and through widescreen westerns taking every bullet in the chest, welcoming every open attempt to puncture the armor and get down to where the feelings are trapped, because my searching seeks salvation. I've failed to pick the lock to heaven and drag God out of the sky so I'm left in his place to carry out these fist-fights with Reason. But I've got it all wrong, and my purpose is expiring at the cost of my own pursuit to define it.

I have reached a point of Terminal Awareness, wherein I am doomed to wrap my mind in an unending spiral of concentric circles that coil so deeply into their own definition that eventually the question suffocates itself in pursuit of proper punctuation, and in the process of chasing it's tail, the mind ends up splintering itself into a series of separate consciousnesses altogether.

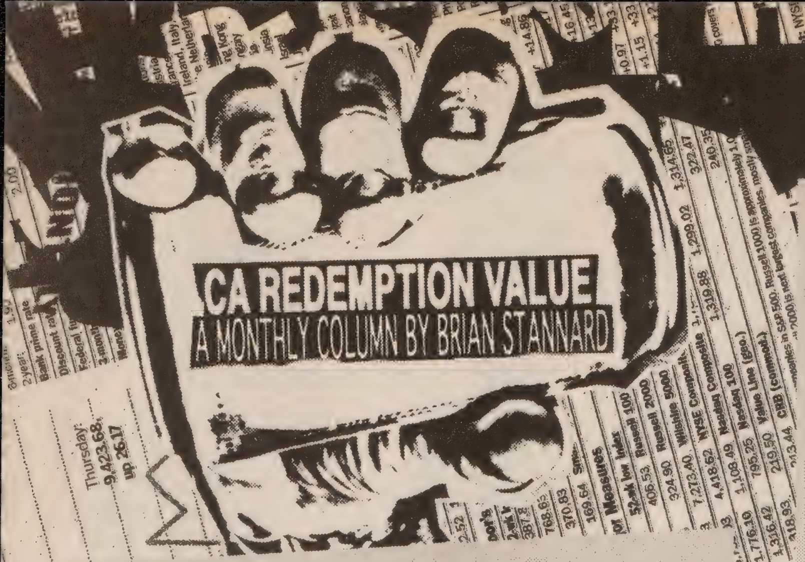
This state of hyper-awareness lends itself to a very distinct sensation of distance between mind and body, leaving me disconnected and mostly feeling out of place everywhere. Like everyone, I just want to combust and erupt and be free of the consequences; I just don't want to have to choose anymore. Our primitive default systems find it rather easy to provide us with every reason we need to feel sorry for ourselves, and I spend most of my energy playing emotional Jenga and tiptoeing that line between extremes, looking for symmetry to the separation in my head.

The mental environment is an unstable tempest of emotion where every factor present struggles for at least momentary control of my actions. Or, what I experience is the product of my own clever self deception designed to keep me from admitting I'm just too afraid to face down my demons and hand over a microphone to every tiny voice that claims they have something important to say. Either way, I've spent too much time in the fields between them dividing what is intrinsic and what is inconsequential.

So this morning I have cut myself down to the bone, all clean skin and scars shown. Underneath my defenses I am the shell of a man, a hollow fortress built to protect a boy that can't let go. I only know where I am by way of where I've been, because I have pictures to tell me when and where and how I made the choices that got us here. There is little in the way of instruction I've found, all the evidence I have are mile markers that pass by along the way, but I take no bows for them. In my life it seems that it's not the age that counts, it's the mileage; and I have plenty still unaccounted for. In all this time my shadows have learned nothing new from the sun and my reflections nothing surprising from my face. Etched in the lines there are all the traces of what I've lost touch of, the names for them compressed into tiny bits of data that I constantly reorganize to maintain the illusion that progress is stable, and that anything changes here.

The hope that finds its way in climbs a sliding scale. It's a captive monarch chained in towers of unsettled calamity. There seems to be so little hope in the afternoons and in the sullen blank hangovers that follow our little explosions of discovery. It appears I have forgotten but not forgiven, that I've spun a cocoon around the reasons not to; I've reached the end of a chapter and fallen off the page, but at least there's enough floor to go around for now.

So it has to start someplace, and it might as well be here. I opened up and fell into a bottomless thought, walked the deserts of regret all the way back to where it started. I stood at the entrance to a part of myself I hadn't dared approach for long enough, and sang out to every thing I had left behind. Every vanished face, every forgotten lyric, every repressed and severed memory that lay buried behind these unscaleable pillars, I called out to every one of them with forgiveness in my throat, then turned to walk back through the fire knowing that sometimes it has to get worse before it gets better. I followed the light of a burning stake to make peace with the past, and knew that tonight it wouldn't break us. Tonight the roads may catch fire, but we're holding all the matches.



CA REDEMPTION VALUE

A MONTHLY COLUMN BY BRIAN STANNARD

Bonzo, Balzer Field, and Booger Justice

September is the month where we honor labor. It's also the month when baseball season sets the table for October's grand finale. All said, an appropriate time for me to ruminate on the dreams of a wee lad pining to inherit the drummer seat of John Bonham by shirking child labor laws, in addition to being an opportunity to explain why I fucking hate baseball.

In 1988, George Bush The First was in the White House, I was cultivating pubic hairs, and Led Zeppelin rocked my world despite the fact that they had broken up roughly a decade before. I was convinced that only I had laid claim to loving Led Zeppelin just as Sir Edmund Hilary had first sunk his frostbitten fingernails into the oxygen-starved crags of Mount Everest so many years before. I was twelve, and also convinced that I was the first one who discovered that the shower knob can be adjusted to facilitate masturbation.

Why did I love Led Zeppelin? The motherfucking drumming. In a pre-Napster 1988, White Snake and Patrick "She's Like the Wind" Swayze dominated the airwaves and MTV. A twelve year-old living in a small town was hard pressed to find anything cool so I felt like a redeemed Geraldo Rivera snooping around Al Capone's vaults when I found a Led Zeppelin mix tape while rummaging through my older brother's things in what was initially a mission to recon some porn.

Jon Bonham's drum style felt like an epileptic elephant on a whiskey binge. "In My Time of Dying" was my own personal Catholic confirmation. I was sold. Despite the fact that my mother and I lived in a claustrophobic apartment with half-inch sheet rock separating us from our neighbors, I had a vision that I would buy a drum kit and be John Bonham's heir (in contrast to his biological son who has actually played on Led Zeppelin reunions).

The biggest flaw in my twelve year-old plan were those pesky child labor laws. A twelve year-old boy couldn't baby-sit (would you leave your toddler with a twelve year-old boy?), so I grew despondent while looking for options.

And then came Little League. What do scrappy nine year-olds need more than anything else in their lives?

Structure, rules, competition, and a sport where success hinges on pulic yet lonely acts of valor and/or embarrassment. Baseball.

Who are the useful idiots for Little League baseball? Pre-teenager umpires.

I was a twelve year-old lad with a dream. In order to rightfully succeed the drum seat of John Bonham, I would earn seven dollars a game to infuriate and emotionally destroy the lives of nine year-olds and their forty year-old fathers at Balzer Field.

I went through the rudimentary training: "When I show to the park for a surprise inspection, I'll ask ya' to knock on your crotch. You'll be hopin' that you remembered to wear your supporter cup," said Roger, our middle-aged umpire trainer.

As it turns out, he never came down once for a surprise visit, which left Ryan and Joe, my umpire mentors and peers, ample opportunity to hotbox the umpire shed prior to each game.

Ryan and Joe were freshmen in high school so I immediately looked up to them as revered conduits of eternal wisdom. I mean, Jesus they were in high school. I was twelve.

A re-occurring nugget of wisdom from Ryan and Joe was that we umpires were paid by the game. Therefore slant your decisions to make the game go by faster. We were pitcher's umpires. Any pitch that went in front of the batter was therefore a strike. Unfortunately, there were quite a few pitches that went behind the batter, and if it was after the fourth inning, those were strikes, too.

Ryan also had the audacity to sit on a folding chair while being the plate umpire. The other eternal nugget of wisdom from Ryan and Joe was that everybody will hate you no matter what you do. Therefore don't care. Homer Simpson couldn't have said it better. Ryan's suggestion was to be as scary as possible for a defense mechanism. When Ryan called a strike, he sounded like Glen Danzig passing a kidney stone.

When my pre-pubescent voice called a strike, I sounded like Little Richard screeching which made me a prime target for a never-ending litany of complaints. Each Little League team usurped the name of a major league team, but in my mind at Balzer Field, a more appropriate name for the Dodgers was Everybody's Crying. The kids would all cry, about twenty-five percent of the adult parents would cry, and the remaining seventy-five percent would scream in righteous anger.

My nemesis was Mr. Schmitt who coached the Reds, also nicknamed Everybody's Crying. His outbursts were so severe that Ryan, Joe, and I succeeded in banishing him to the recycling center that was adjacent to the outfield fence. The local police said the restraining order pertained to Balzer Field, but it was his legal right to heckle us from the sign indicating "Green Bottles."

Like Joe Issa rallying up support to kick Governor Davis out of office, Mr. Schmitt pumped up the town's three homeless citizens that tended to hang out at the recycling center to also verbally abuse the umpires. From the first inning to the sixth (Little league games only go six innings), Mr. Schmitt's Army challenged the chastity of our mothers at Volume Eleven from the right field fence.

All the verbal abuse got me down and out about the adult world. I noticed that one or two of the adults in the stands (and it was only one or two) seemed to be weeping at the stupidity of it all; of adults trying to achieve glory through their nine year-old kids who were probably more interested in tormenting frogs at the creek than hearing some old man screaming about cunts from the right field fence as the third strike was called for the fourth time in the game.

Always the masochist, I continued umpiring for a year, and while I never got a drum kit, I did buy the Led Zeppelin CD box set.

A few years after I hung up my umpire's supporter cup, I was doing my best Kurt Cobain impression while working at a taqueria when Mr. Schmitt came in for dinner. He probably didn't recognize me, as there's a big difference between a twelve year-old and a sixteen year-old. When he ordered his dinner I went to the back prep area and picked out a couple of boogers, which I mixed into the enchilada sauce that was on his meal. Maybe I was out of line, and maybe I was a bad umpire, but you tend to not forget when a grown man calls your mother a whore from the right field fence when you're twelve years-old. Kharma's a bitch.

THE CHRISTIAN BIBLE

A MONTHLY COLUMN BY CHRISTIAN SLANDER

Hi, loyal readers.

I know you got a fright last month when The Christian Bible didn't appear in that issue. Well fear not, the label and the magazine had an overnight management change and after the dust settled, my article got lost. I really don't remember a lot of the things I write. It probably wasn't that thrilling any way. The way I hear it from a lot of you out there though, both male and female, is that you want to read a lot more about fucking and all the fun there is in wanking, sucking and licking each other off, you dirty little fuck sluts!!

Well, girls wax those sexy little pussies & lock your bedroom doors. Fellas whip out your pickles and work up a big wad of spit and get ready for a good old fashioned horse wank. Go on and call up your sweetest lay and read this article together. Then kick back and let dirty old uncle Slander tell you kiddies a fucking thing or two. You scummy little fuck pigs.

Have any of you guys out there listened to me about eating out that fuckin' pussy. Man oh man don't you love it when you press down on her pelvic bone and sort of pull the clit up and forward, by taking the skin near the top of the crease and pushing the skin up toward her navel so you can both see her delicious clit. (She can see it real good if her head is propped up a little.) Then you pull the lips apart and sort of coax the clit to open up and peel back, all this without having even taken one swipe of the tongue at it yet.

Oh no, maybe blow on it or tease her in some fashion, like talk to her with your lips just millimeters from touching it. You see the whole time you've been stretching her apart her clit has been pulled taught and has made her very sensitive. Lower your lips down and just hover over them right above her, and look at her in the eyes and tell her how sexy she smells. And how you're gonna give her the licking out of a life time. Say "I'm gonna eat this sexy pussy you dirty bitch! I'm gonna tongue fuck your brains out on to the floor and then I'm gonna tongue fuck your brain!!!"

At this point she'll just about be begging you to go off on her. Stick out your tongue and make it into a hard point, pull those lips apart, take that meat spear and stab down on that little button just once, she'll twitch up a storm and will probably grab you by the back of the head and start to fuck your face so hard she'll break your nose. Good, go with it, make your tongue wide and flexible and grind her right back if that's how she wants to dance. Tell her you're not gonna stop until she cums in your mouth and all over your fucking face. Rub your whole face in it; get it in your eyes and keep going until your face looks like a glazed doughnut.

If you do this right, she'll make this strange almost scary sound. It starts real low and guttural and then starts to grow into a higher moan, the sound of it will almost stop you from what your doing to look up and see if she's o.k. because it will almost sound as if she's about to weep. Guess what she just might be. She might even start to cuss like a psychward prison inmate. You might hear things come out of her mouth that you thought you've never hear her say, like "baby let's invite all are friends over for an orgy and then go out and burn down a preschool." Some crazy shit like that.

That's when you know you've done something to her cunt that has never been done before, or not in a long time. You have her in your grubby little grasp at that point.

Don't stop there, flip her over and get her up on her hands and knees lick out her ass and pussy from behind and stick two to three fingers in her, and grind them from side to side while pressing down on her G-spot and do this very rapidly or at whatever speed she desires.

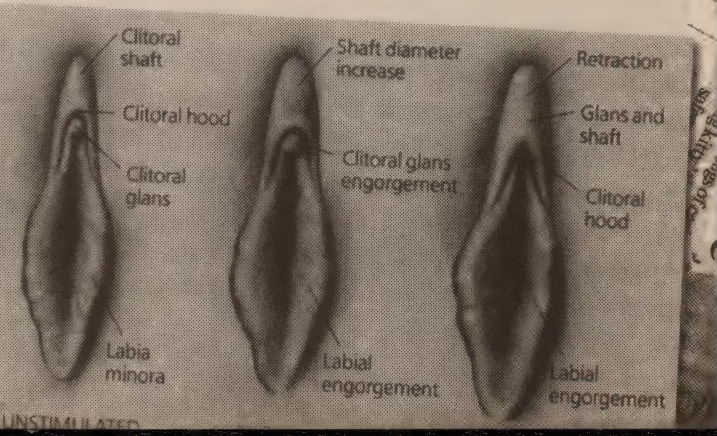
Now girls this is going to feel very good at first, but then you might feel like you're going to pee. It's okay, just relax and let what ever happens happen. When you do this some girls cum so hard they squirt cum hard all over the place. It's so fucking hot. So don't worry it's only cum boys, let her blow her wad on your face for a change, she'll love you for it. I love to see a girl squirt. It's a fetish of mine personally.

After seeing a sight like that your cock should be rock hard. It would be an ideal time to ram it hard into her and give her a hot raunchy donkey fuck, and then blow your rocks all over her face and mouth. Then take turns licking each others juices off each other. You'll both smell like cum, and spit, and sweat; like the set of some porn flick.

Oh yeah, always make time to kiss each other deeply and tell each other how much you love them. Now if this inspires you in some way then get that sweet lay off the phone after reading this together, and get her over to your place and get to work, failing that jack your selves off until your hearts content, eat a sandwich, pull down the shades and take a nap.... see, now your living the good life!!!

Me, I think I'll have a wank myself thinking of all the little wet pussies out there that I made wet just by fingering this keyboard. Just imagine ladies what I could do to you if I really got my hands on you. Just something to think about!!!

Sweet dreams!!!!!



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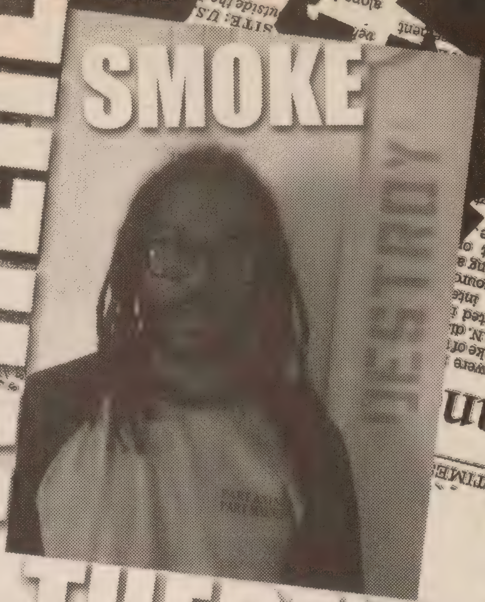


Since this is our two-year anniversary, I decided to take a look back at the progress this publication has made since September 11th, 2001 (which was our premier street date, no joke). I couldn't help noticing how my writing has changed since then. Now, I'll be the first to admit, my initial articles in Destroy All wasn't giving Rolling Stone a run for their money, but hey, Rome wasn't built in a day, but I kept at it and I know my writing skills have vastly improved with time. I would say I've done pretty well for a guy who took one journalism class in high school (although I didn't pay much attention, I still received an A).

Which bring me to this month's installment, which is a lesson plan for all you aspiring journalists and writers out there; I have learned quite a bit as how to conduct interviews, but more importantly, I've learned what not to do in conducting an interview. So this is a public service piece that hopefully will serve to spare an aspiring writer the same mistakes I've made (well, to be honest, I'm still making them as I'm still learning. Never, ever stop learning).

Lesson 1: You're writing an information piece, free of personal opinion.Unless you're the boss or specifically giving an opinion (our record review board is a prime example), there are some guidelines that need to be kept at all times. Never, ever write about how you think the band sucks in your article, that's just not cool, you could be talking shit about someone's favorite band. Plus, publicists aren't too fond of such things, so stay neutral and get the job done. But on the flipside, if you're a fan of the band your interviewing, it's easy to slip into fanboy mode, so you have to keep a bit of distance so you don't sound like a jackass (which, for certain interviews, I shamefully have been guilty of) and focus at the task at hand in a professional manner (keep the fanboy in check until the interview is completed).

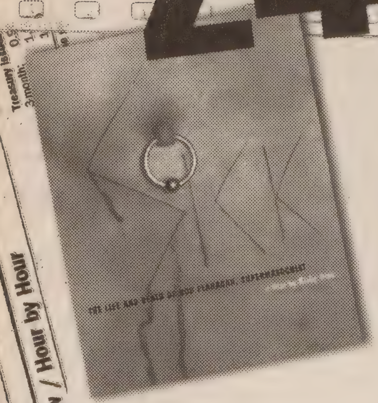
Lesson 2: Don't Regurgitate Prior Fact.
This is always the sign of a bad writer: instead of coming up with questions of their own, they merely recycle the publicist-approved bio that usually has quotes from the band. That's just downright lazy. I personally don't rely on bios for that exact reason. You have to remember that there are bands that go through several interviews a day. It bums me out when I read the same article in different magazines. For example, I interviewed Lemmy from Motörhead in the May 2002 issue. Safely assuming that he's done thousands of interviews in over 30 years, it was tough to think of what to ask someone that's been asked a million questions, I know I caught him off-guard with a few questions, but that was one of the toughest interviews I've done. Creating a cover story from a 10-minute interview was not easy, but after consuming 2 liters of Diet Coke, I made it happen.

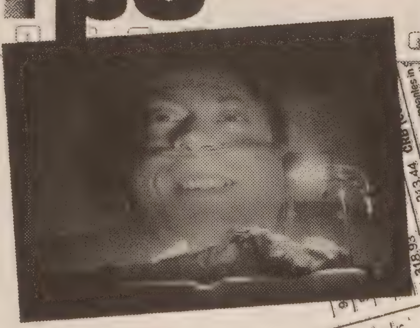
Lesson 3: Preparation.
Any teacher will tell you this is the cardinal rule of any sort of creative endeavor. It's just common sense. There are band bios, their websites, reading liner notes, reading into their lyrics all kinds of avenues for research. I must admit, in the past six months, I've only prepared for an interview only once; aside from that one interview, all of them were on the freestyle tip (I don't recommend a novice to conduct interviews this way, but most of the interviews were of bands I am very fond of, the rest I had to squeeze every last word to make the word count), out of confidence with a twist of ego. The best example of when I wasn't prepared was when we had the idea to take Pleasure Forever to a sex shop as kind of a kind of play on their name. Now, I want to make this very clear, I love Pleasure Forever, but not only was I unprepared, I was to do the interview in person. We couldn't find a sex shop that would let us take pictures inside, so it was my bright idea to take pictures at a supermarket, that didn't work, so we ended up taking pictures in front of Echo Park Lake, which is down the street from our office. I felt like a total asshole, for not only being unprepared; I felt like I was wasting the band's time. So when it came time to actually interview the group, I was at a loss for thought. I could tell the band was bummed; their singer/keyboardist Andrew Rothbard wasn't cooperating; answering my questions with a heavy dose of sarcasm, drummer David Clifford and guitarist Joshua Hughes tried to put on their best professional face, but they knew and I knew that I blew it. This is what I get for not doing my homework. I managed to get through the interview, but not without learning a very important lesson: skill will get you in the door, but preparation will take you everywhere.

I hope this has been helpful in the way of how to properly conduct an interview, obviously, there is more to it, but this is just a basic guideline. Like I said, I'm still learning how to progress and evolve into a better writer and by no means am I close to reaching that sort of level. The way I see it, Charles Bukowski or Henry Miller must have written tons of articles, stories before they passed their own standards before anyone else's, so keep at it, I did, not bad for one journalism class…

24 fps

A MONTHLY COLUMN ON FILM BY CARLYE ARCHIBEQUE





The Life, Death and DVD of Bob Flanagan Supermasochist

"Because it feels good; because it gives me an erection; because it makes me come; because I'm sick; because there was so much sickness; because I say FUCK THE SICKNESS; because I like the attention; because I was alone…"
--From "Why" by Bob Flanagan (1952-1996)

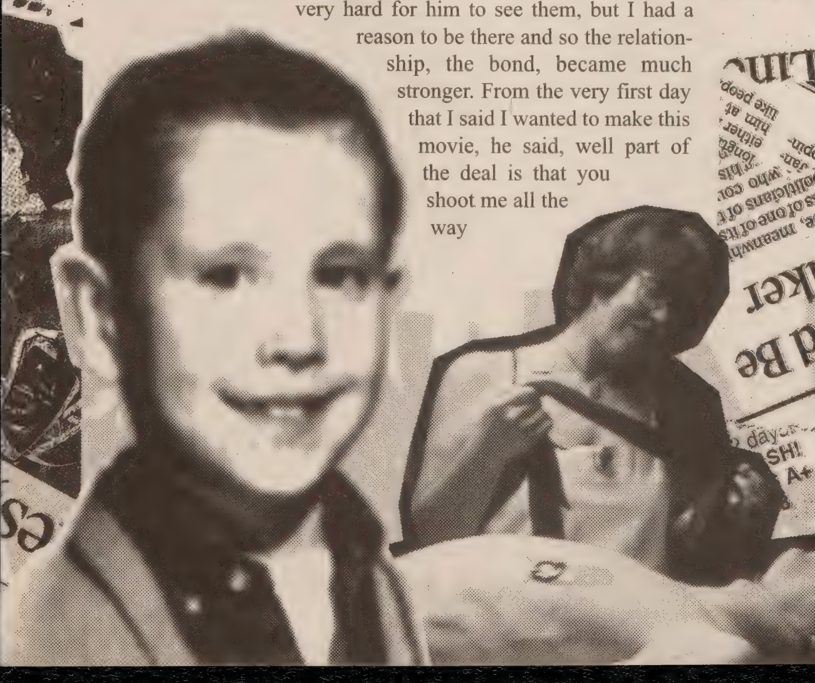
Rich, poor, pretty, ugly, we all know how our lives are ultimately going to turn out: dead. We just don't know the details. The conceit of Sick: The Life and Death of Bob Flanagan Supermasochist, Kirby Dick's documentary about the last two years of Bob Flanagan's life, is that Flanagan knows what is going to kill him. As a child, Flanagan was diagnosed with cystic fibrosis (CF), a disease that slowly drowns the sufferer in their own fluids. Most people diagnosed with CF die in their 20s, Flanagan lived to be 43 making him one of the longest living survivors of the disease, a disease he knew would kill him, he just wasn't sure when. His sister Patricia, also a CF sufferer had died at the age of 21.

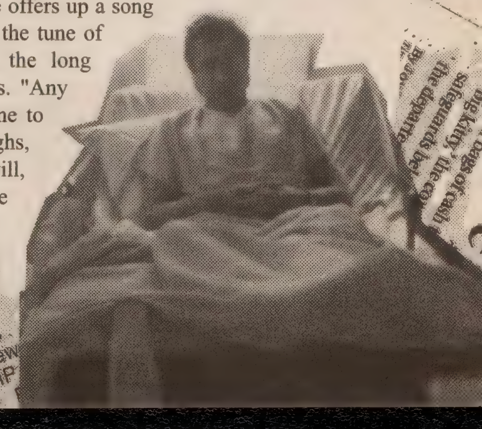
I asked Dick if it was strange to be forming a relationship with someone whose slow painful death he was documenting. "It was actually very positive." He says, "One because I was embracing his project. His art by that stage of his life was the most important thing in his life. Secondly, as he got sicker, which happens with many people, his friends just stopped coming over because it was very hard for him to see them, but I had a reason to be there and so the relationship, the bond, became much stronger. From the very first day that I said I wanted to make this movie, he said, well part of the deal is that you shoot me all the way through to my death. So it was in some ways his request."

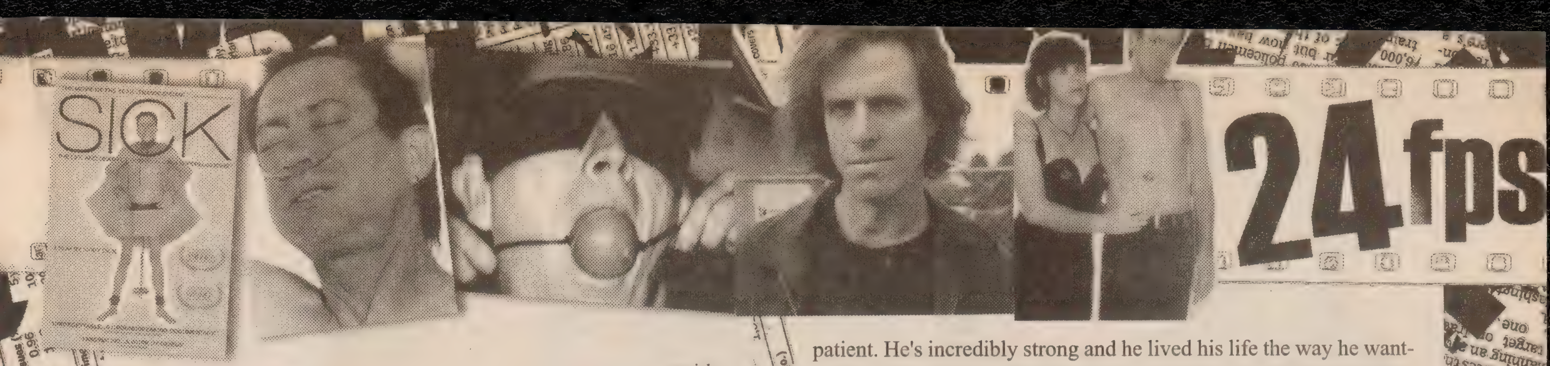
The focus of Sick is a way Flanagan chose to deal with the CF: he chose to love the pain through ritualized sadomasochism. Flanagan became an artist whose canvas was his own body. The subject of his art was his love of the pain and the tools of his art were whips, chains, hammers, nails and his long-term lover and dominatrix, Sheree Rose. He kept his friends close, but the enemy closer. In 1978 he published his first book of poetry and embarked on a series of live performances highlighting his body, his pain and his strength of will to live as long and as well as possible. In 1994 he produced an interactive exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in SoHo that shocked and amazed.

Dick has edited together a combination of his footage, footage Bob and Sheree shot before and during Dick's participation in Bob's life and super 8 family films. Sick documents the last two years of Flanagan's attempt, and some would argue, success at living life as he wished, hacking, coughing and dying aside. He had found a life partner in Sheree Rose who would meet his needs to be dominated as he met her needs to dominate. There is a particularly intimate scene in the film where Bob lays on a morgue tray playing dead as Sheree, dressed in a rubber smock, tells the viewer how they met and Bob offered himself to her as a life slave and how she was overjoyed. As she talks she puts pins through his scrotum and chokes him to the point of his pleasure. An odd pastime? Maybe. An odd couple? No. This is not a film with traffic accident appeal. True, its subject likes to nail his penis to a board to prove to his disease that he has the upper hand, which is amazing, but this is a film about the nobility of the human spirit in the face of overwhelming odds. It's about a Supermasochist who granted a wish to a young girl named Sara through the Make a Wish Foundation because she wanted to meet the man who was surviving the disease that was killing her. Sara is still alive today and Dick sent her a camera to make a mini-documentary of her life today as an extra for the DVD, which he refers to as a mini-Sick. It's also about Flanagan the camp counselor for kids with CF. It's also about Bob Flanagan's sense of humor.

In the opening sequence Flanagan is performing a monologue for a show, "Bob Flanagan," he begins, "should be dead by now, that's the way all the stories about me start, but he's not, instead he nails his dick to a board." Then he offers up a song for the audience sung to the tune of that famous song with the long word from Mary Poppins. "Any Disney people will tell me to cease and desist," he coughs, "and I will, believe me I will, but in my own time." The audience laughs and so does the viewer because he's like your







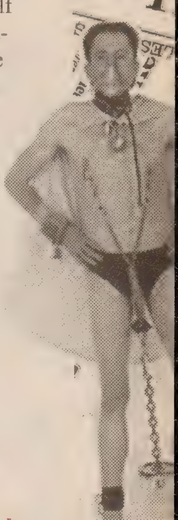
maiden aunt at the dinner party who tells the truth because she knows it just doesn't matter anymore.

There is a certain joy to the beginning of the film as Bob and Sheree show us their art, their lives, their love and their commitment to keeping Bob alive. As the inevitable occurs and Bob grows too weak to submit to Sheree's dominatrix demands and they bicker like a usual couple where the dynamics have changed. But this is just another sign of the normalcy of the relationship beneath the chains and leather to Dick. "To me it's one of the most interesting scenes in the film. Obviously it focuses on dominance and submission, but in some ways it can be broadened to any couple where one of the couple becomes ill and the other person still wants the relationship to remain the same. What's kind of funny is that Sherre is doing what Bob loved about her. He wanted her to insist on things, to demand, but he's too sick to submit, and that's the irony of it, the whole idea of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist, and the amount of strength it takes to submit."

We grow attached to Bob through the film and when he finally goes to the hospital to die it is shocking because he has seemed so strong through the film. He wheezes through his oxygen mask, "This is the weirdest damn thing. This is so stupid." But Dick doesn't believe this was Bob being in denial, "Bob was not one of these people who is looking for a good death, he's not the ideal hospice patient. He's incredibly strong and he lived his life the way he wanted it and that includes fighting death as long as possible. I think the confusion was that his will was no longer enough. This was the first time in his life that some thing was more powerful than his will and I think that that was the confusion."

In the end of the film Dick uses performance footage to bring Flanagan back to life but it's not hard because Flanagan has a presence that screams Life and not Death and I find myself looking to this man, who liked to have himself tied up and beaten bloody by the woman he loved, as a sage of sorts where death is concerned. He met it head on and even though he knew it would eventually win the battle, he still toyed with it, made fun of it and tussled it's hair like a dog that was nipping at his heels for attention.

The DVD comes out September 23rd with a lot of extras: the usual deleted scenes (Bob replacing the penis on the Visible Man); director commentary; the fabulous mini-doc on Sara; some of Bob's performances; and a Pleasure Bob with Pain game. And you can't beat that with a stick…or a paddle…or a whip.



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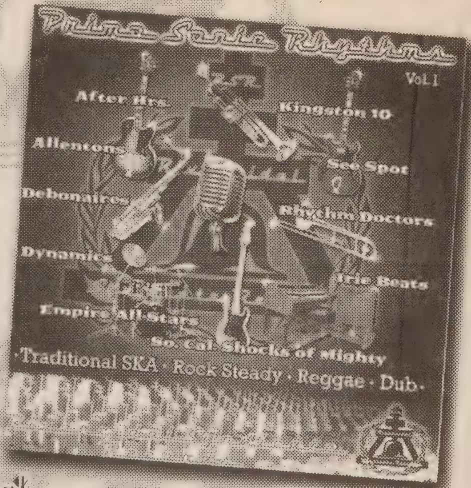
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WHO ARE YOU TO ACCUSE ME?

A MONTHLY COLUMN BY PHILLIPE DUHART

I have always felt that if a subject does not lend itself to a reference from The Simpsons than it is not worth discussing.

The Recall looms large before us. The whole thing is not only a farce-both a political highjacking and the last stand of our shady governor-but it is also a tableau upon which the failure of Jeffersonian democracy is writ large. It is a microcosmic illustration of the larger dilemma endemic in American politics: the hankering, career-driven nature of politicians; the power of money in the "democratic process"; and the ignorance and gullibility of the celebrity-obsessed electorate.

Gov. Gray Davis is in many ways a scapegoat. As evidenced by his abysmal approval rating-hovering around 20%-Davis has become the sacrificial victim of the antipathy that Californians hold for the money-driven political class in Sacramento.

Davis is also the posterboy of the Clintonian "New Democrats-unapologetically pro-business and subservient to Wall Street. His fall is symptomatic of the imbroglio in which the Democratic party has found itself. The party's "left" wing-whose circa 1968 philosophy is hopelessly outdated-have been marginalized by the quasi-laissez-faire centrists. This coup within the party occurred in tandem with a general shift rightward in the American political milieu. Thus, the "new" Democratic Party has emerged with little in the way of coherence of political conviction, which has been reciprocated by the conspicuous lack of enthusiasm among loyal partisans, (e.g. Davis' lack of support within his own party.

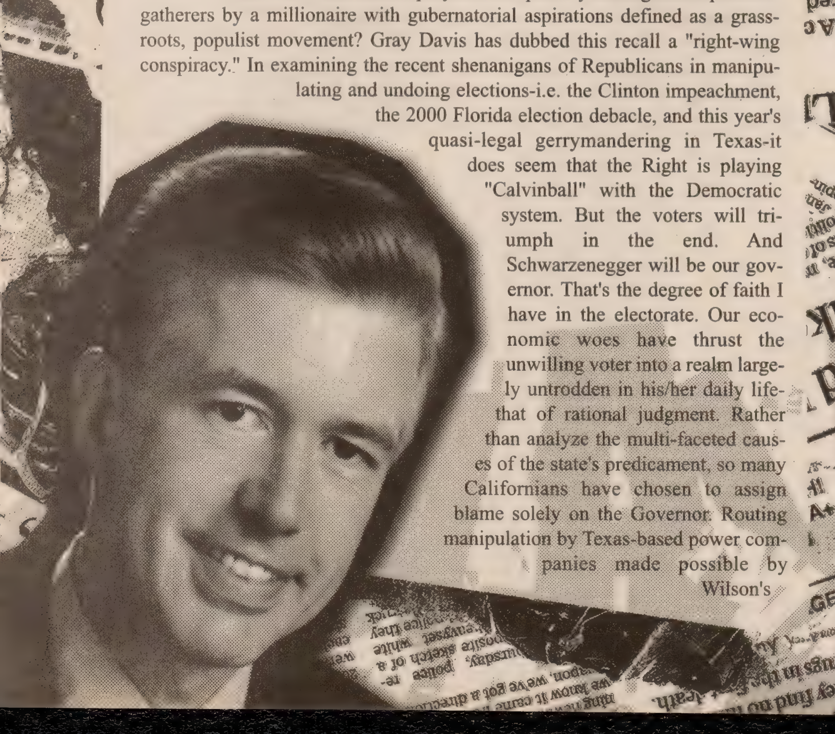
But Davis is also the paradigm of the modern American politician-ideologically vacuous yet relentlessly ambitious. Like the rest of his ilk, Gray Davis' raison d'être is fundraising. He is Nero playing the lyre for moneyed contributors while Rome burns. During the 2000 energy crisis (as of yet unresolved), Davis was preoccupied with his political panhandling-banking $14.3 million for 2002 re-election campaign. For a man of little conceptual substance and no personal charisma, his success in the political field is due mainly to his naked ambition vis-à-vis scratch-raising. The no-bid Oracle scandal was a consequence of the quid pro quo system epidemic in American politic.

Davis is only one example of the whoring of politics. The power of PACs and well-connected lobbyists drives our government. Is anyone surprised that Halliburton and Bechtol won such lucrative contracts in the rebuilding of Iraq?

But Californians have the prerogative of the recall. Hiram Johnson and his fellow Progressive envisioned the recalling of candidates as a means of realizing Jefferson's democratic ideals.

Contrary to Republicans' attempts to paint the effort as "populist," this recall is anything but grassroots. Such a venture requires funding, and Republican rep Darrel Issa put up $1.5 million of his own toward recalling Davis. His motivation was not disinterested civic duty-the enterprising Issa hoped to see a return from his investment.

How is it that the employment of paid-by-the-signature petition-gatherers by a millionaire with gubernatorial aspirations defined as a grassroots, populist movement? Gray Davis has dubbed this recall a "right-wing conspiracy." In examining the recent shenanigans of Republicans in manipulating and undoing elections-i.e. the Clinton impeachment, the 2000 Florida election debacle, and this year's quasi-legal gerrymandering in Texas-it does seem that the Right is playing "Calvinball" with the Democratic system. But the voters will triumph in the end. And Schwarzenegger will be our governor. That's the degree of faith I have in the electorate. Our economic woes have thrust the unwilling voter into a realm largely untrodden in his/her daily life-that of rational judgment. Rather than analyze the multi-faceted causes of the state's predicament, so many Californians have chosen to assign blame solely on the Governor. Routing manipulation by Texas-based power companies made possible by Wilson's deregulation of the energy market did not cause the energy crisis-Davis' inaction did. (Although Davis did not take steps to undo deregulation, which would have alienated his contributors.) Prop 13, the loss of revenue due to bursting of the .com bubble, and the State Assembly's rampant deficit spending-not to mention the entire nation's economic plight-are peripheral issues. To many Californians, Gray Davis is the problem for our depredations.



The American voting process is not a dialectical weighing of alternatives. The voter is not swayed by the strength of one argument over another. To demand mental excursion from John Q. Punchballot is unthinkable.

In the media-dominated hyperreal America of today it is personal charisma and a well-manicured public image that attract voters. Davis has the charisma of a soulless bureaucrat. He elicits none of the visceral response voters demand in a potential candidate.

But apparently, many voters have responded viscerally to Arnold Schwarzenegger-a man who conceivably should never have become more than the poor man's Dolph Lungren.

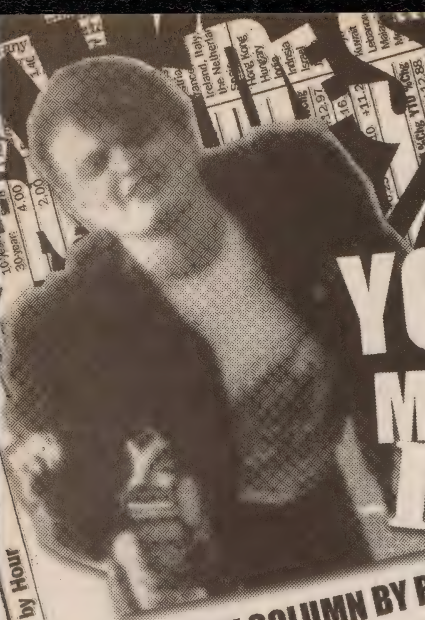
According to a Field Research poll, released on August 17th, 22% of the voters support Arnold-who trails Democrat Cruz Bustamante by 3 points. Amazingly, as of that date, the Terminator had done little more than appear on The Tonight Show and dodge softball questions concerning the issues on various network morning shows. He did utter some rehashed slogans like "Hasta la vista, Davis," assuring voters that he's out to "pump up Sacramento."

Note to Mr. Schwarzenegger: Hans and Franz were parodies of you. How about culling another catch phrase from your impressive film repertoire? Perhaps, "Gray Davis, remember when I told you that I'd kill you last…I lied."

Nevertheless, voters responded. And it not only because he has, like George W., cultivated an image as an outsider, his popularity lies in his former movie career-which has seen a steady downward spiral. (He is but one step away from starring in an Andy Sedaris film.) Without a substantive platform, without offering a single clue as to his goals as governor or his political views-forcing pundits and critics to scour past issues of Premier-Arnold's popularity among voters is undeniable. Maybe it has to do with his involvement in afterschool programs. Or perhaps it is his commanding performance in Jingle All the Way that has struck a cord with 22% of Californians.

I should be fair to Schwarzenegger. He did say that he is "for the children" as "they are our future." It is so refreshing to hear a politician take such a controversial stance on this hot-button issue. I am getting so fed up with all of these baby-eating pedophiles getting elected to public office.

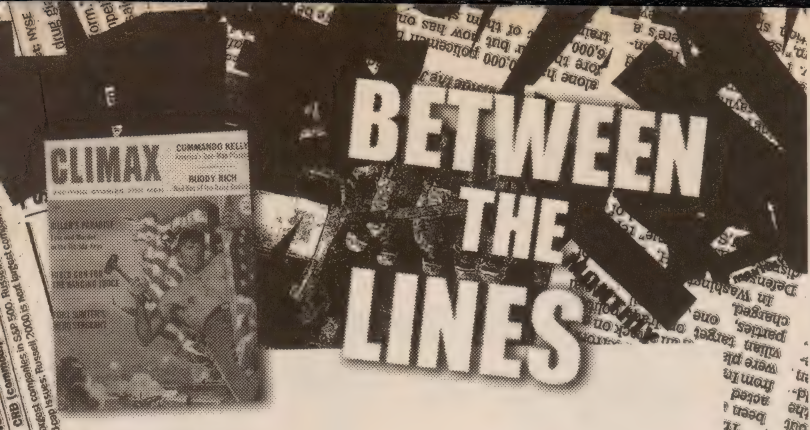
So we will have to hear the word "Cal-LEE-fornia" for a few years. As newsman Kent Brockman once said "Democracy simply doesn't work."



YOUR MOM'S A PUNK

A MONTHLY COLUMN BY BECCA

I really don't feel like talking about some distant memory of years gone by this time - I know some of you read this column because you know me and you remember most of my stories, but I think I'm just really bored with the past right now and I want to talk about something else - so let's talk about loyalty and friendships. Do you remember how it felt (or feels) to be involved with friends who you completely trusted and knew they would never stab you in the back or do things to you that would ultimately be hurtful or detrimental in the long-run. Honesty is a big one with me, and being forthright to me is part of being honest. Being able to trust someone is the most important thing in the world. If I can't trust someone, I can't be friends with them - and I really don't want to be friends with someone who I can't trust. We all carry around baggage, most of us are insecure, no one is perfect, and no one is above anyone else. The idea of the "cool kids" vs the "dorks" is as old as time. I've always considered myself a dork because truthfully, I don't really like the "cool kids" - I don't think they're cool at all. Most of the "cool kids" are more insecure and are trying so hard to prove how cool they are, that they aren't even worth the time it takes to drink a beer with them. There are of course some of us who have infiltrated the cool kid circle, but most of the people I think are really "cool" are really "dorks" who did the infiltration! Sure it's fun to "be seen" with someone "cool," because we think by default it makes us cool, but the truth is, it really doesn't! Being "cool" is not about who you know, it's about who you are and how you treat others. We can take for example the new world order of punk rock. I like to go backstage for 2 reasons, the first, of course, is for the free beer, and the 2nd is because most people I hang out with or know are back there too, and again, mostly for the 1st reason, free beer. Oh, and it's the only place you can still smoke inside a club, that's another reason! BUT, like backstage at the Warped tour - people think it's the "place to be," but in fact it's so lame! Most of the people back there are back there to drink free beer, and at the Warped tour if you want to talk to someone who happens to have infiltrated the "cool kid" circle, you have to go back there to find them. As you're back there, looking for the person or people you're looking for, you come across a whole new breed of assholes who are really into the "don't you know who I am" thing. Lame! I feel like if I don't know who you are, I obviously really don't care, and, more importantly, you're obviously not THAT cool if you don't know WHO I AM! (Throw a little of their bullshit back at them!) What's really sad is that there are a small percentage of jerks back there who act like that, but it's so gross and smarmy that it just really bums me out. And another thing that really bums me out is knowing that certain people had certain negative things to say about certain people, but now that they're "famous" or "cool kids" those certain people go out of their way to be friends with them for those certain reasons. It's gross. It's pathetic, and it really makes me laugh! I'm not cool, I'm not in a band, I don't have anything to do with anything, and I'm so ok with that, I wonder why so many people aren't? Why do people need to be judged by who they know or what they do for a living?? Life is not a popularity contest, even though we all know so many people who want it to be that way! I remember one night backstage at the Troubadour I was walking around introducing myself ("Hi, I'm Becca. What's your name") and meeting people I didn't know, and I walked up to some guy and he said, "oh, I'm nobody"! That bummed me out... I said "I didn't ask you who you are, I asked you what your name was" - it sort of blew him away. Weird. But THAT'S what I'm talking about. So I'm completely off the tangent of friendship and loyalty, but I think what I'm trying to get at is the fact that it's hard to be a good friend when we're so involved with superficial bullshit. I'm not trying to judge anyone, I know I do it too, to a certain level, I'm sure, but my point is ... hell, I don't even know anymore! Pick your friends wisely because at the end of the day, it's not how many "cool" people you know, it's how many REAL friends you can count on when you really need them. And I think that's what is important, being able to count on people - and people who are really insecure or unforgiving aren't really going to be there for you in the end, no matter how "cool" they are!



Between the Lines
by Carlye Archibeque

It's a Man's World Men's Adventure Magazines,
the Postwar Pulps Edited by Adam Parfery
Published by Feral House

Feral House is a great publisher because not only do they publish politically and socially relevant books, but they also publish great collections of historical social relevance full of pictures, writings and commentary on lost sections of popular culture that some people would rather forget. Each book is painstakingly researched and discusses topics you won't hear on 20/20, and every book is a work of art. Their latest is It's a Man's World: Men's Adventure Magazines, the Postwar Pulps written and edited by Adam Parfrey (Lexicon Devil: The Fast Times and Short Death of Darby Crash and the Germs) and it is a beauty.

First of all it's oversized as all good art books should be, and its full color reproductions of artwork and covers from post World War II men's adventure/girlie magazines are amazing and plentiful. My favorites though are the ads that warn of Lesbian girlfriends and acid droppers. How did Parfrey put the book together, luck it would seem, "Fortunately, I learned from Feral House author Josh Friedman, he of "Tales of Times Square," that his father, Bruce, was the primary editor of a lot of those magazines, and that he had interviewed a bunch of the writers for a Swank magazine anniversary issue back in the mid-'80s. Just my luck! And I was also lucky to find that Jonathan Shaw, a friend of a friend (Joe Coleman), had a bunch of original art of nasty sadistic Nazis, really inventive and sick stuff. Also, I got into contact with the son of Norman Saunders and the actual illustrator, Mort Kunstler."

In his very funny essay on being an editor at many of the early pulps which were the working class answer to high-brow glossies like Esquire, Bruce Friedman tells about basically a bunch of geek writers and artists who, without leaving the confines of their offices, concocted stories of men (rugged, white men) who were ravaged by weasels and sharks as well as World War II's favorite villains: the Nazi's and the Japanese. The magazines also gave advice on picking up women and avoiding the dreaded homosexual next door.

Tantalizing cover blurbs like "Death can be 30 Feet Long" and "The Girl Who Killed an Army" were laid over art featuring scantily clad women being tortured by Nazis and men being tortured by scantily clad Nazi women. Pulps were a world where white men were men and everybody else was dangerous catering to the Cold War paranoia of the soldiers returning from WWII. Some things it seems never change, "When I looked into this genre of magazine publishing, I discovered that they were at least as interesting as pulps in the 20's and 30's," says Parfrey, "and totally indicative of the strange Cold War consciousness. One that was truly paranoid, misogynistic, and racist, just like the post-9/11 world!" Oh, boy.

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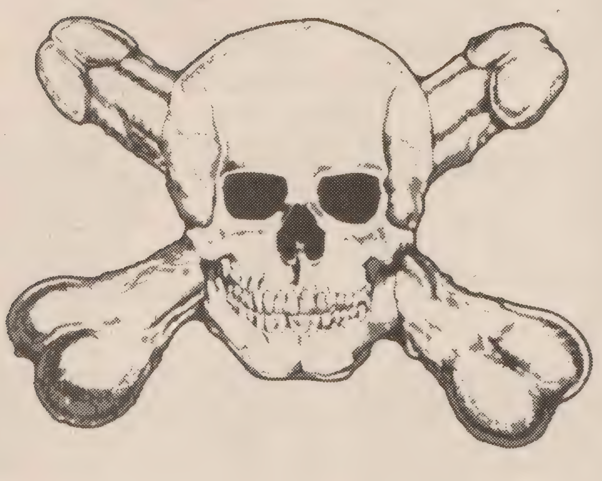

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

MONTHLY COLUMN BY CARLYE ARCHIBEQUE

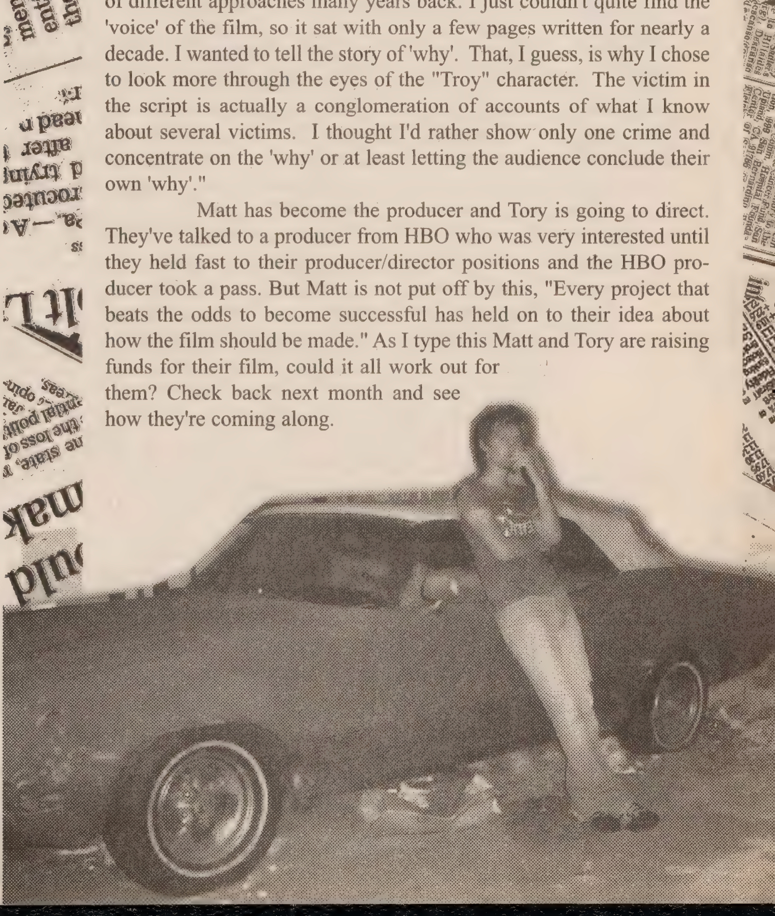
Sinners
a future film
by a Tory Christopher

Bad Religion says that truth is stranger than fiction and I always believe anything they say, especially after many rounds of beer with editor Jen and actor Matthew Christopher about Matt's agent Tory (no relation) Christopher.

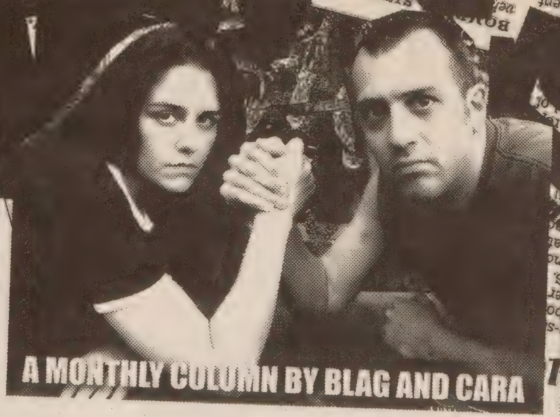
Imagine this: a young man moves to LA to go into the movie business. His father gives him a gun for protection because LA is so dangerous. The man tosses it under his car seat and forgets about it. He then has the misfortune to be abducted in his own car, after leaving a bar, by four ruthless cross-country killers who take him to a deserted street where they abuse him and tell him he is going to die. They find the gun and put the barrel in his mouth and he believes that he is, indeed, going to die. The killer holding the gun pulls the trigger, and boom, nothing. He can't figure out how to disengage the safety and the victim starts to struggle all the while being stabbed by another of his attackers. He gets away and lives to testify against the men. When he asks the district attorney prosecuting the case what else the men have done only then does he learn how lucky he is to be alive.

The survivor becomes a talent agent, and twelve years after his ordeal he writes a script called Sinners and presents it to an actor client of his because he feels the client would be perfect for one of the killers. Over drinks the actor finds out that his agent was the surviving victim. The strange thing is the story is from the POV of the killer, and it's very forgiving, kind even. Strange, not for Tory, "I tried a number of different approaches many years back. I just couldn't quite find the 'voice' of the film, so it sat with only a few pages written for nearly a decade. I wanted to tell the story of 'why'. That, I guess, is why I chose to look more through the eyes of the "Troy" character. The victim in the script is actually a conglomeration of accounts of what I know about several victims. I thought I'd rather show only one crime and concentrate on the 'why' or at least letting the audience conclude their own 'why'."

Matt has become the producer and Tory is going to direct. They've talked to a producer from HBO who was very interested until they held fast to their producer/director positions and the HBO producer took a pass. But Matt is not put off by this, "Every project that beats the odds to become successful has held on to their idea about how the film should be made." As I type this Matt and Tory are raising funds for their film, could it all work out for them? Check back next month and see how they're coming along.



DUETS



A MONTHLY COLUMN BY BLAG AND CARA

Want honest advice from two strangers who really couldn't give a shit about you? Blag Dahlia is the lead singer of punk rock legends The Dwarves. Cara Bruce is an erotic writer and sexpert. They dated for a while and still maintain their love/hate relationship, except now they're really brutal about everything.

Dear Duet,
I recently came home to find my boyfriend of four years wearing my panties and bra and looking at himself in our bedroom mirror. When I asked him what he was up to he got very defensive and told me not to "spy on him anymore." I really love this guy, but I feel that things have changed.
Help!
Confused

Dear Confused,
It sounds to me as though your boyfriend is the confused one. Here he has a fine specimen like yourself to come home to, and he's prancing around in your frilly under things making like Avril Lavigne, or at the very least Martha Stewart. Sex experts and psychologists have long held that transvestism is not necessarily an indicator of homosexuality. I'm certainly not educated enough to dispute this. In my view however, if it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck… Swell, you get the idea. The real question is not the right or wrong/gay or straight of it, but rather whether it turns you on or not, and I get the feeling from your letter that the answer is no. Of course, Cara will have some namby-pamby argument about human sexuality being properly looked at as a continuum (with completely masculine or feminine people at the extremes and the rest of us somewhere in the middle) and this habit of your boyfriend's is a harmless kink that you'll learn to love, as he loves cleaning your hair from the sink and watching you wax your mustache. Don't believe it. If it's a real man you crave, look no further than your humble scribe and kick this Nancy boy to the curb.
BLAG

Dear Confused,
Your boyfriend is being defensive because he doesn't know how you'll react. He may have had bad experiences with coming out about his cross-dressing before. Of course, you never even asked if this meant he was gay, probably because you still are having sex with him. That was just Blag who for some reason has a fascination with homosexuality. But like he said, if it quacks like a duck, or plays in a band with a bunch of guys, and performs naked for a bunch of sweaty punk rock boys, well, you get the idea. He is right about one thing, if it really bothers you then you two are going to have a problem. If you don't care, whether or not it turns you on, then you should tell him this. It's possible that he's simply experimenting and cross-dressing isn't really his fetish. But if it is, chances are he isn't going to change. It doesn't' mean he doesn't love you. People can't control their fetishes. You two need to sit down and have an honest, heart to heart talk.
Cara

Dear Duet,
I seem to grow disinterested with anyone that I date for more than a few weeks. I don't' know if I am rejecting them before they reject me or if I just don't want to be in a committed relationship. I want to have a wife and family someday, but I feel like it's never going to work. Do I need counseling? Is it genetic? Will I ever find a partner that will last?
Still Looking in Richmond

Dear SLR,
For a start, get out of Richmond. It's like an open sewer with a bridge attached. As to your commitment problems, you have left out a few salient facts. How old are you? A lot of people date sporadically in their youth and wait until their late twenties or well beyond to enter a committed relationship. What kind of people have you dated thus far? Did you have anything in common with them, were you attracted to them, or were they people for whom the prospect of spending an afternoon, let alone your whole life, seemed unbearable? These questions will have to remain unanswered so that we can answer your other questions. Yes, everyone needs counseling. Yes, everything is genetic, unless it's culturally determined, in which case, it's still genetic. As to your finding a partner that will last, I think you will. So I'll leave you with this - be careful what you wish for.
BLAG

Dear SLR,
I have the same questions that Blag does. But overall, I don't think there's anything wrong with you. You just haven't found the right person yet. When you do, you'll know. It's better to wait then to pretend to have a commited relationship when you're really screwing around on the side.Something else to consider is that just because society tells us that we need to have lasting relationships or a family doesn't mean that we do. Not everyone is husband material and not everyone can be in a monogamous lasting relationship. That's fine. Whatever you do, just be honest. Then at least, you'll have a chance at a happy relationship, whatever kind it turns out to be.
Cara

Dear Duet,
I have three brothers and I have a crush on the oldest one who is seventeen. I am a freshman in high school and al the girls at my school are in love with him too. I know it's weird, but I feel like he's mine.
So what do I do?
Sister of Brotherly Love

Oh, brother! A basic cultural taboo of pretty much every society in the history of the world is incest. That's why I almost want to tell you to go for it and let the chips fall where they may. But even I am not that despicable, although Lord knows I try. You can't fool around with your brother, even if you love him, even if it feels right, even if the taboo just makes it hotter and even if he wants to. I could give you a lot of reasons, but let's start with a selfish one. It will make you miserable in the long run and you will regret it. Not to mention the trauma to your family if they find out (which they will, no one can shut up about sex after they have it, especially teenagers) and the deep rift this will cause between all of you, especially you and your brother. Incidentally, it's illegal too, and if you live in some backwater place where the cops have nothing better to do, they might just prosecute your brother for his indiscretion. And I have a feeling he wouldn't last too long in the can with this rap hanging over him. Do yourself a favor, stick to fantasizing about me.
BLAG

Dear Sis,
I have to agree with Blag, this is something you really can't do. It's not abnormal to have a crush on a relative but it is wrong to act on it. It's even wrong to talk to your brother about it, and can really destroy your relationship as siblings. You need to accept the fact that you are brother and sister and that's it. You need to get a handle of your jealousy as well. You can't control him and you definitely don't own him. Do yourself a favor and forget about ever having a relationship with him, because it's not, or at least shouldn't happen. I wouldn't recommend fantasizing about Blag (I wouldn't wish that on anyone), but I do recommend that you start looking elsewhere.
Cara

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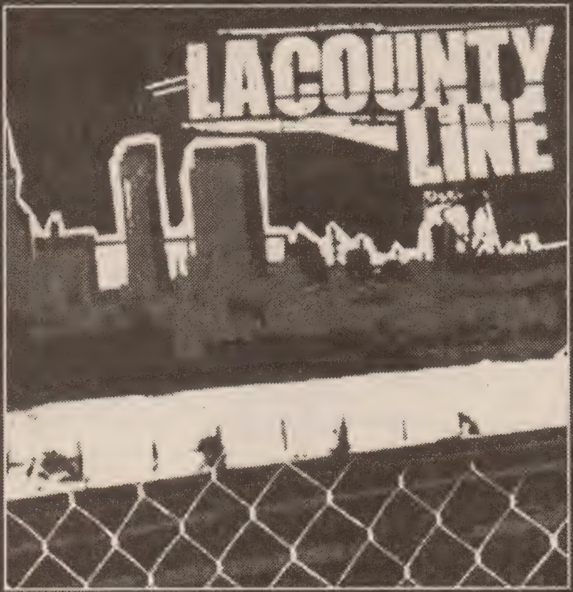

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Stoked: The Rise and Fall of Gator
a documentary by Helen Stickler

I like to watch skateboarding but I'm not a die hard fan in anyway, however whether or not you love skateboarding, hate it or have not opinion about it, Helen Stickler's film about Mark "Gator" Rogowski is still an attention grabber.

Gator was one of the most charismatic of all vertical ramp skaters and one of the first to become a superstar within the genre. By the age of 18 he was making about 20K a year selling boards and being a front man for skate manufacturer Vision Street Wear. He also had a rage seething below the surface of his star image that played well when he was on top but turned ugly when vert gave way to street and he lost his glow. Add an undiagnosed, untreated bipolar disorder and disaster followed. Today Gator is serving 31 years to life for the murder of his ex-girlfriends onetime best friend.

Stickler has spent the last seven years of her life and a mountain of her own money tracking down a story that she first heard as a skate park urban legend. "There were people who said he chopped up the girl, that she was a model, that she was his girlfriend, or she was his girlfriend's lover. In the end I just wanted to lay it out and show the bigger picture."

The way she lays out the bigger picture is to allow the players of the 80s skate world tell the story. "At first there was a lot of resistance. To use a skateboarder-esque analogy, it's like I was picking at a scab that never healed. I mean there was a lot of stigma and shame in the skateboarding community and they all felt traumatized by it in some way. After that initial resistance was overcome people started to be grateful that I was going to tell the story and tell it correctly and that I would listen to them. There's no narration in the film. I was like, you guys tell me the story."

Stickler also felt that in a way Gator's story was a universal cautionary tale but chose skateboarding as the focus, "It's the typical Icarus tale of the boy who flew too close to the sun. His particular story is unusual but it shares a lot in common with other fields. When I set out to make the movie I thought it can be about one individual and inform people about mental health issues with this one guy and the choices he made. His addiction to fame, and the subculture that gave him so much, and also took away so much, was skateboarding. That's what created Gator, that's how he found his identity, through skateboarding."

The film begins with a view of a vast expanse of desert. The desert is where Gator dumped the body of his victim and the desert is where he's serving his time. We hear Gator's disembodied voice telling us that his victim, Jessica, did not deserve to die and he's sorry. The next two thirds of the film shows us a different Gator. Starting with his rise to popularity we are treated to interviews with some of the pros: Jason Jesse, Stacey Peralta, Tony Hawk, and Steve Caballero to name a few. They happily tell about the prime time for skateboarders and what a great guy Gator was. Sure he was drunk a lot, flew into rages, was overly possessive of his girlfriend and never let anybody get too close. But in this group of teens and twenty-somethings no one was mature, aware or emotionally committed enough to take a real look at Gator's flaws and consider a deeper cause.

Eventually skate parks gave way to street skating and Gator, who couldn't seem to master the new skills lost his fame, lost his girlfriend and lost a little bit of his mind. Jessica Bergstrom had the bad luck to hook up with Gator for a tour of San Diego at just the wrong time and she ended up beaten, raped and suffocated in a surfboard bag. Gator dumped her in the desert and for two months kept the secret. It seemed that he had gotten away with the perfect crime, but then he turned himself in and plead guilty thus avoiding a trial and creating the perfect campfire story where no one knew the facts until Helen Stickler became curious and moved to San Diego where she could visit regularly with Gator and become entrenched in the pro skating community with the hopes of telling the truth. "One of the urban legends was that he didn't have to turn himself in, and what bothered me about that was this idea that he shouldn't have turned himself in, not that he shouldn't have committed the murder. Because what he did was so inexplicable, denial was the only way they could cope with it. I thought; well if I can tell the bigger story here, maybe they'll understand." She also shows what a trial would have shown: Jessica's skeletal remains and the blood stains just below Gator's freshly cleaned carpet.

Her film succeeds on so many levels with interviews that lay the groundwork for the history of the sport showcasing the skaters and giving you the good and bad about Gator. "I think that when people see the film they feel empathy for Gator and for the victim and for everybody that was affected by it. It just humanizes the whole thing. What used to be just a skate park rumor is given the emotional weight that it needed so it wasn't just people talking trash anymore."

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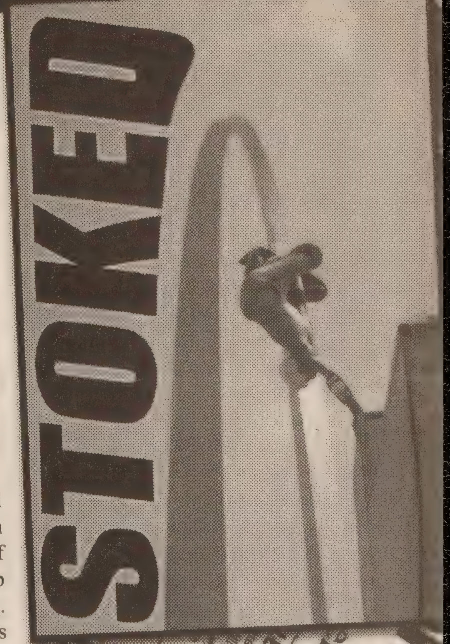
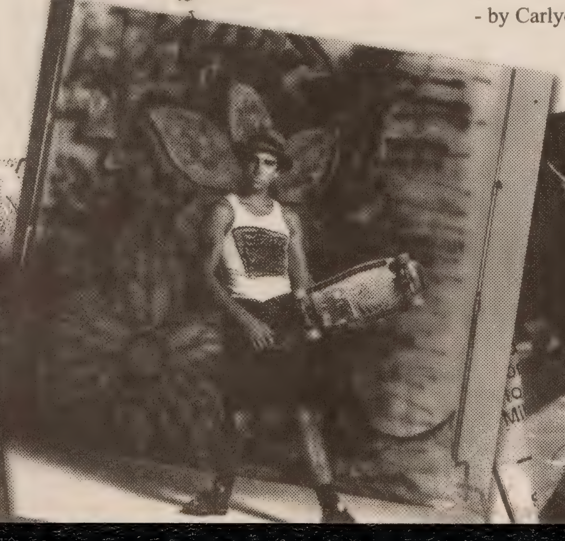
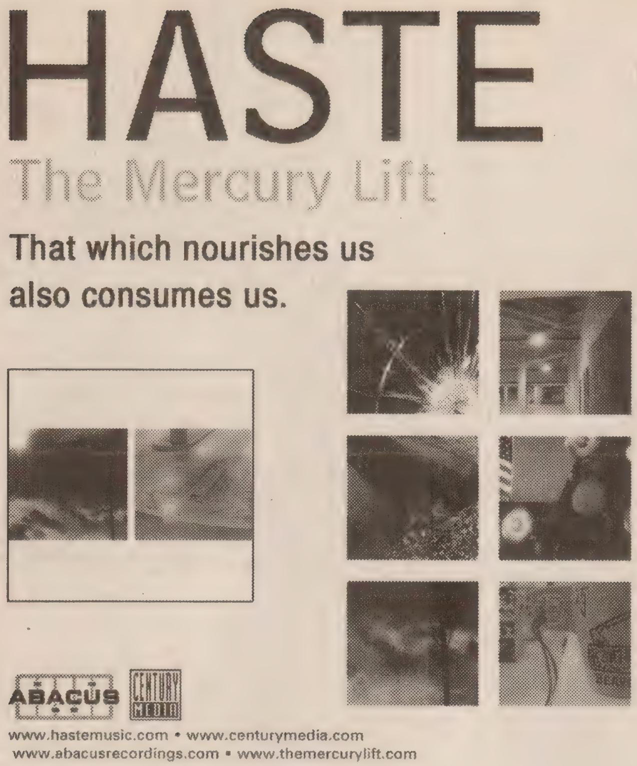
- by Carlye Archibeque







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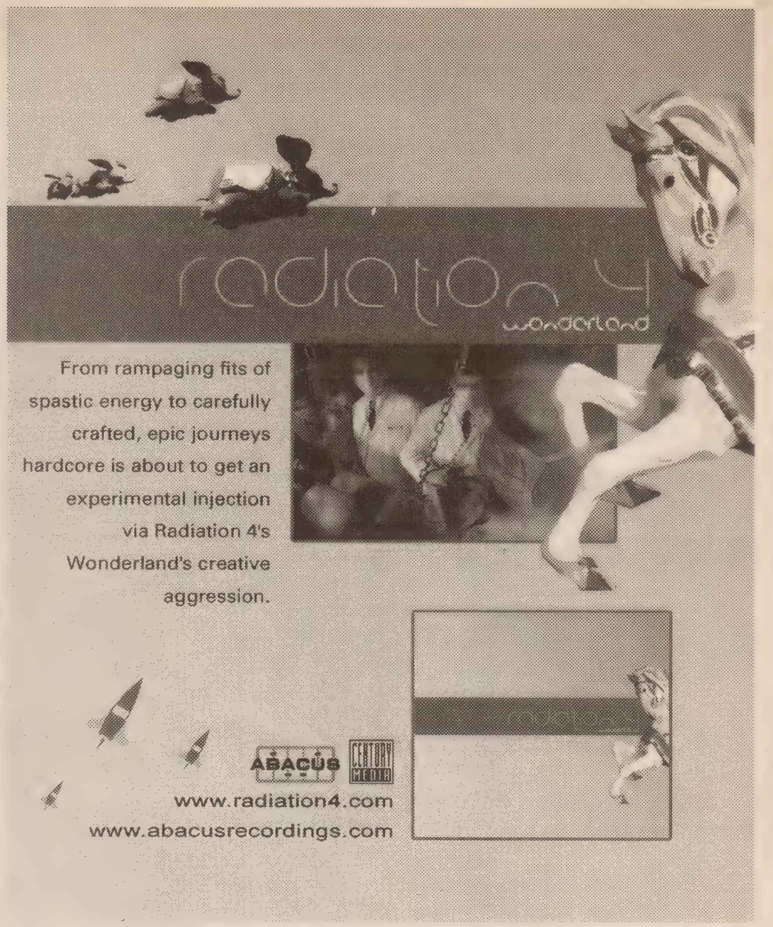

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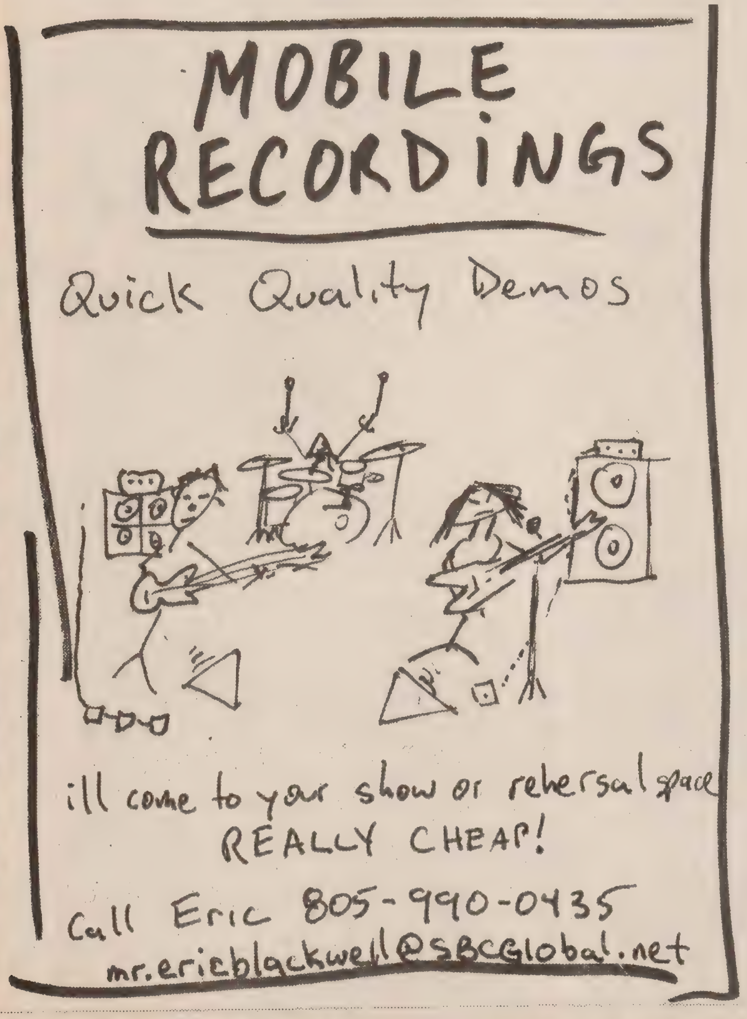

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RUMORS

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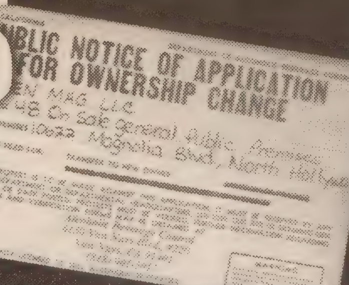

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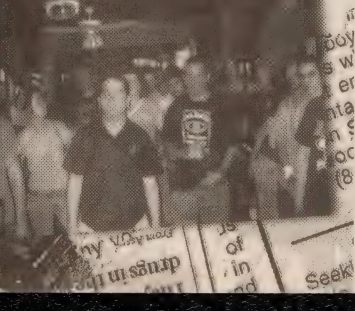
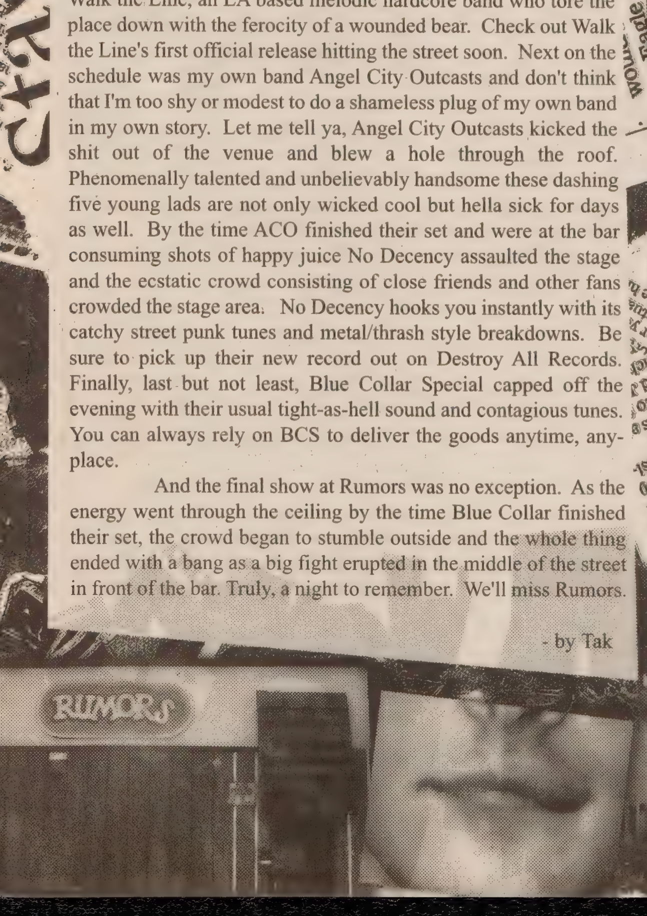
What do you get when you cross a couple of lesbian bartenders, a transvestite DJ and a crap load of alcohol and fun? A New Years bash at Rosie O'Donnel's house, that's what. That, or a wonderful little lesbian bar called Rumors where many an LA band started its journey down the music road. Contrary to popular belief this cozy little dike dive is not located in West Hollywood but is snuggly propped between an art museum and a playhouse in the heart of the San Fernando Valley where it's been providing Southern California's punk scene with cheap booze, and a "stage" for over five years. Despite the fact that this stage is literally a hole in a wall, the bar is limited to chilled piss and two kinds of bourbon and the words "air conditioning" are unheard of within its walls. Rumors had consistently been one of the most fun places to see or play a show. On the eve of its final punk rock event before it is sold to a new owner (and probably converted to a jock bar, those heartless bastards!), Rumors in association with Johnny from Blue Collar Special and co. presented an outstanding lineup of up and coming bands that left the audience in awe and delight: Or maybe it was the three dollar beers. In any case every single band starting with new comers Bad Reaction and ending with the, always, spectacular Blue Collar Special hit the stage like a combination of jabs and uppercuts from a heavyweight prizefighter. Bad Reaction fronted by the notorious Kash, who you might have seen behind the counter at Taang Music on Melrose, kicked off the show and grabbed the crowd right away with its New York Hardcore bravado and old school charm. Definitely keep an eye out for those guys. Following Bad Reaction was Walk the Line, an LA based melodic hardcore band who tore the place down with the ferocity of a wounded bear. Check out Walk the Line's first official release hitting the street soon. Next on the schedule was my own band Angel City Outcasts and don't think that I'm too shy or modest to do a shameless plug of my own band in my own story. Let me tell ya, Angel City Outcasts kicked the shit out of the venue and blew a hole through the roof. Phenomenally talented and unbelievably handsome these dashing five young lads are not only wicked cool but hella sick for days as well. By the time ACO finished their set and were at the bar consuming shots of happy juice No Decency assaulted the stage and the ecstatic crowd consisting of close friends and other fans crowded the stage area. No Decency hooks you instantly with its catchy street punk tunes and metal/thrash style breakdowns. Be sure to pick up their new record out on Destroy All Records. Finally, last but not least, Blue Collar Special capped off the evening with their usual tight-as-hell sound and contagious tunes. You can always rely on BCS to deliver the goods anytime, anyplace.

And the final show at Rumors was no exception. As the energy went through the ceiling by the time Blue Collar finished their set, the crowd began to stumble outside and the whole thing ended with a bang as a big fight erupted in the middle of the street in front of the bar. Truly, a night to remember. We'll miss Rumors.

- by Tak





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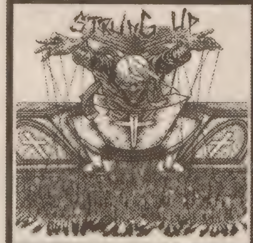

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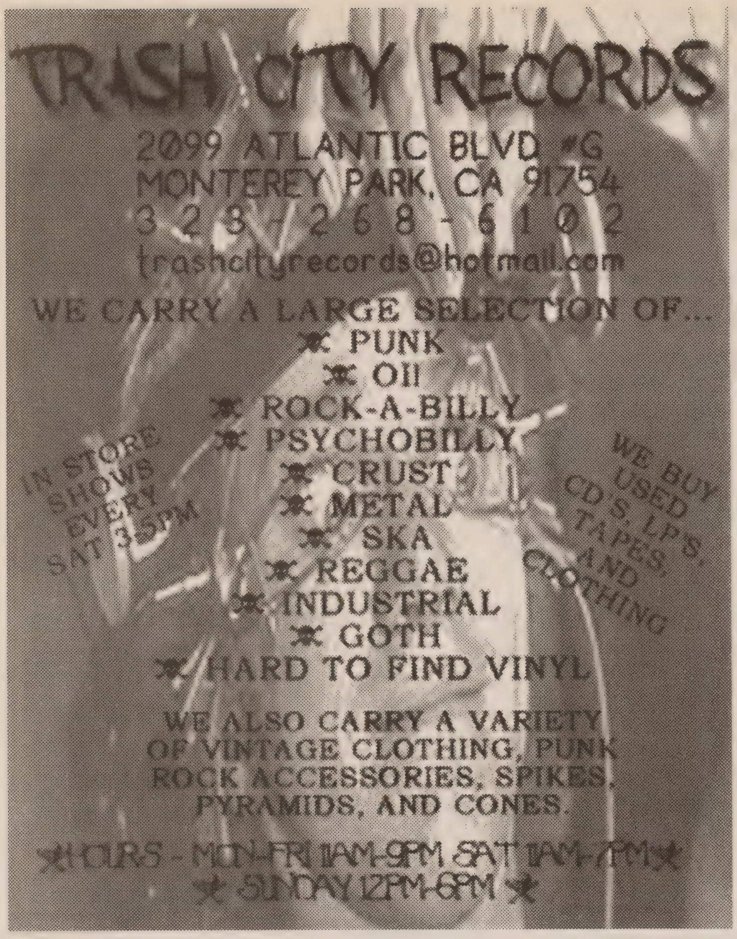
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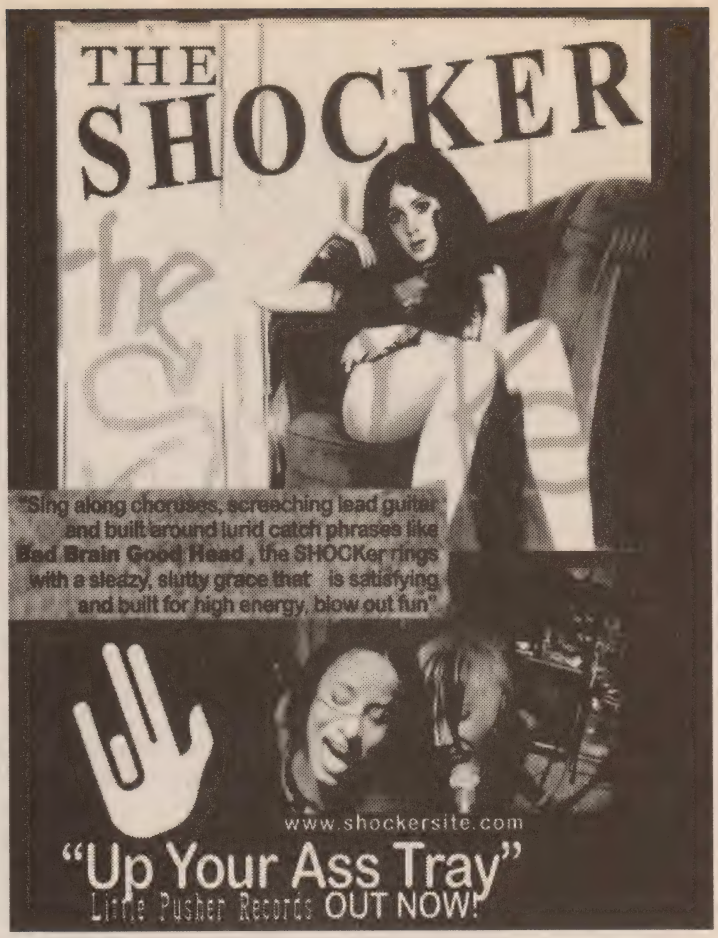
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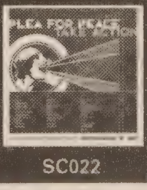

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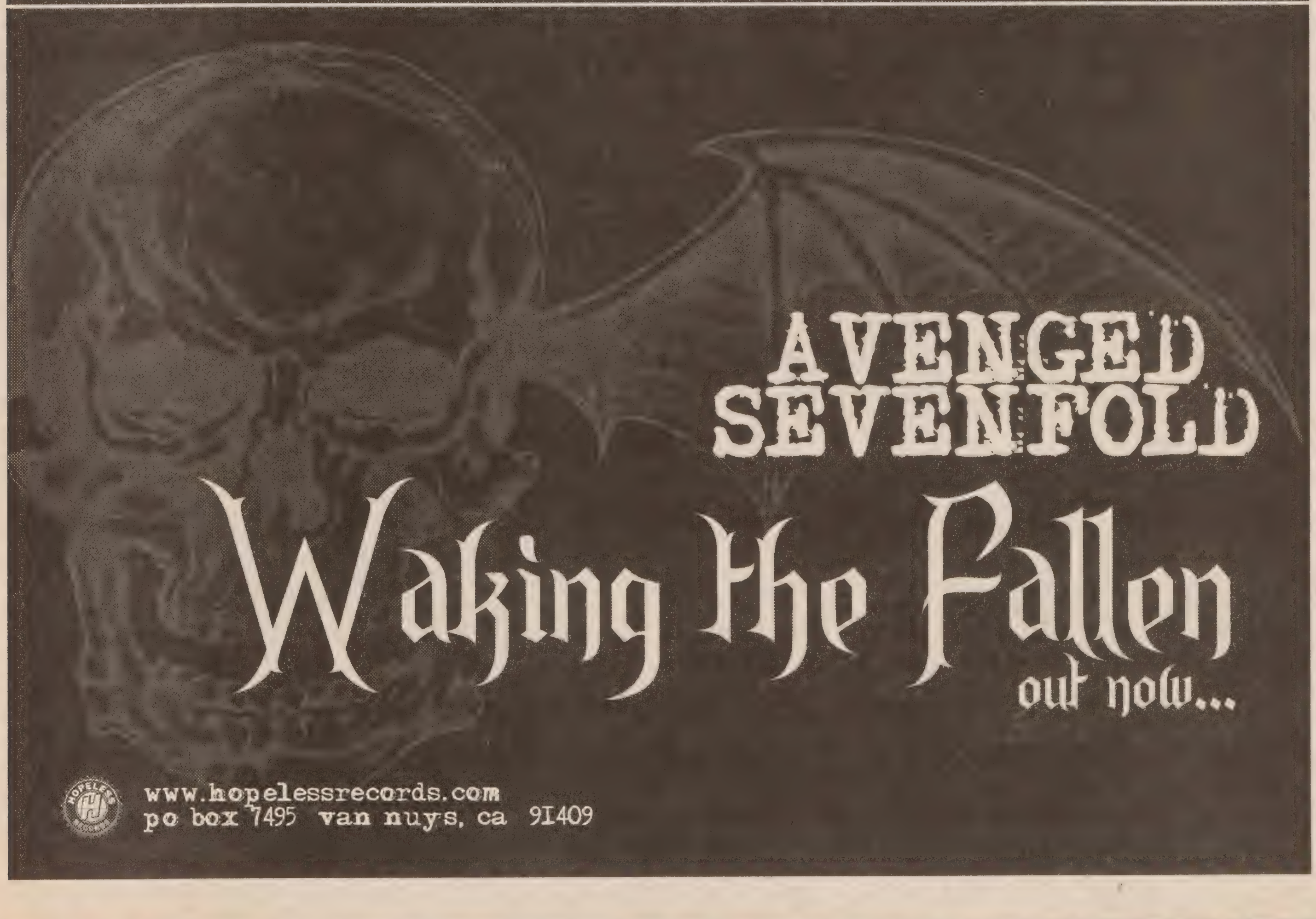

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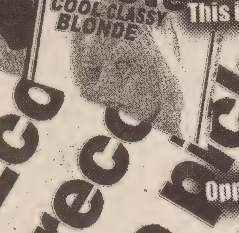
SEPTEMBER 2003

	BRIAN	THE BUN	JASON	KARA	MEL	PHAROOTIS	SETH	SMOKEY	THROWMONKEY	AVERAGE
The A.K.A.s White Doves & Smoking Guns – Fueled By Ramen	B	B-	C	B+	A	C-	A-	C-	A+	B
An Albatross We Are the Lazer Viking - Ace Fu	F	C-	B-	B	C+	D-	F	B+	A+	C
Avenged Sevenfold Waking the Fallen – Hopeless	C+	C	D-	C	D	B	A	B-	D	C
Form of Rocket Lumber – Some Records	D-	D	D+	B+	A-	N/A	D	C-	B	C-
Frank Black & The Catholics Show Me Your Tears – SpinArt	A-	C-	B+	A	A+	B-	B	B	F	B
The Gossip Undead in NYC – Dim Mak	D-	D-	F	F	F	C	D	B	F-	D-
Guff Engine Trouble – Go Kart	B-	D-	C-	D	F	C	B	C-	C+	C-
The Lawrence Arms The Greatest Story Ever Told – Fat Wreck Chords	B-	D	D	C-	C	B-	C	D	A	C
No Decency This is the Reason – Destroy All Records	C	D	C	N/A	B+	C+	B	B-	B	C+
Pennywise From the Ashes – Epitaph	B	C	B	B	B-	N/A	B	C-	B	B-
The Ssion Opportunity Bless My Soul – Version City	A-	B+	F	A	B	C-	D	D	F	C
TSOL Divided We Stand – Nitro	B	C	A	B	D	C	C	B+	B-	B-

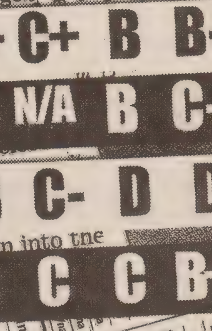
HITS

The A.K.A.s
White Doves & Smoking Guns – Fueled By Ramen

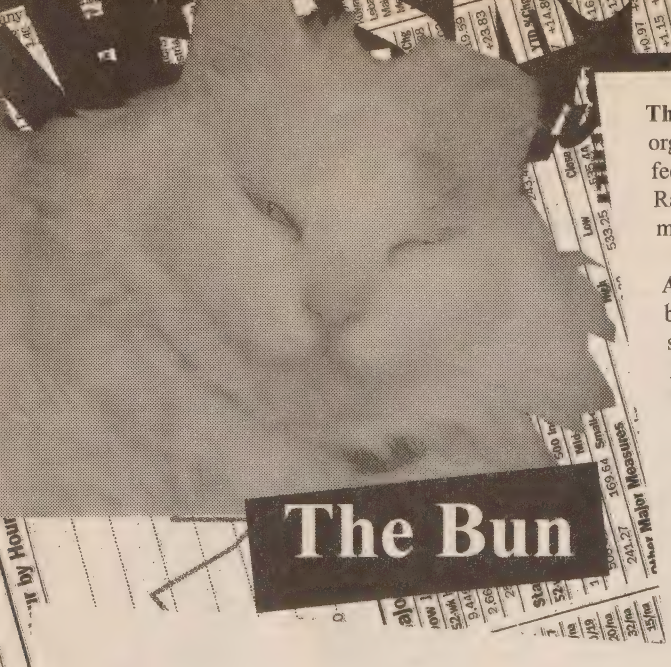


Frank Black & The Catholics
Show Me Your Tears – SpinArt

MISS



The Gossip
Undead in NYC – Dim Mak



The Bun

The AKA's - Straight ahead rock with keys. Nothing shocking, and not appalling. The organ is coming back, and really rounds out The AKA's, giving it not only a 60's garage feel but even a little Nuevo Wavo. This might be my favorite release from Fueled By Ramen for years. Overall a worthwhile effort though when the keyboardist learns a few more notes and chords they may get a lot better. B-

An Albatross - This band sounds remarkably like the Locust. Fans of the Locust will be able to distinguish, where I am unable. An average song length of 60 seconds, with songs that might as well be on any Locust record. Do we need another The Locust? An Albatross thinks so. The songs scream with chaos and are frenetic as hell, Flight of the Wounded Albatross? C -

Avenged Sevenfold - Being a fan of the last record (for its sheer double-kick insanity) I still don't know if this group is parodying itself or is just not in on the joke. The songs are your garden-variety metal meets prog and they just make me laugh. This record is even more metal (than the last) reeking more of Metallica than the sheer chaos of their previous release. This band is truly a band out of their time and out of their minds. I didn't see them at Warped tour; I would have checked them out for the sheer ridiculousness. If they are in on the joke, genius, if they are serious, somebody help them. C

Form of Rocket - Fragmented lyrics buried underneath music that goes from indie to metal. Parts of this remind me of Drive Like Jehu, just not as good or intense. Lumber left me waiting for the band to stand out, I waited and waited, and it still just sounds like pieces of good songs linked together with horrific bridges. When this record was mastered, what were they thinking? The songs just don't have anything memorable, it's all racket. No give, just sticky parts that have a hard time showing any cohesion. A free form jazz odyssey gone horribly wrong. D

Frank Black & the Catholics - After two releases last year, Frank Black proves he can still write songs that know one cares about. I saw him at the El Rey (me and the other 300 folks there) and all his greatest songs are still Pixies songs. Frank get off your ass, apologize to the rest of the Pixies and make a memorable record. Show Me Your Tears is a decent collection of songs, if you like Mr. Black, but it's just too similar to his last two. He needs to really take it up a notch. Stan Ridgeway from Wall of Voodoo did some producing and you can really feel his presence on these tracks. Hokey songs that remind you of this former frontman's greatness and his inability to return. Even the added instruments: pedal, steel, bells, etc…can't pull this record out of mediocrity. C-

Guff - Pop punk, melodic guitar driven songs. The two singers harmonize well but the music feels rushed and needs some polishing. If you want to be pop punk, you gotta show some polish. The record is mixed really high and the drums seem to sound synthetic and just not strong enough; like a horse clip-clopping on some cobblestone road. All the songs follow the same formula and begin to grate at about song five. This is yet another example of too many influences and not enough of their own vision. In times like this, bands should be trying to stand out, not fit in. Fugazi meets Jawbreaker meets every pop punk band from the last 2½ years. B.O.R.I.N.G. D-

The Gossip - Taking the Riot Grrl sound and making it even worse. Playing sloppy blues and being recorded live is doing no favors to the sound of this band. The singer of The Gossip states on the record that they are not garage rock, that they are punk. If punk means sloppy instrumentation and boring songs, this is the punkest record I've ever heard. Perhaps these gals would have been considered geniuses in back in the day but in 2003, they just sound lame. To wrap up the whole record they cover "I Wanna Be Your Dog." How did they ever think of that? The Gossip sucks and is too painful to endure. D-

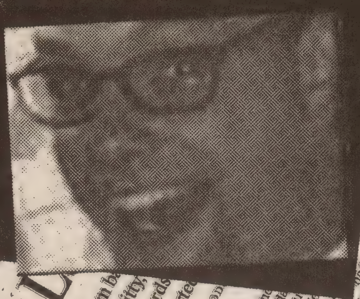
Lawrence Arms - I am not a fan of this band. Indie/Emo crap about nothing. I hated the last album, feeling the same about this one too. Don't know how kids listen to this crap. It's so predictable and borrowed; the Larry Arms are yet another example what is wrong with punk rock. No growth, no standout song, nothing compelling. More crap from a substandard band that people will actually go see tour? Not me! D

Pennywise - Doing what Pennywise does best. South Bay represent! I know I've said no growth is stagnant, yet somehow for Pennywise this works. I can't imagine this band sounding any different than it does. For them the consistency really works. Pennywise has been around for over ten years, and that's due to their loyal fans and the band's loyalty to their fans, finding their sound and sticking with it. Pennywise works, don't ask me? Still the only Epitaph band I know of to sell out the Long Beach Arena. C

Ssion - Pronounced S-H-U-N takes me back to a time when music was a lot more interesting and fun. Very No and New Wave sounding, which in this day and time comes across a lot more creative than mimicking the punk bands you grew up on (See No Decency). This band actually seems like they are not only making atypical music but having fun too. Yes, some of the tracks fall off into the art noise voids but rather that then the doldrums of hearing a punk rock breakdown for the one-billionth time (again see No Decency). B+

TSOL - This sing a long rockin record is probably the best CD, TSOL has put out in years. The production is on point and the fact that this record is not pushing the envelope doesn't bother me so much since most old punk bands just get worse and worse (There are exceptions). The pop elements of this record really stand out at times almost reminding me of the Buzzcocks. So, even though this record is worth a listen, after all this time you would think that these records would be stellar (See Descendents)…well it's not it passed and that's about it. Fans of TSOL rejoice, new listeners take a gander; I will probably never spin it again! C

Steve



THE A.K.A.s
WHITE DOVES & SMOKING GUNS

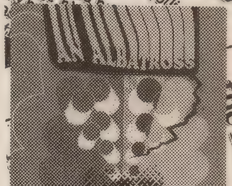
Hit Goddamn I love this album. And the funny thing is, I probably shouldn't. It's the kind of overblown rock n' roll plus keyboards that has really been making the rounds lately. But these kids really do tear it the fuck apart and then put it back together like a mortally wounded jigsaw puzzle. They just seem to put the right notes in the right places, and for some unholy reason it all works out for the best. I've got to give mad fucking love to Ryan and John and Vinnie and whoever else at Fueled by Ramen had a hand in getting this band on board. Because for whatever reason they kick my ass all over the damn place, and it feels fucking great.

Miss I know that a lot of people will say of punk rock that it's the intent, the attitude, and what-have-you. And they are correct….but having the right intentions and the proper attitude and the big fucking balls do not make you talented and Gossip proves that, in case anyone had any doubts. I mean really….who the fuck wants to hear some goddamn epileptic asshole bowing away on an upright bass while some nutty broad pretends to channel P.J. Harvey with her little brothers hardcore band churning out some awful dirge in the background, with the sounds of all their friends, drunk as shit, cheering them on? Whose brilliant idea was this? I can only hope that anyone who spends their money on this album is in on the joke, because I sure as fuck don't get it.

Brian

SHOW ME YOUR TEETH

Hit Prob'ly shoulda picked Ssion seeing as we're all about the new rock here, and F.B. was new rock when George Bush was president (d'oh), but this prolific artist clearly released a catchy batch of tunes this time since they all sounded familiar and I realized I just heard them once at the Troub when he opened for front-Femme, Gordon Gano. Check out "Horrible Day…" Ssion are for fans of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Strokes, Rasputina and Pop Rocks with Coke. The A.K.A.'s are not bad. Good mix of songs & styles with heavy use of the keyboard thing that's going around. The Lawrence Arms keep getting better as they chug along without pulling into Great Station yet. Friends call them the Larry Arms. Great new T.S.O.L. disc, and Jack Grisham's running for Guv. Unfortunately, his campaign is Tough Shit, Outta Luck.



Miss Mercifully short at 8:20 total for all 11 "songs." Some bands named after birds succeed. Take, for instance, the Byrds. Then there's A Flock of Seagulls. Luckily, there's only An Albatross, because an entire flock would suck that much harder... Why would the chicks of Gossip bother releasing a live disc of such shitty sound quality? Form of Rocket. Shape of pile of shit. Wonder Twin powers, activate voluntary deafness.

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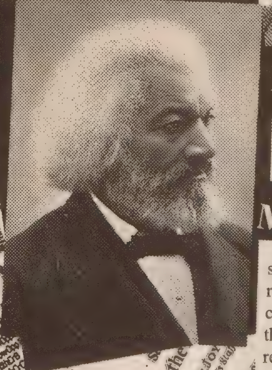

Hit

Avenged Sevenfold have improved dramatically over their previous effort on Hopeless and come here with a unique concoction of Pantera style metal, Iron Maiden guitar harmonies, emotional melodic punk choruses, and End on End or Refused style screaming/hardcore. The first song after the intro is an excellent representation of what the band is capable of, but overall this album lacks the content and brilliance that I want them to have, and that would make this band one of the most original and most excellent new bands around. For me the highlight of their sound is their ability to successfully blend various styles of music into their own complex and engaging sound. I can't wait to hear what they do next, and by no means is this album bad, I just want them to be like Metallica was when they released Master of Puppets because I can hear that Avenged Sevenfold has the potential for that kind of greatness. They also suffer from the same production flaw that Death can't seem to escape, lacking a recording style that best represents their music, here sounding too raw and almost having a demo like quality. Their albums need to sound like slick metal albums, not like they were recorded in a garage.

Miss

Gossip sounds like a pretty rockin 60's style rock n roll influenced punk/garage band. This CD was recorded live onto what sounds like a handheld recorder or a boom box which immediately lowered their grade for two reasons: 1) The sound quality is horrific, and 2) There's an abundance of obnoxious tuning and guitar fiddling, feedback, and talking. The live recording contains lots of between song banter in which, before track #2, their female lead singer makes it a point to clarify to the crowd that they are not a garage rock band but a punk band. I originally gave them an "F" but after extended listening discovered they're a pretty kick ass energetic rock band. I'd like to hear a better recording of their music because their music deserves to be represented in a light that this CD fails to offer.

Kara

Hit

Female vocals with a new wave carnival backing them up.... HOLY SHIT, I am in love. Finally something new and original. A little aggression, some angst, girls, and sarcasm, how can you go wrong? Who are these guys, where do they come from? I love this CD. I'm sorry Frank Black I love you too, but this is too good to pass up. Are they local? Can I see them play sometime? Does someone want to send me vinyl of them? These kids have rubbed me right; I wish they were rubbing me right now. Hate me, love me just email me. kara@destroyallmusic.com

Miss

Ok so I have to admit that I LOVE the Gossip. There is something amazingly hot about a fat girl with no shame who can sing like nobody's business. This album is horrible. Why? Why? Why would you put out a live album that is so muddy it takes you half a song to figure out what song it is. You can't even tell how hot Beth's voice is. This album is a disappointment and a travesty. I love a dirty muffled Rip Off kind of sound, but I like to at least be able to hear above the distortion.

poulain

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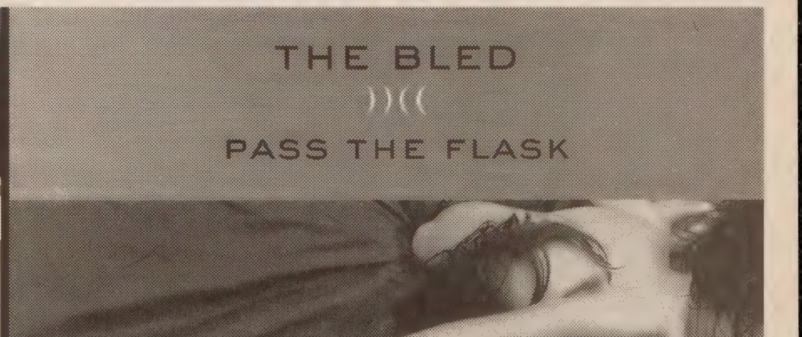

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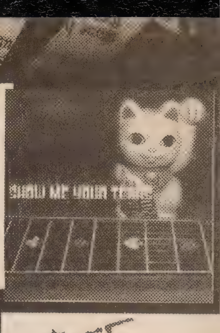
Mel

Hit

Reviewing these CDs was rather difficult as I received them the same day the new Rancid album was released. Once I was finally able to put down Indestructible (Rancid's best release to date) I did find a few albums that left me pleasantly surprised. Form Of Rocket is awesome. It's challenging, abrasive, and hard enough so that it comes off as punk rock and not art-school bullshit. AKAS pick up the rock and roll ball that the Murder City Devils dropped. The biggest surprise was the new Frank Black. I've picked up every one of this guy's solo albums hoping for a glimpse of his past genius. It took him long enough but he finally did it. Brilliant, almost alt-country. If he keeps this up we'll quit yelling names of Pixies songs when he's on stage.

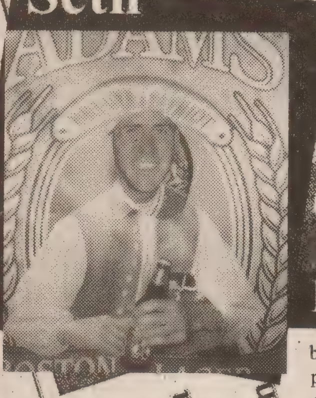


Miss

There's a little bit of good in everything. Guff did start their album with a Simpsons' sound clip. What followed was one of the lamest bands I have ever heard in my life. This is so mall-ready it makes Simple Plan look like Bonecrusher. I couldn't even make it all the way through the record so I guess this review is not very fair. However, I had to listen to seven shitty songs and I hadn't done anything to these people. Is that fair? Guff, I don't know you guys but I don't like you. I don't like your lip piercing. I don't like your bangs. I don't like your music and you guys shouldn't be allowed to watch the Simpsons again until you break up.

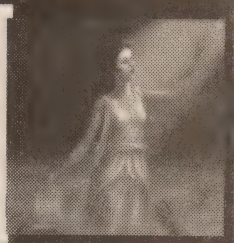
I almost forgot, the Gossip was really bad too. Hey ladies, stop with the live album. You're not Kiss of Peter Frampton. "Do You Feel Like I Do?"

Seth



Hit

I'm feelin' it. I've been seeing Avenged Sevenfold ads all over the place, but had yet to hear the band until I received their CD for the September reviews. Let's just cut to the chase, this CD rocks! Their sound is hard and heavy, yet it has catchy choruses and melodies to it. Imagine if Metallica wrote the music for an album and Bad Religion did the vocals for it, pretty rad huh? The musicianship and structure of the songs is very well rehearsed and the production is solid through and through. Hands down this record is my pick of the month!



Miss

I'm over it. As stoked as I was to get to review an album by a band like Avenged Sevenfold, I was as equally disappointed with An Albatross CD. Let me just keep this short and simple because I don't want to go on and on about my hang-ups with this CD. Check out the bands for yourself, you might be pleasantly surprised when you get downtown mister! This band sounds very similar to The Locust, and that is no compliment by any stretch. No rockin' beats to groove to, just whacked out gibberish that is all over the place and too hard to get into. Better luck with some of the other reviewers, just not this one.

AN ALBATROSS

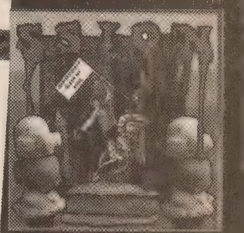
Smokey

Hit

I was chilling at In The Skin in Pasadena, when I was asked if I wanted to hear the new TSOL record. I said sure. To be honest, I've had only a peripheral interest in TSOL, so when the record was finished playing, I was thinking to myself 'wow, this is a really good record, I feel like a chump for not getting with it' and I've been ranting about it to everyone here in the office ever since. TSOL pulled off the rare feat of creating a record that is just as good, if not better, than their classic material. Now, if Gentlemen Jack can make it to Sacramento…

Miss

It's 3:12 AM and I'm entranced with dead, murdered, successfully suicidal Hollywood failures and heroes. I want my soundtrack to reflect what I'm reading about, but to no avail, I am forced to listen to the record from Ssion. When I hear this record, I imagine homely girls wearing argyle socks with their one effeminate male friend, who probably wants to fuck one the girls, but they don't "see him that way," reeking of thrift store in a poorly lit room gossiping about who's indie an who isn't or sounds like a playtime record for the short bus set (no offense to the homies rollin' hard), some will call it cute, I call it lame.



Jason

Hit

At a time when older bands are coming out with new albums that sound like bad versions of ones they released 20 years ago, TSOL has demonstrated that they have progressed both musically and lyrically while still retaining their original sound as the foundation for their songs. It is amazing that after all these years the band can still make an energetic and remarkable record. Along with Grisham's distinctive voice and relevant, emotional lyrics, Divided We Stand has great music, and plenty of harmonies which gives it a generous amount of Joykiller flavor. Although I have never been a big fan of TSOL, I think this record is awesome.

Miss

The Gossip is not a bad band, but this live record is terrible. It sounds like someone smuggled a tape recorder into one of the band's shows, stood at the back of the room, and recorded the set through their pants. All the songs are muffled and the singer and the guitar are barely audible. The quality isn't even good enough to be a bootleg. This album is definitely only for hardcore fans or collectors. And besides, I thought the only reason to see The Gossip live was for the stage show, not the music.

GARAGELAND

A Benefit For Future Forests

This One's for Joe!
by: Louis Medrano

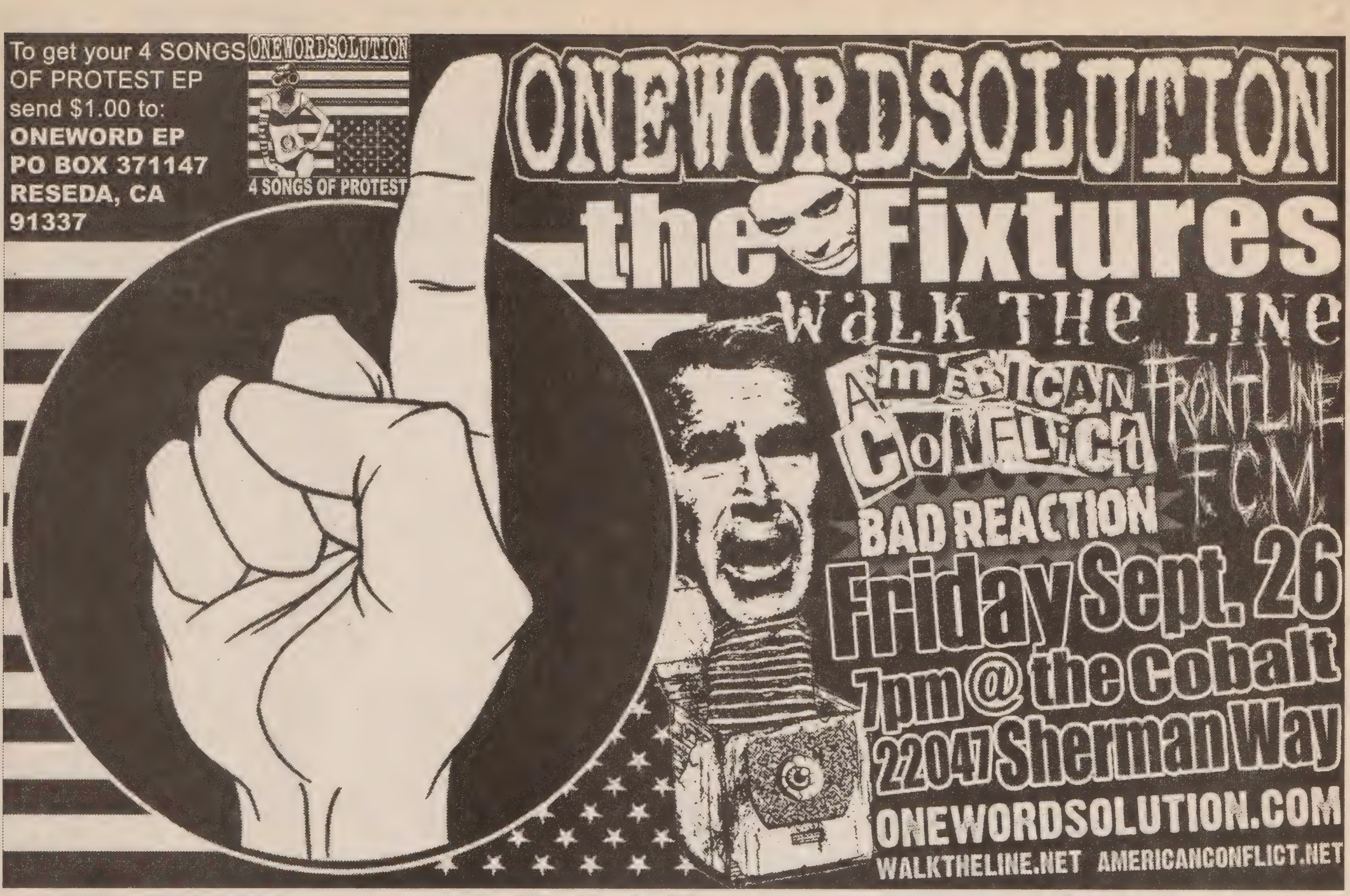
When I heard that Joe Strummer had died, it felt as if someone had just punched me in the gut and knocked everything out of me. It was such a huge loss for all of us in the punk community. As I walked the streets of Los Angeles following the announcement of Joe's death, I couldn't help but to look around and see punks, mods, greasers, lawyers, doctors, blue collar workers, and even politicians (as funny as that may sound) all sharing the same sort of sadness on their faces, it was almost as if they had all lost a loved one themselves, because that's what Joe was to his fans- a loved one. He wasn't this supernatural thing that we couldn't touch. Instead, he was more like the older brother that we all turned to when things got rough. Joe was a savior to all those kids who were pissed off and wanting a change in the world. He was the spokesperson for the punk rock community, and he never ever let us down. There aren't many men in this world like Joe Strummer, and like those that are, they will never be forgotten.

The Ramones may have given us the structure on which punk is played, and the Sex Pistols may have given us the fashion and attitude on which we act, but The Clash made it all really mean something, because they gave it a purpose and reason to keep on going even long after they were gone. As a group The Clash crossed the lines of rock n roll music to create new music that mixed politics with anger, and the end result was always a very powerful message. The Clash were also able to bring punk and other styles of music such as reggae, rockabilly, jazz, funk, pop, and even hip hop together to create something truly unique. When organizing the Garageland festival my plan was to make something as unique as The Clash and Joe Strummer. I wanted to make this an event that The Clash would be proud to play themselves, but most of all I wanted it to represent what Joe Strummer was all about, and that was to be different, and break the rules, because like all rules they were meant to be broken. Who says an Irish Folk band can't play punk rock? Who says that Spanish has no place in punk rock? Who says that a reggae band can't cover White Riot? I'm sure the Clash never would've of said that. Cause' it's like Joe says, "Punk rock means exemplary manners to your fellow human being. Fuck being an asshole, or what you pricks thought it was 20 years ago. Cause' real rebellion is not giving up!"

I was lucky enough to have met Joe on a few occasions and many times, we talked at length about his days with The Clash and his many projects before and after that. Still, on every occasion that I met Joe I got the impression that he was a very down-to-earth person. He wasn't self-centered like many other rockstars. He wouldn't mind answering ridiculous questions like, "When is The Clash getting back together?" over and over again. Joe never seemed to take for granted the fame that came from being the leader of The Clash. Instead, he just accepted and appreciated every waking minute of it. He would shake your hand and ask for your name, before you could even build up the confidence to ask for an autograph. And, in spite of the rough and tough persona that he portrayed on stage, he was one of the kindest and coolest men I ever met. Joe didn't need the leather pants or tattoos to be cool because he was just cool being himself. He was sort of like the modern day "Fonzie," I guess. The women loved the passion and moves he made on stage, while the men all loved his honesty and rebellious ways.

Well, in closing I just want to say thank you to all the bands, promoters, agents, managers, labels, friends, family, and fans that came out to celebrate Joe's birthday on August 23rd, but most of all thank you Joe for living up to our expectations of what a true hero really is, you will never be forgotten.

"Go Straight to Heaven Joe!"



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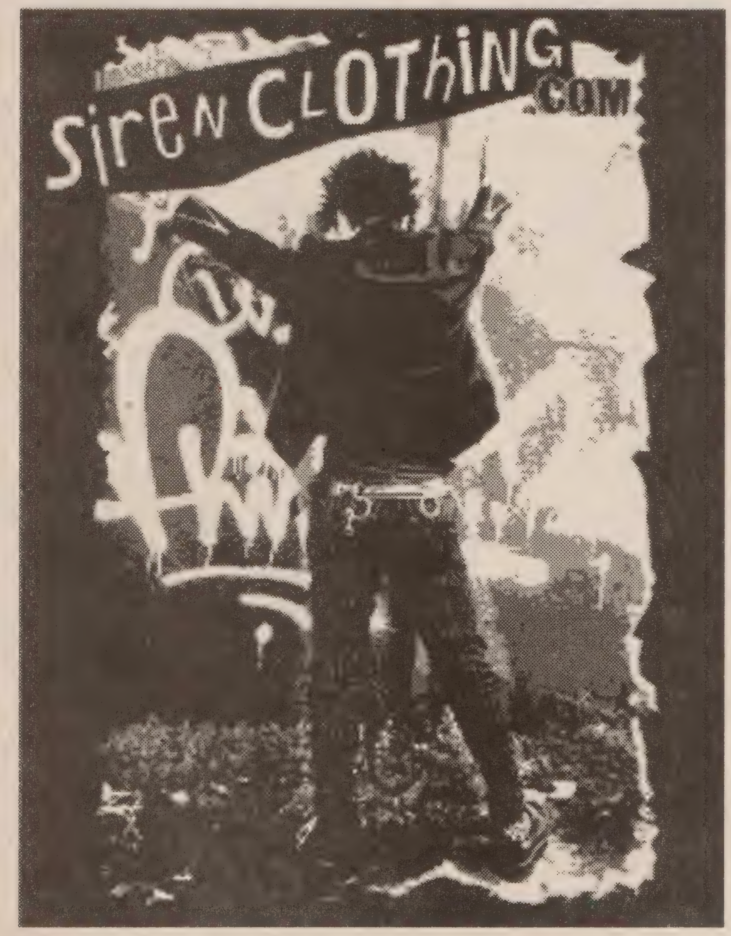

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GARAGELAND

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GARAGE-
LAND 2003
By Jasper K Gacula

First off, I would like to thank the bands, the djs, the crew, the Knitting Factory and everyone in attendance for supporting GARAGELAND 2003 Tribute to Joe Strummer Future Forest Benefit show on Aug 23rd.It was a pleasure to have local, regional and national artists on the long bill. Every band that played, I felt, was a fine representation of the local punk scene. Bands loyal to Pitfire in the past 2 years, bands new to Pitfire shows, and Djs that have never been to a Pitfire show.I felt the Knitting Factory was a great venue for this event with the 3 rooms to accommodate as well as being a newer venue in LA, independent still from most, as corporate as it may look, and still a place that brings in the roots of music onto the stage of all genres. The bands, venues, and Pitfire are all at a point where we are all here, still standing, and doing what we can to not let anything stop us from giving up.
We decided to do this event based on our love for music, what we do, and what influences us to do what we love to do. Joe Strummer has always been my idol in ways unexplainable to me right now but heartfelt through my own individual experiences in my younger years. My first record on vinyl that I bought was a Clash album. The first time I ever played my record player at full blast volume was that Clash album. The first time I had saved every penny of my allowance for something that I really wanted was that Clash album. Back then I think it was $6.99 at Kmart. My father had driven me in his Chevy Malibu Classic station wagon to Kmart one weekend just so I can buy my first record. Months after, that record was still on the turntable playing over and over again as I read through the lyrics alone in my room, became enlightened by the different styles and layers within the music, and tried to write songs with words that may one day influence another like the Clash had influenced me.Everything my partner Louis has written sums up everything that we feel about Joe Strummer as being a good and down to earth man, a strong and talented man, unique and influential to the masses through things that he loved. We try to keep our fire going by reminding ourselves of these things.Doing this benefit show fell right into the many things that Pitfire is here to do. Putting on great shows in one of the largest cities of music in the world, working with venues that are supportive of the creativity that lives this city which continues to keep the venues alive at night and at the same time making sure our patrons have a fun time at each show. We try to have everyone involved as being part of the shows no matter who you are, where you are from, what you like and dislike.We all go through tough times, and most of us use music to express the tough times, to counteract the tough times, and even to dwell in them. Friendship is used to help balance the imbalance we can create in our life. We hope that the great vibe of GARAGELAND, and memories of the music, the show, the people, the friends, and Joe Strummer will help continue keeping new music ALIVE all over the world. It is not wrong to be what we call 'punk' and it is not wrong to not be a 'punk'. This is the blessing that Joe Strummer has placed on my life. Reminders of just being - here - as is.

Joe, you have come, gone and hope to someday meet you again in heaven.

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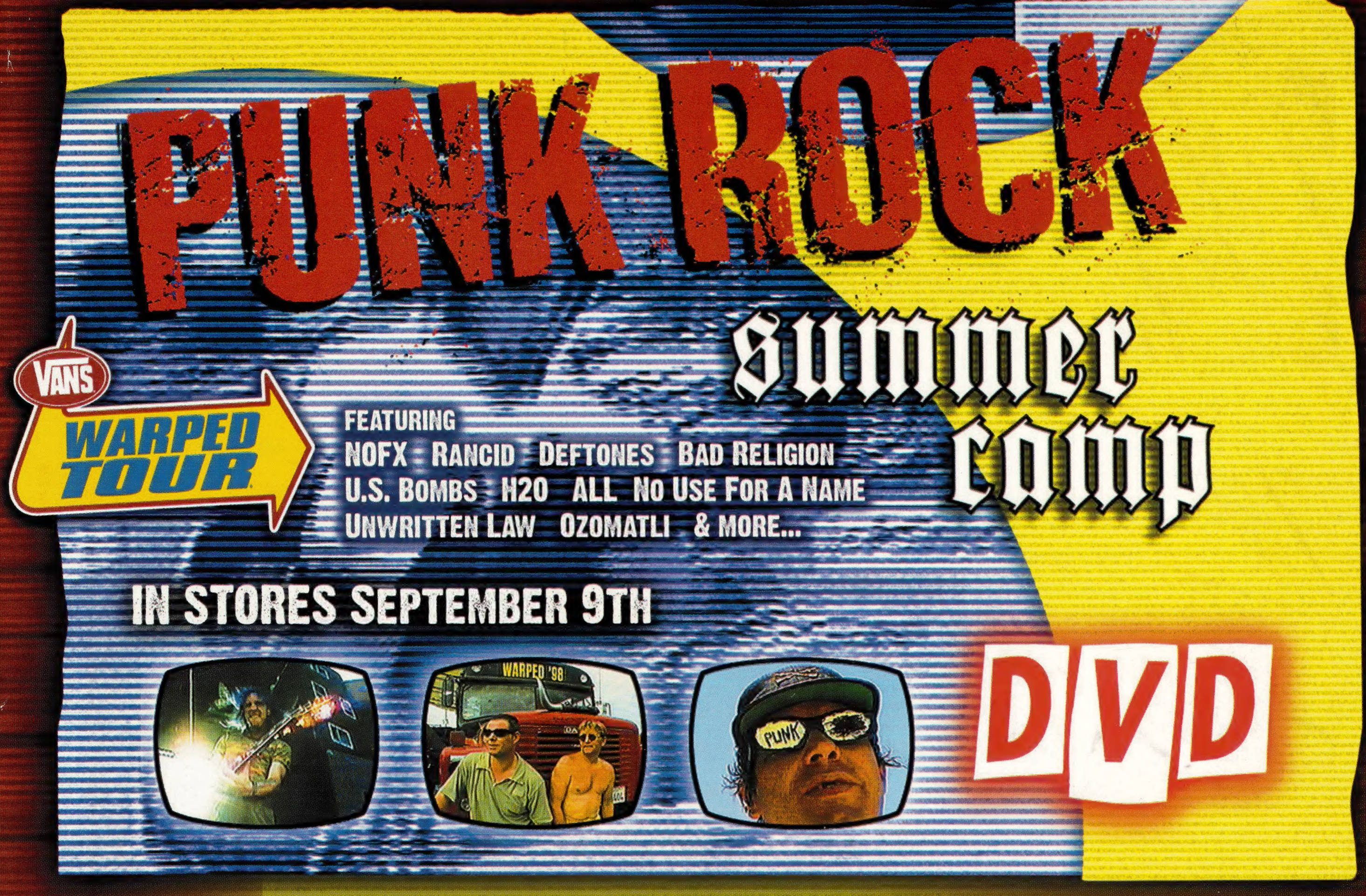
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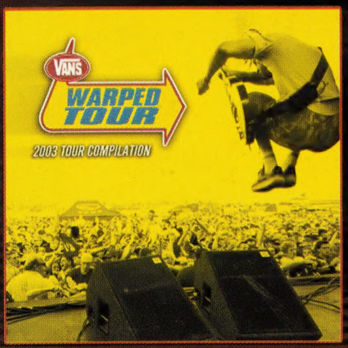
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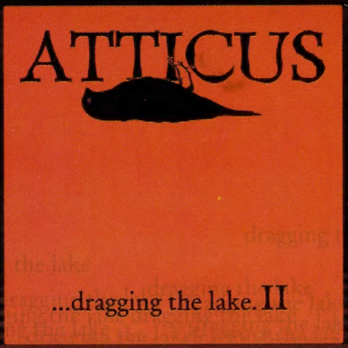
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